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MAY
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DIAMOND JACK

DIAMOND JACK, WHOSE MAGIC GEM ENABLES HIM TO PERFORM MIRACLES FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND, UNDERTAKES HIS MOST DIFFICULT TASK IN CONQUERING THE DREAD MASTER OF THE WALKING DEAD!

IN A LARGE THEATRE OF A PROMINENT CITY, A MAGICIAN GOES THROUGH HIS ACT.

HIS ASSISTANTS COMMENCE THE FAKE SAWING

AN EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM ECHOES THROUGH THE THEATRE. THE TRICK HAS FAILED - THE GIRL IS DEAD.

EXCUSE ME, PLEASE.
SUDDENLY OUT OF THE AUDIENCE A LONE FIGURE EMERGES, COOL AND COLLECTED—

AREN'T YOU DIAMOND JACK?
YES. LET ME EXAMINE THE BODY.
—AND ADVANCES TO THE STAGE OF DEATH!

IF ANYONE CAN EXPLAIN THIS, IT'S YOU!
I DON'T THINK THIS CAN BE EXPLAINED JUST YET.

SOMETHING IS INTERFERING WITH THE LAWS OF MAGIC—THEY'RE WORKING IN REVERSE!

HELP!
ALL OVER THE WORLD, MAGICIANS LOSE CONTROL OF THEIR MAGIC. IN INDIA, SNAKE CHARMERS ARE ATTACKED BY THEIR PETS—

—AND EVEN THE ANCIENT ART OF SWORD SWALLOWING IS DISRUPTED!

SOMEWHERE, SOMEBODY IS HATCHING A DIABOLICAL PLOT—IT'S MY DUTY TO FIND AND DESTROY HIM!
AT HOME DIAMOND JACK STUDIES THE SITUATION WITH KEEN INTEREST.

A DISTRESSED VOICE INTERRUPTS HIS THOUGHTS.

AS HE OPENS THE DOOR, A YOUNG GIRL LEAPS INTO HIS ARMS

DOWN THE HALL MARCHES A GRUESOME PARADE—MEN FROM THE GRAVE!

THE DEAD MEN ADVANCE TOWARD DIAMOND JACK.

AS A SMASHING BLOW STOPS THE FIRST ONE...

THE OTHERS RUSH FORWARD LIKE A WAVE AND SWARM OVER THE MAGICIAN.

A WEIRD LIGHT FROM THE RING MAKES THE DEAD MEN FALL BACK—

THE DIAMOND STILL HAS POWER!
—AND THEY VANISH, LEAVING ONLY SMOKY REMAINS.

THEY'RE ALL DESTROYED. NOW TELL ME WHO YOU ARE.
MY NAME'S MARIANNA NORIS, AND MY BROTHER IS A CAPTIVE ON DEATH ISLAND.

THAT'S WHERE THOSE HORRIBLE BEINGS CAME FROM. THEY WERE SENT TO KILL ME. THAT'S WHY I CAME FOR YOUR AID.

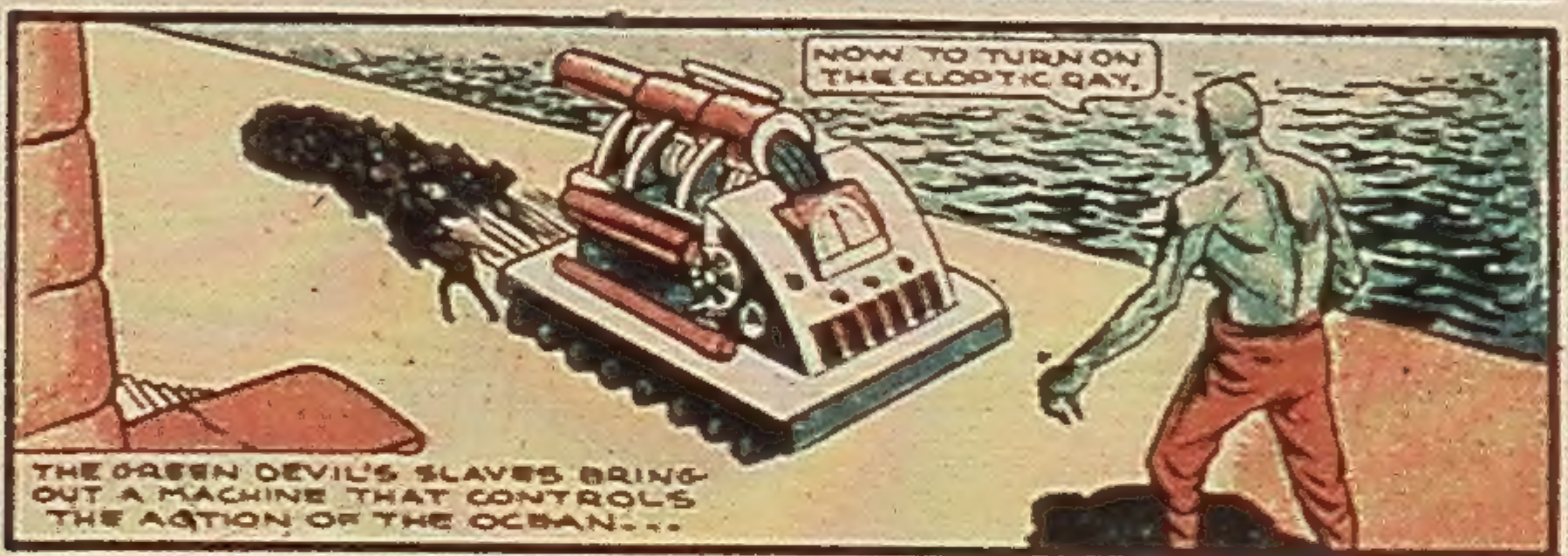
THEN I'LL GO AFTER YOUR BROTHER IMMEDIATELY.
I'M GOING WITH YOU.

THE BOAT—IT APPEARED FROM NOWHERE!
I HAD TO PRODUCE A BOAT TO GO TO DEATH ISLAND!
THEY EMBARK FOR THE TREACHEROUS JOURNEY.

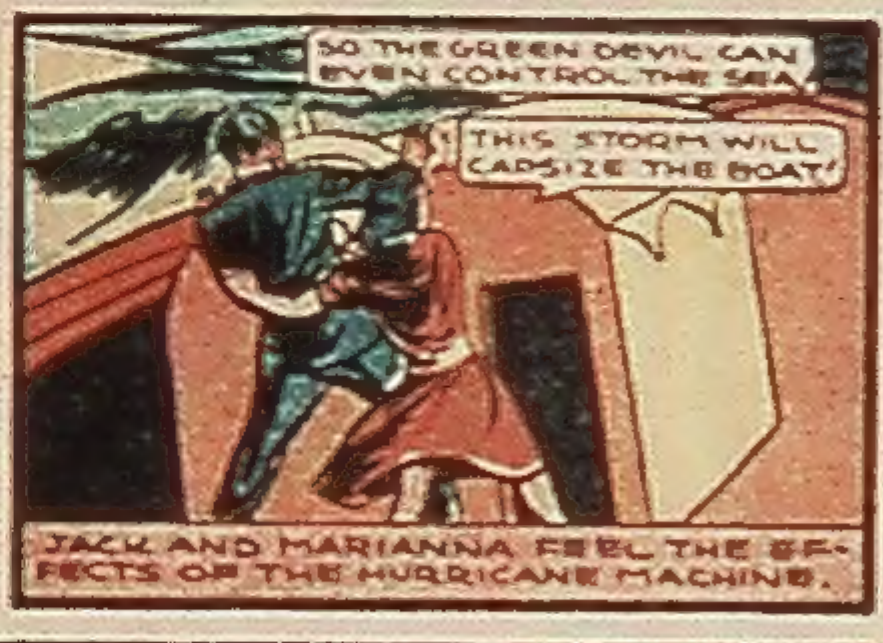
MY GREATEST RIVAL, DIAMOND JACK, IS COMING HERE. I SHALL DESTROY HIM!
ON DEATH ISLAND THE GREEN DEVIL, MASTER OF THE DEAD MEN, LOOKS THROUGH HIS MAGIC GLOBE.

I SHALL ADD HIM TO MY KINGDOM OF DEAD SLAVES.
THE WICKED SORCERER PLANS AN AWFUL FATE FOR DIAMOND JACK.

GET THE HURRICANE DEVICE READY, YOU STUPID FOOLS—I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR OUR VISITOR!


NOW TO TURN ON THE CLOPTIC RAY.
THE GREEN DEVIL'S SLAVES BRING OUT A MACHINE THAT CONTROLS THE ACTION OF THE OCEAN...

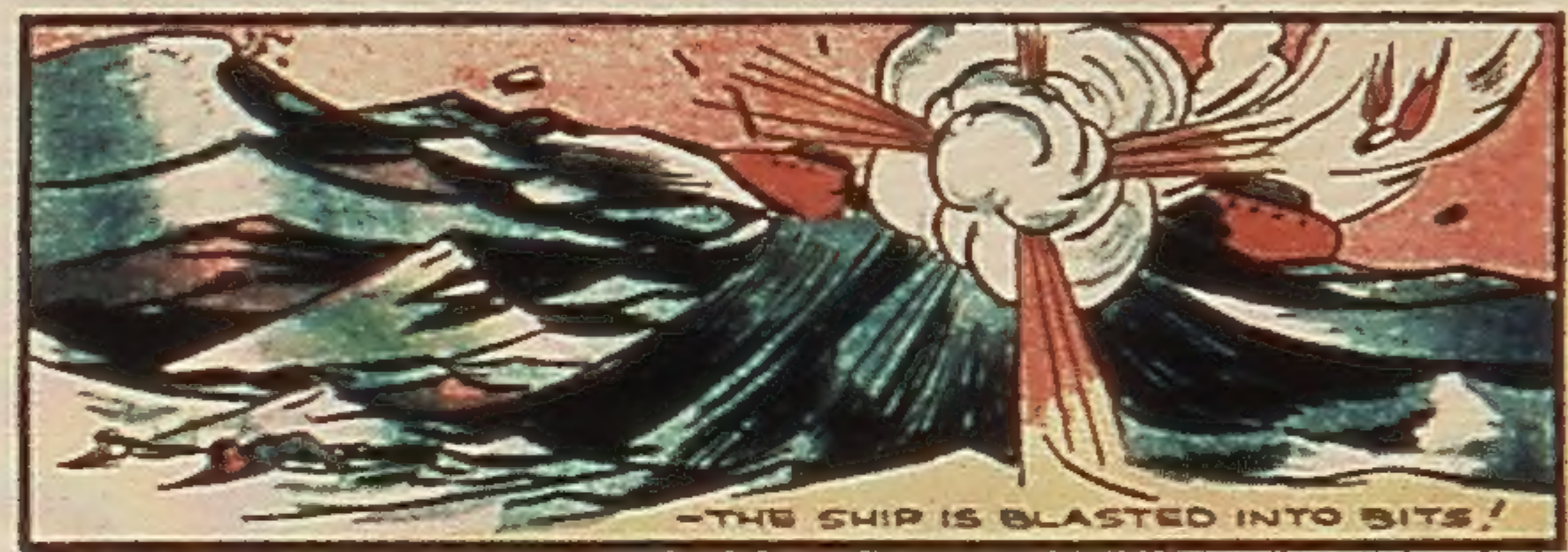
FIRST I'LL GIVE THEM A LITTLE TOUGH RIDING. THEN I'LL BLOW THEIR SHIP TO BITS. HA HA!
...AND CREATES A RAGING STORM.


SO THE GREEN DEVIL CAN EVEN CONTROL THE SEA.
THIS STORM WILL CAPSIZE THE BOAT!
JACK AND MARIANNA FEEL THE EFFECTS OF THE HURRICANE MACHINE.

THE RAGING SEA TOSSES THEIR CRAFT AROUND LIKE A FEATHER.

QUICK - WE'RE GOING TO DIVE OVERBOARD!

NO SOONER DO THEY TAKE TO THE WATER THAN-


-THE SHIP IS BLASTED INTO BITS!

OHHH!
THE GIRL IS SUDDENLY STRUCK BY A CHUNK OF WRECKAGE-

IT'S A GOOD THING WE'RE NEARLY ASHORE.
-AND THE MAGICIAN COMES TO HER RESCUE!

WH-WHERE AM I?
UNFORTUNATELY, YOU'RE ON DEATH ISLAND!
JACK FLASHES HIS RING AND A WAVE SWEEPS THEM ASHORE.

NOW THAT OUR CLOTHES ARE DRY, I'LL FEEL MUCH BETTER.
THEY START FOR THE DEVIL'S HEADQUARTERS.

THEY HAVE A STRANGE WAY OF GREETING PEOPLE.
THE LIVING DEAD MEN DASH OUT TO ATTACK THE STRANGERS.

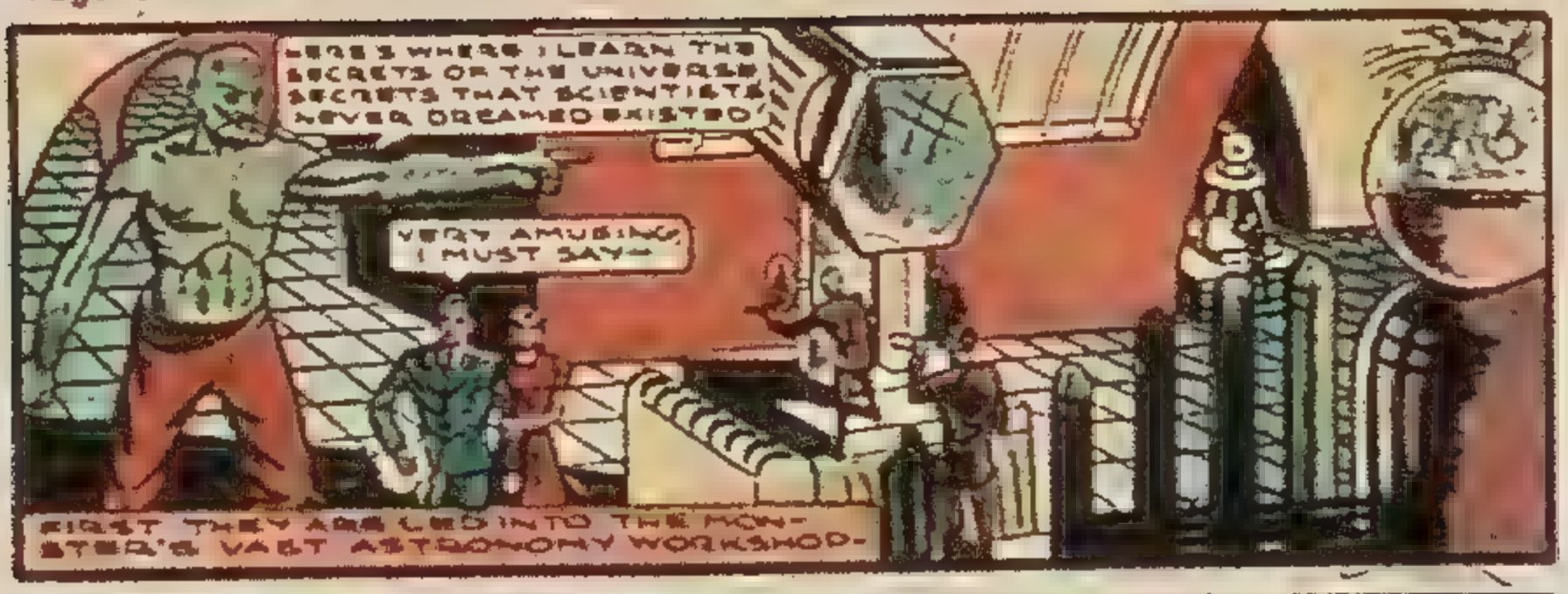
LET ME GO!
BUT STRANGELY ENOUGH JACK PUTS UP A FEEBLE BATTLE AND THEY ARE EASILY CAPTURED.

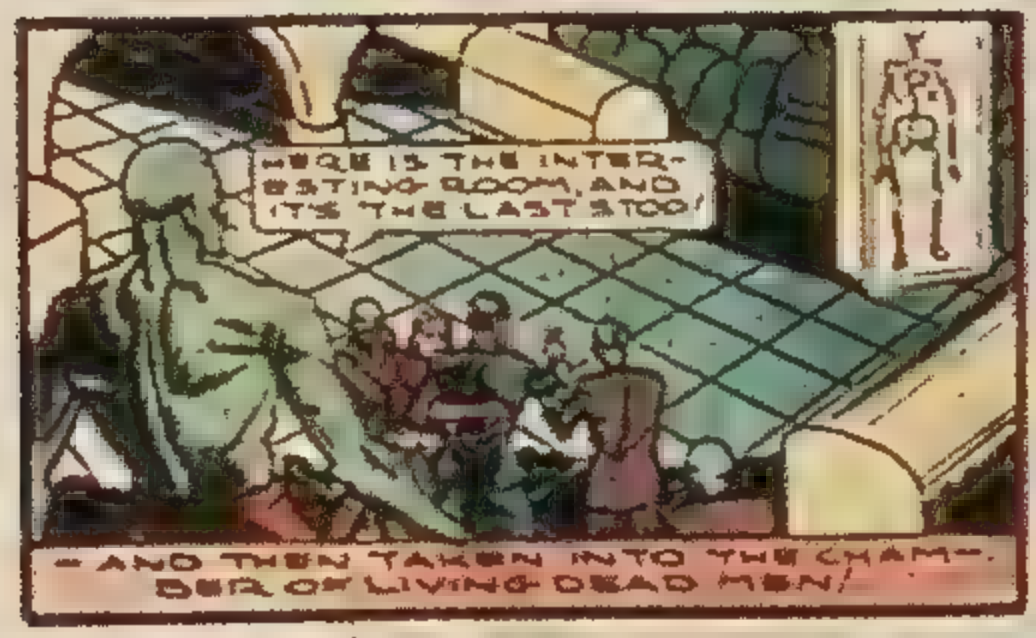
I WANTED THEM TO CAPTURE US. NOW WE CAN BE ESCORTED TO THE MONSTER.
I UNDERSTAND, JACK.

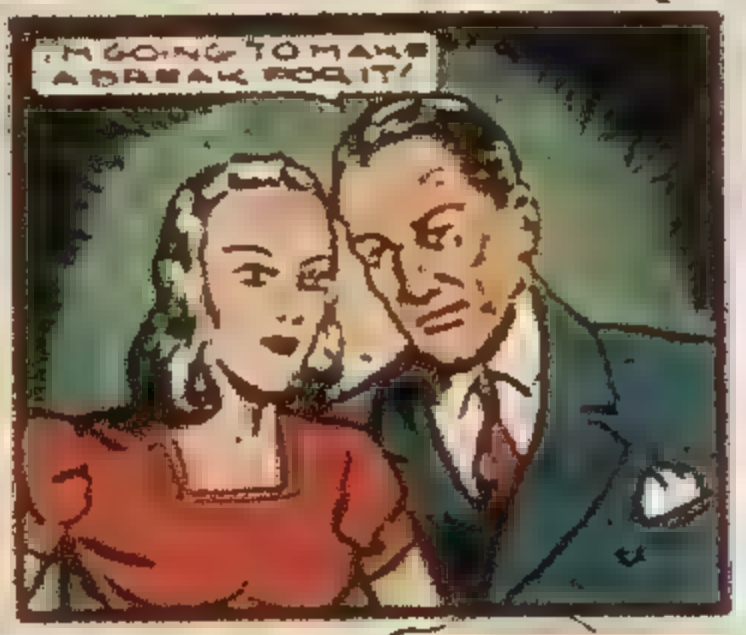
WELCOME, MY FRIENDS, TO DEATH ISLAND!
NEVER MIND THE ROSES, WHAT'S THE GAG?
THE GREEN DEVIL AWAITS THEM IN HIS THRONE ROOM.

WITH THIS RAY CRYSTAL, I'VE DISRUPTED ALL LAWS OF MAGIC EXCEPT MY OWN. IN ANOTHER MONTH I'LL HAVE THE ENTIRE WORLD AT MY MERCY!

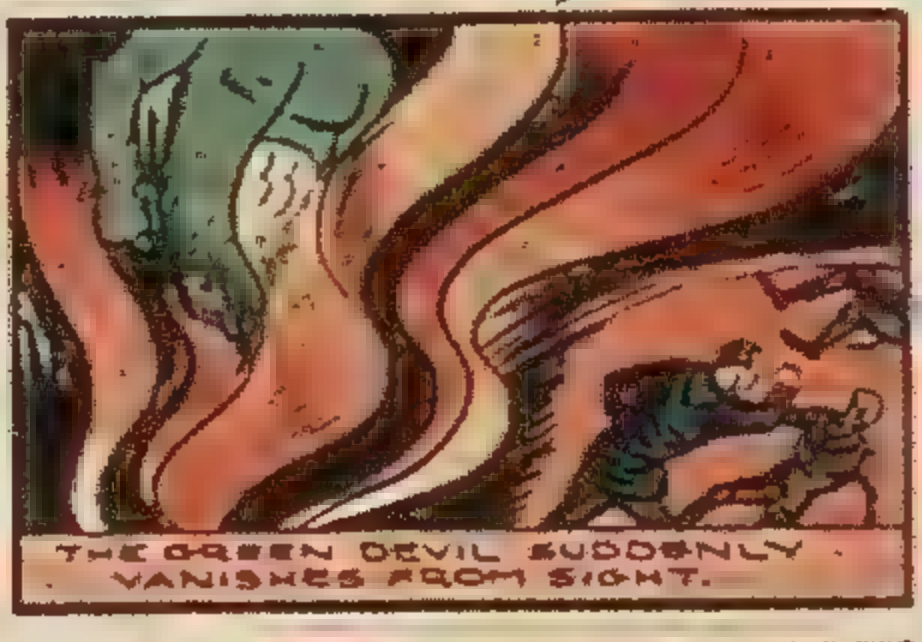
BEFORE I TRANSFORM YOU, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW GREAT I REALLY AM.
THAT'S VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU.

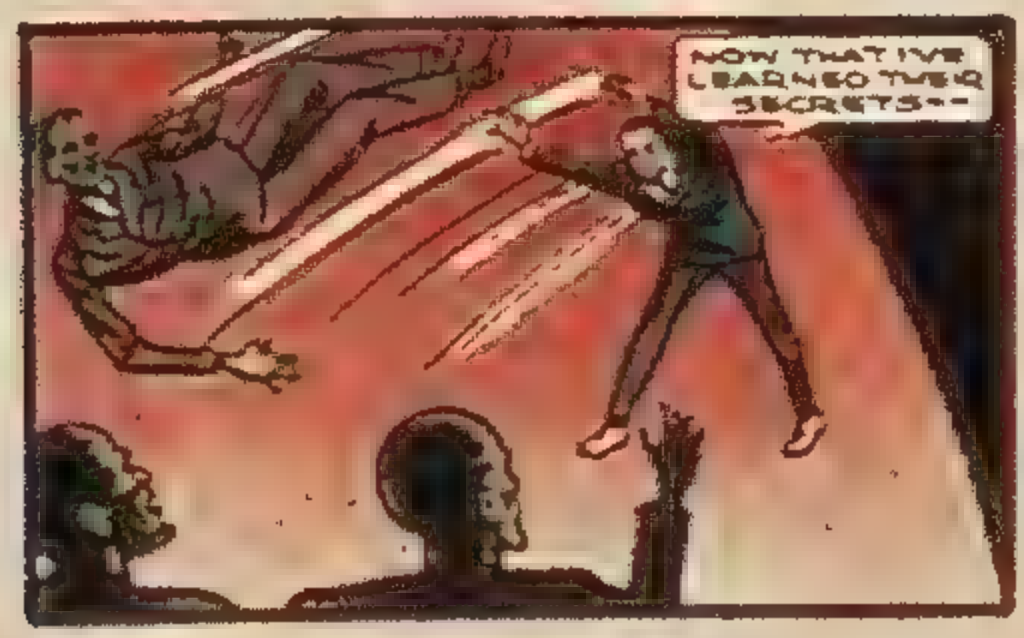

HERE'S WHERE I LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE SECRETS THAT SCIENTISTS NEVER DREAMED EXISTED!
VERY AMUSING, I MUST SAY—
FIRST, THEY ARE LED INTO THE MONSTER'S VAST ASTRONOMY WORKSHOP—

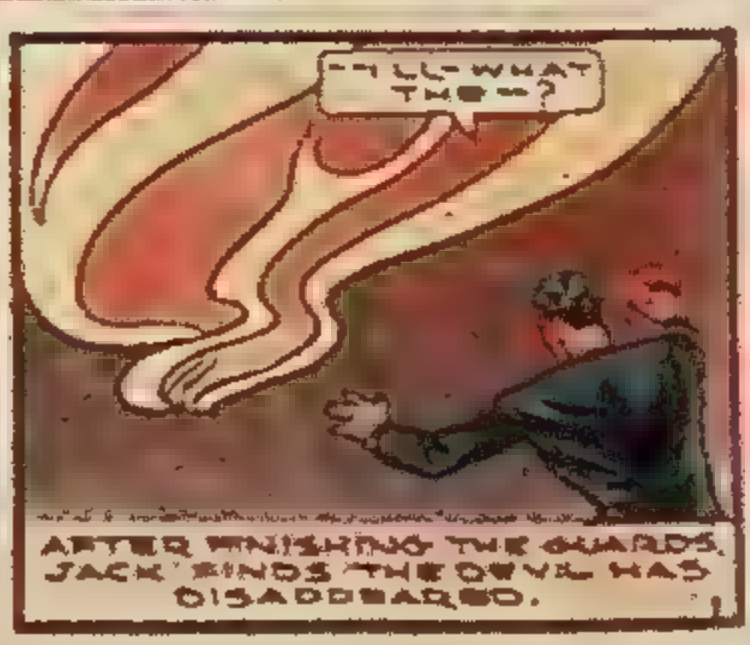

HERE IS THE INTERESTING ROOM, AND IT'S THE LAST STOP!
—AND THEN TAKEN INTO THE CHAMBER OF LIVING DEAD MEN!

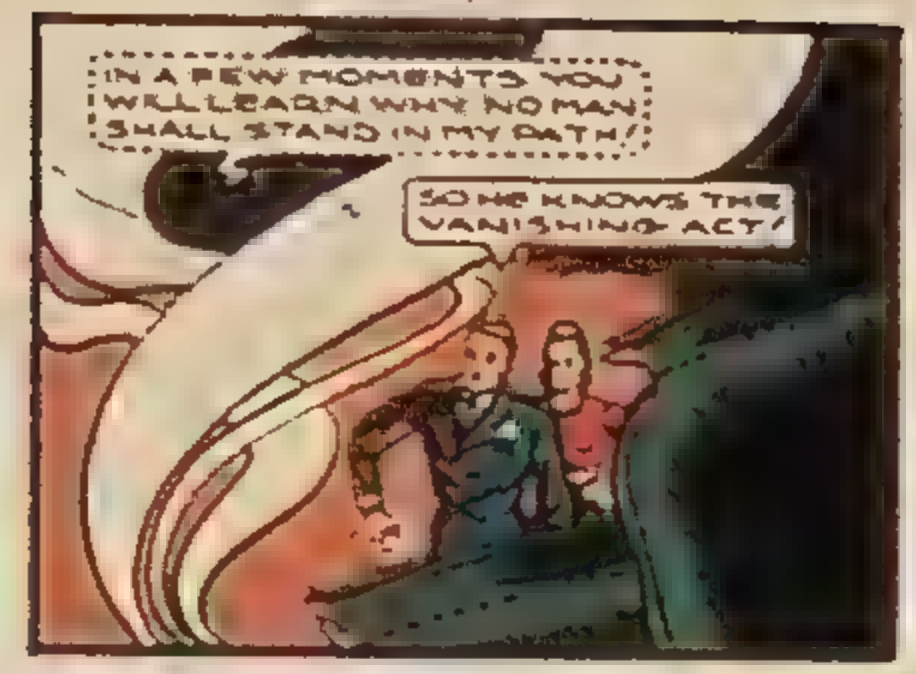

I'M GOING TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

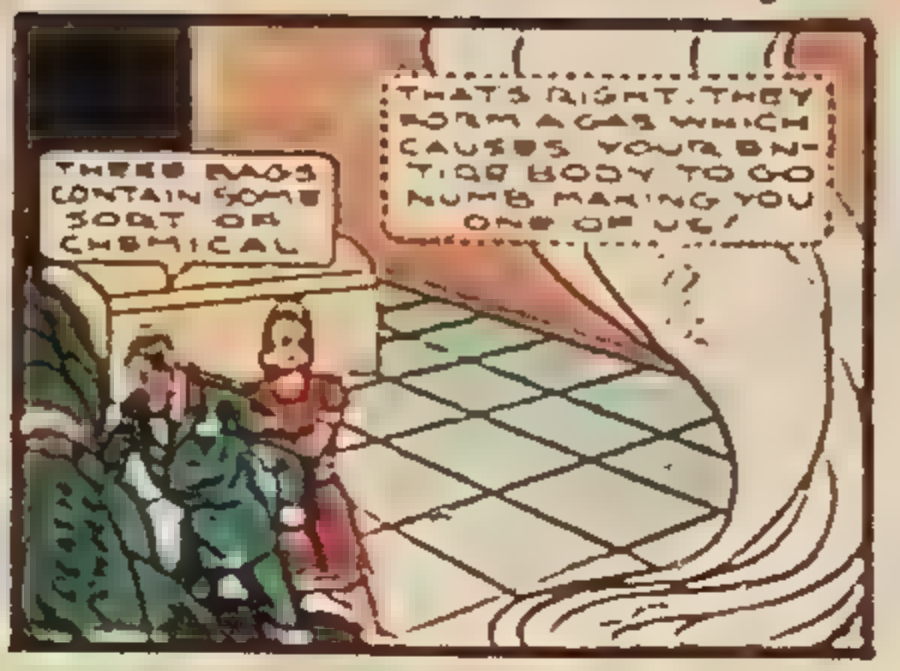
OVER YOU GO!
WITH A SWIFT LUNGE, JACK HURLS THE MAN OVER HIS HEAD.

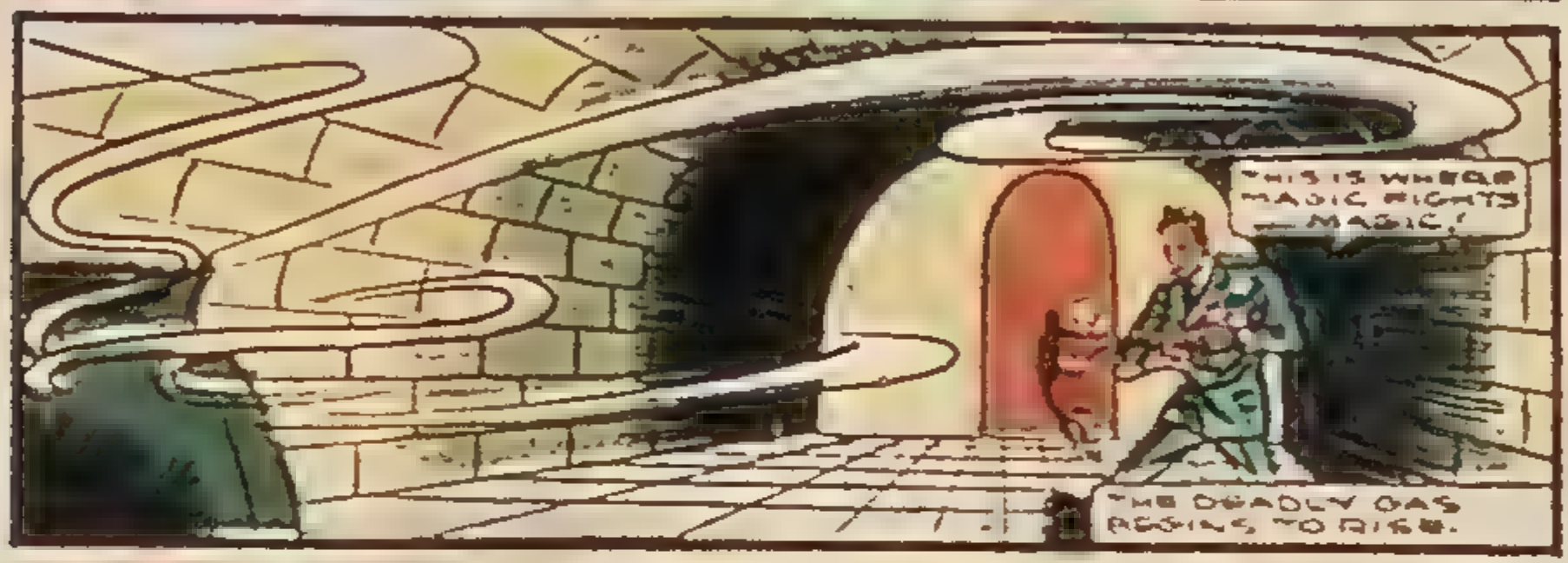

THE GREEN DEVIL SUDDENLY VANISHES FROM SIGHT.

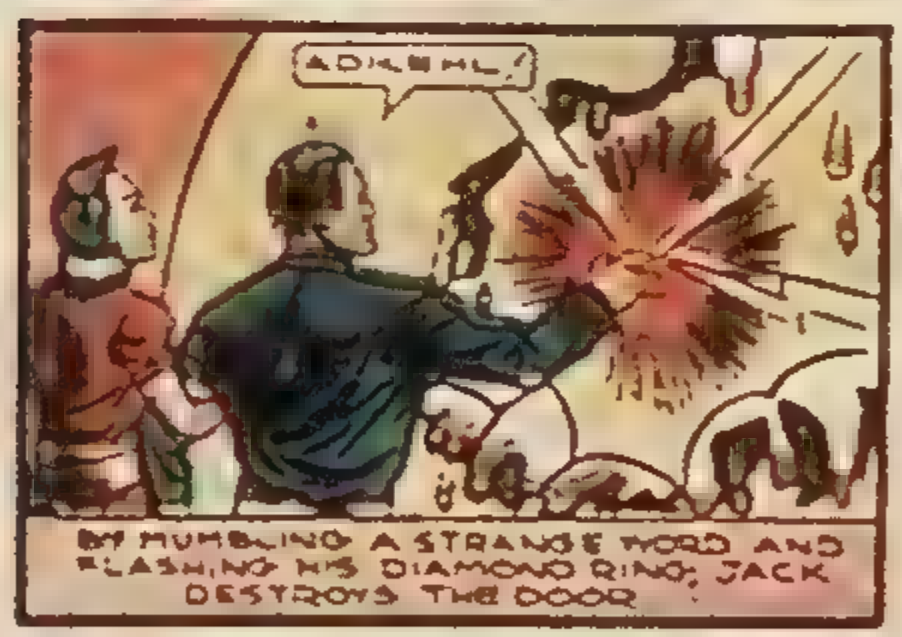

NOW THAT I'VE LEARNED THEIR SECRETS—

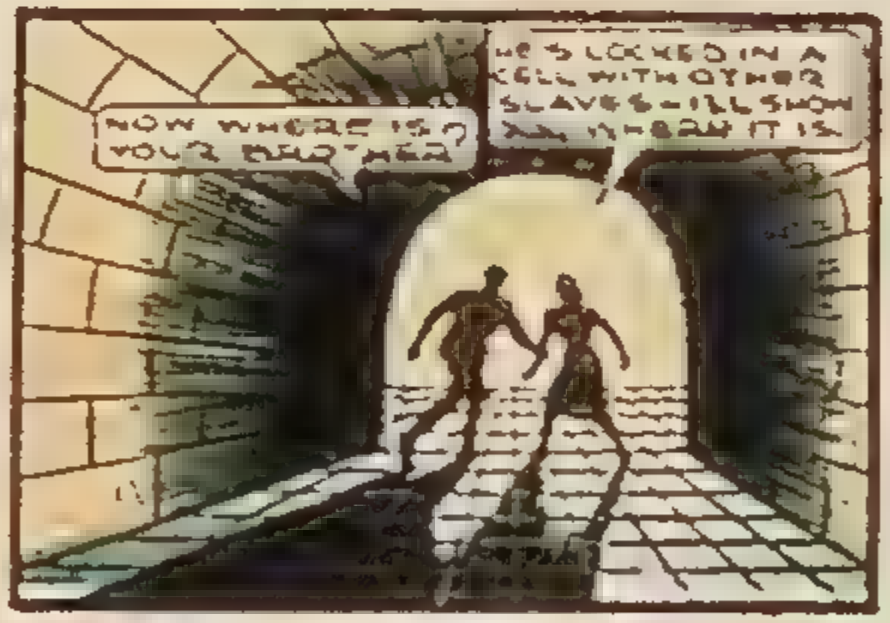

—I'LL—WHAT THE—?
AFTER FINISHING THE GUARDS, JACK FINDS THE DEVIL HAS DISAPPEARED.

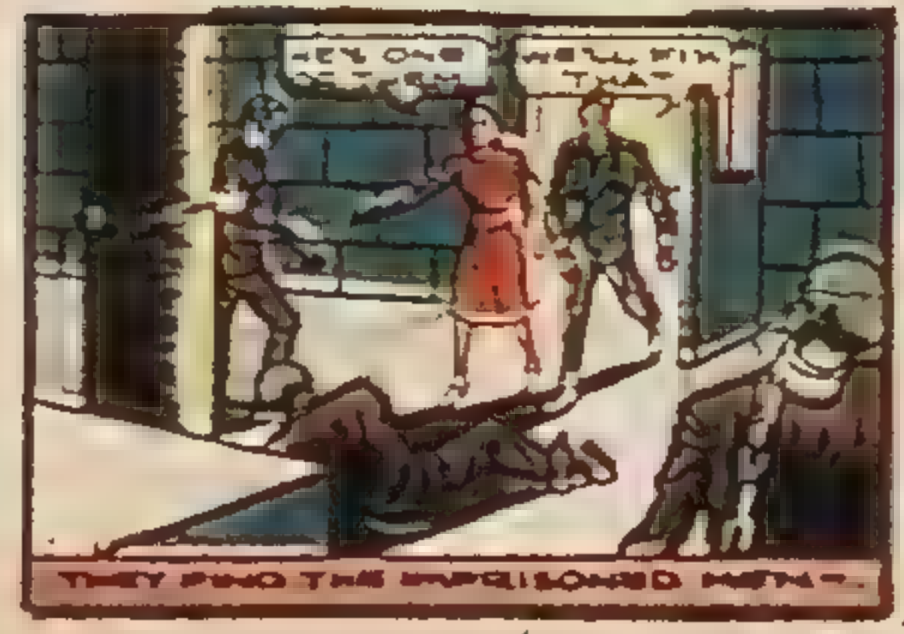

IN A FEW MOMENTS YOU WILL LEARN WHY NO MAN SHALL STAND IN MY PATH!
SO HE KNOWS THE VANISHING ACT!

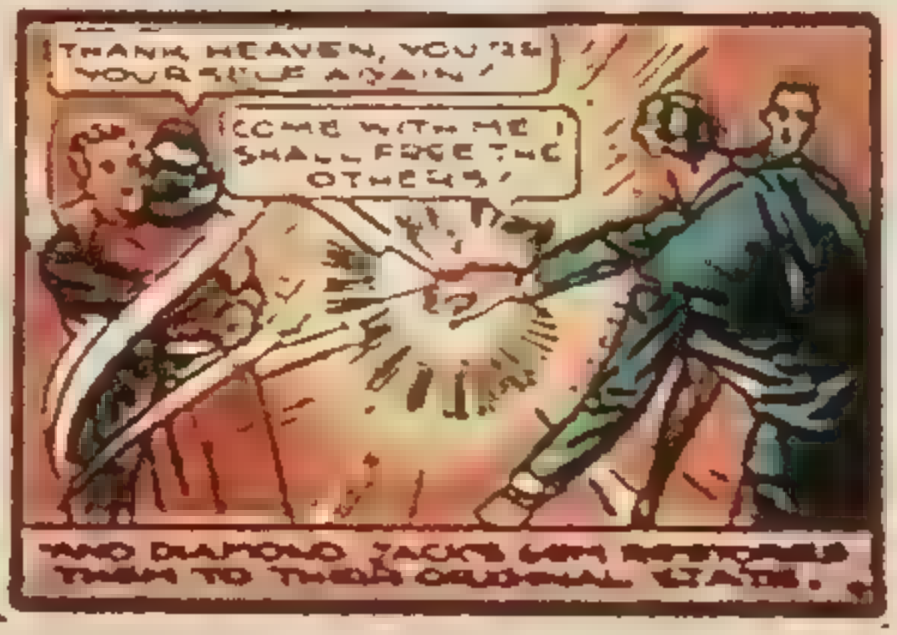

THESE BAGS CONTAIN SOME SORT OF CHEMICAL
THAT'S RIGHT. THEY FORM A GAS WHICH CAUSES YOUR ENTIRE BODY TO GO NUMB MAKING YOU ONE OF US!

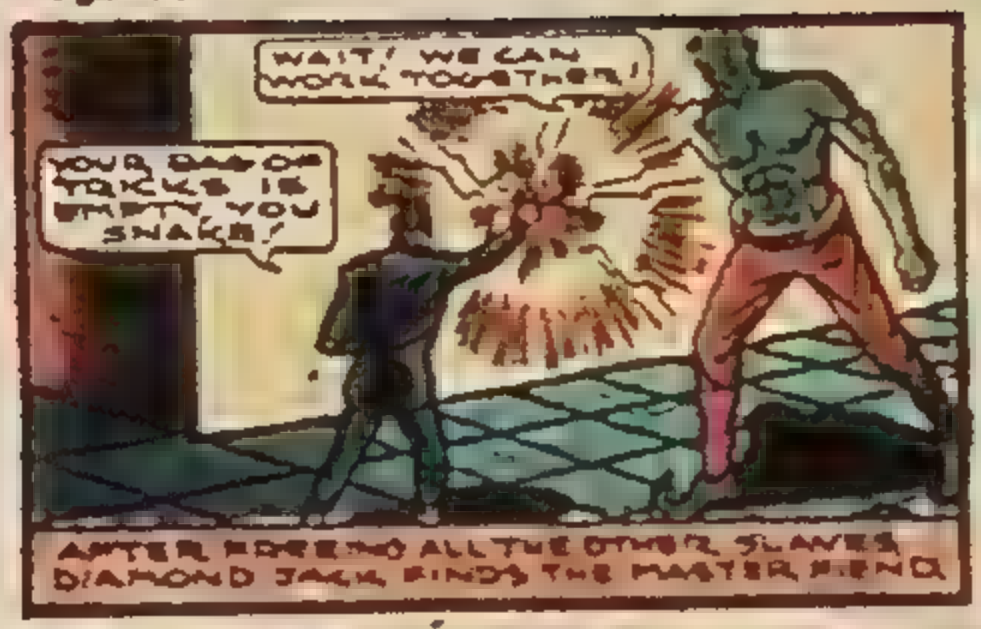

THIS IS WHERE MAGIC RIGHTS — MAGIC!
THE DEADLY GAS BEGINS TO RISE.

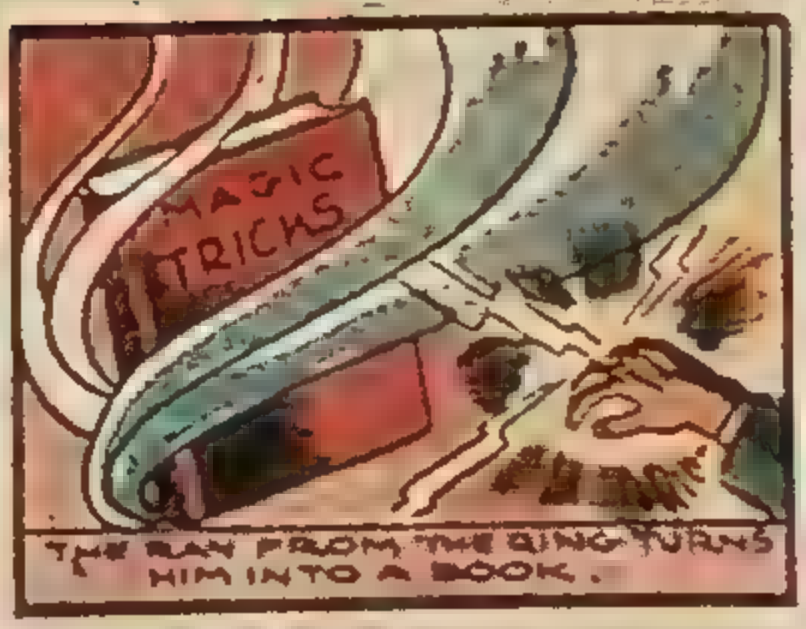

ADIKEHL!
BY MUMBLING A STRANGE WORD AND FLASHING HIS DIAMOND RING, JACK DESTROYS THE DOOR

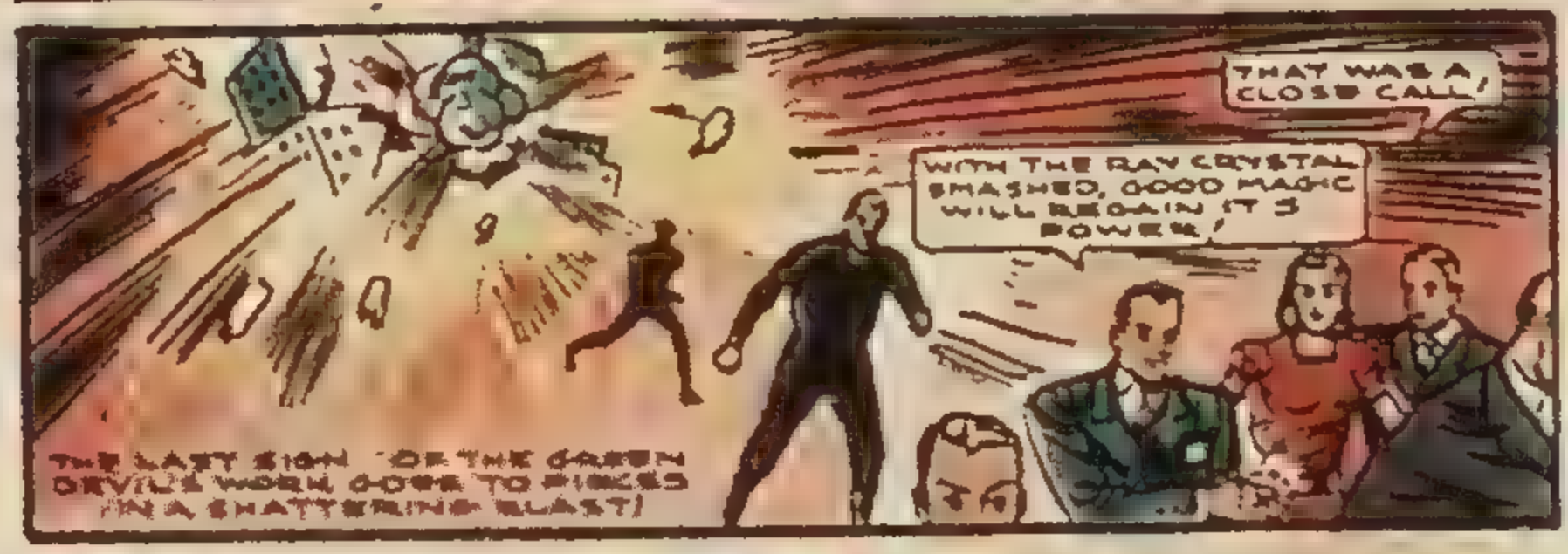

NOW WHERE IS YOUR BROTHER?
HE'S LOCKED IN A CELL WITH OTHER SLAVES—I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS.

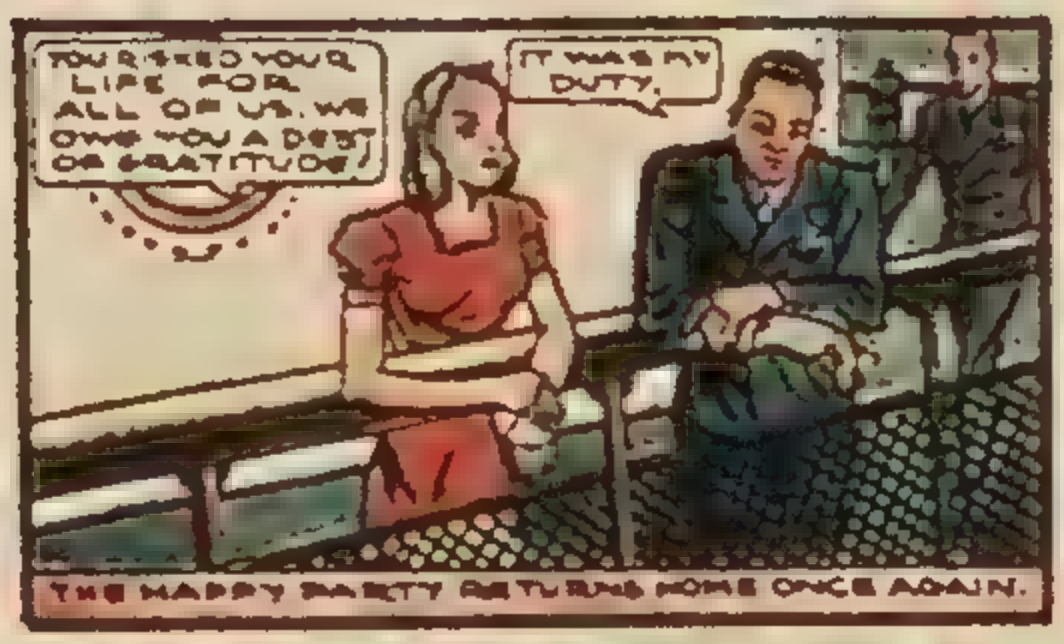

HEY, ONE
WELL, FIX THAT
THEY FIND THE IMPRISONED MEN—

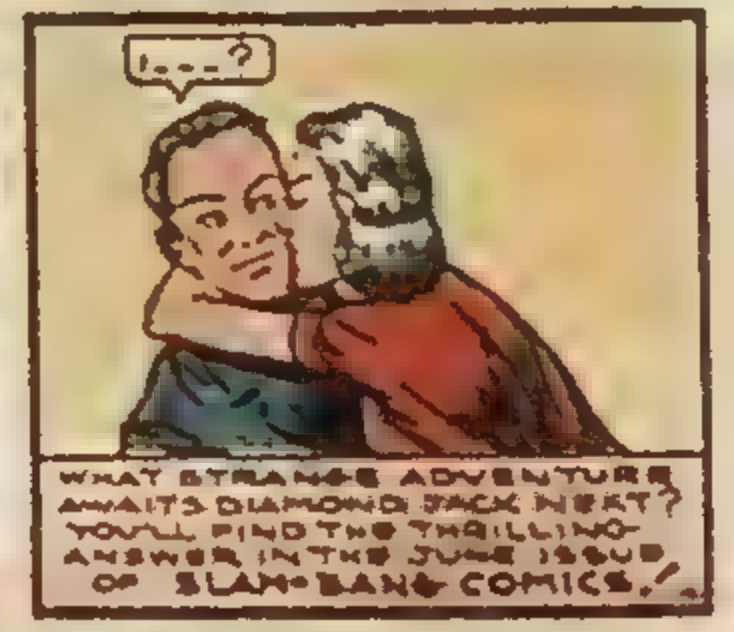

THANK HEAVEN, YOU'RE YOURSELF AGAIN!
COME WITH ME! I SHALL FREE THE OTHERS!
WITH DIAMOND JACK'S GIFT RESTORES THEM TO THEIR ORIGINAL STATE.











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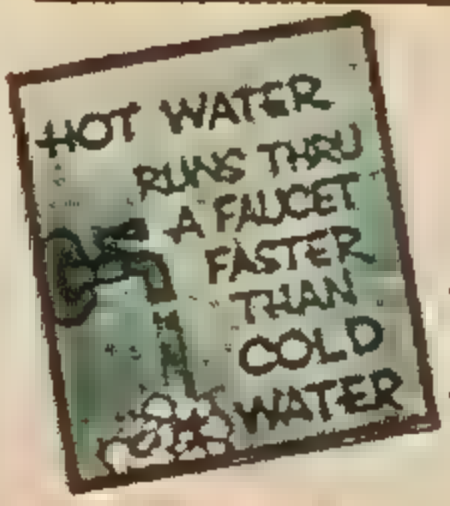
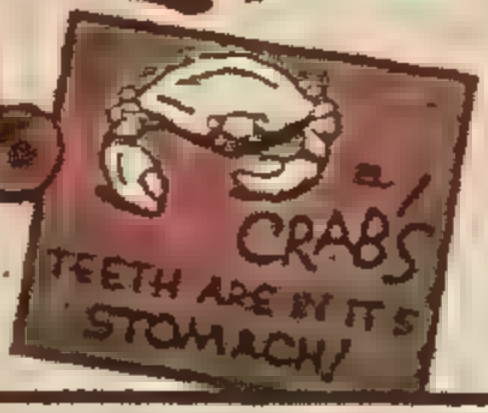
INTO 100 PIES!
GROWN BY
Wm SYMONDS
HORNBY, MAINE



GREECE'S FINEST
REGIMENT, THE
EVZONES
WEAR PLEATED SKIRTS—
EMBROIDERED JACKETS—
CAPS WITH TASSELS
and SCARLET SHOES
WITH POM-POMS!

KNICK KNACKS

UKELELE
MEANS "JUMPING FLEA"

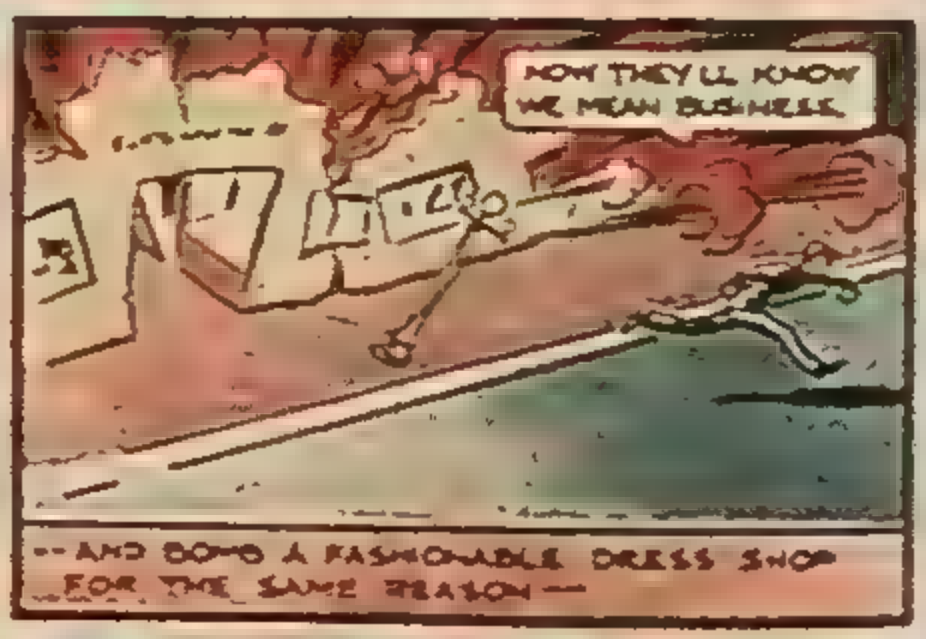


ONE POUND OF
SACCHARINE WILL
SWEETEN 30,000
CUPS OF COFFEE!

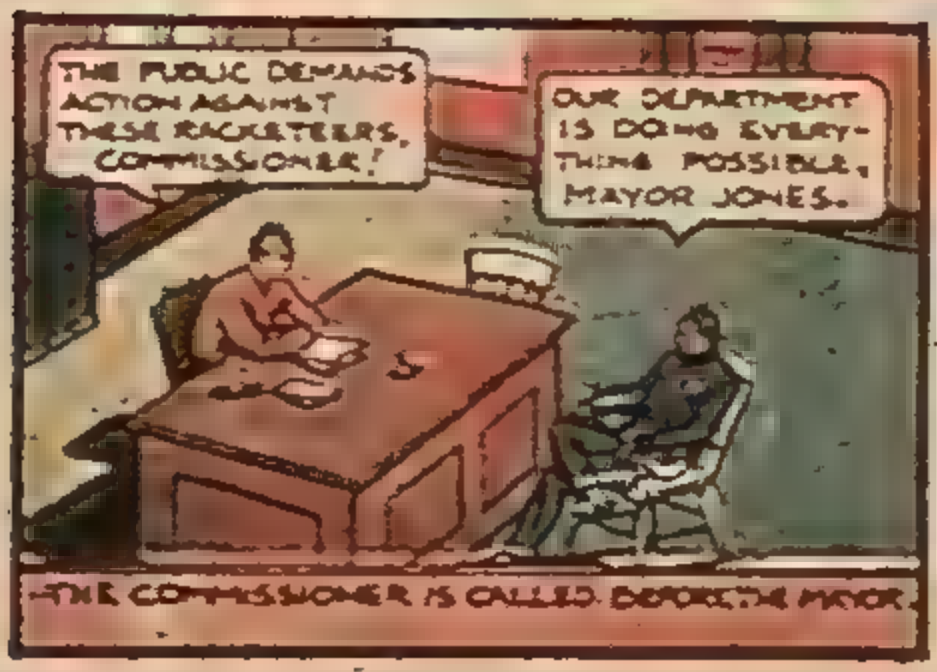
JIM DOLAN

JIM DOLAN, HARD-HITTING EDITOR OF DARING DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, MATCHES BRAIN AND BRAWN AGAINST ORGANIZED CRIME.

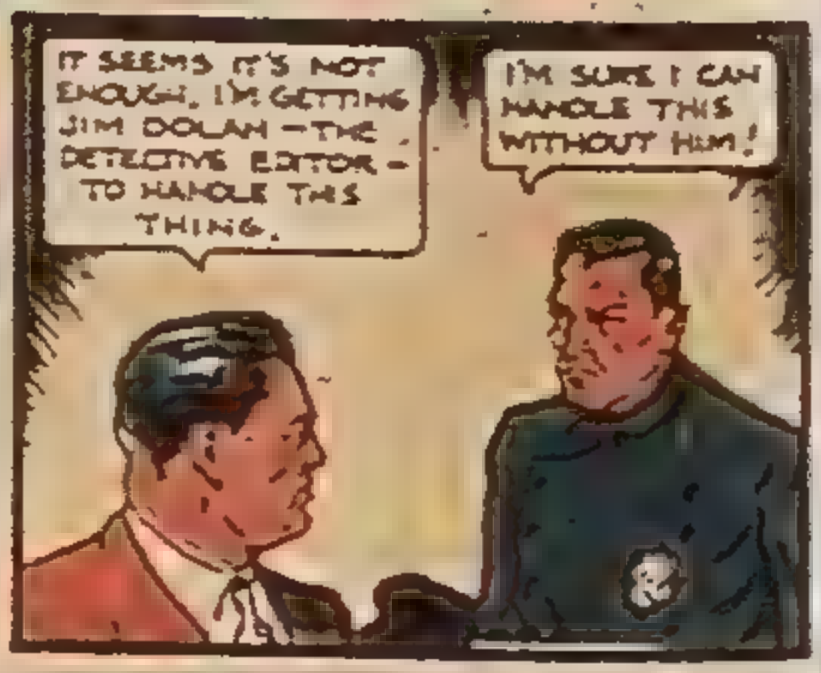
AFTER RACKETEERS BEAT UP A STORE-KEEPER WHO REFUSED TO PAY PROTECTION--

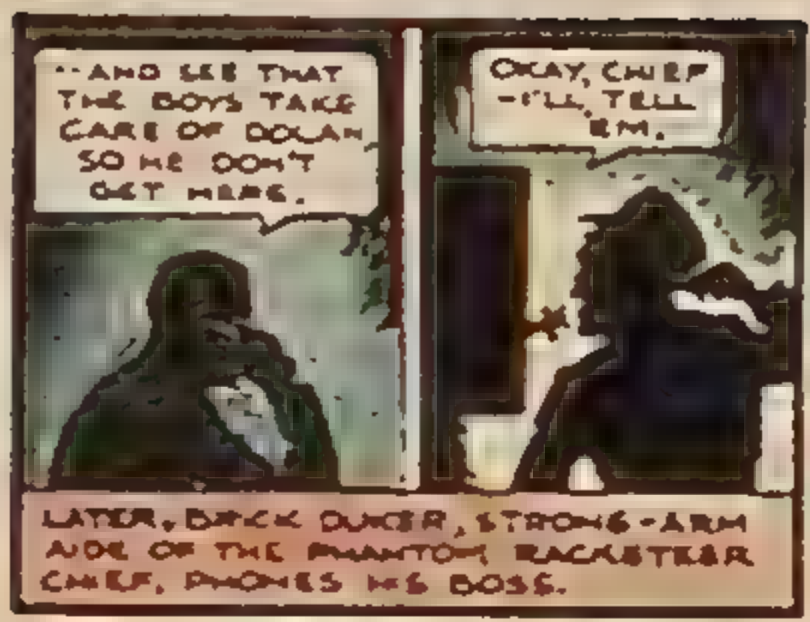


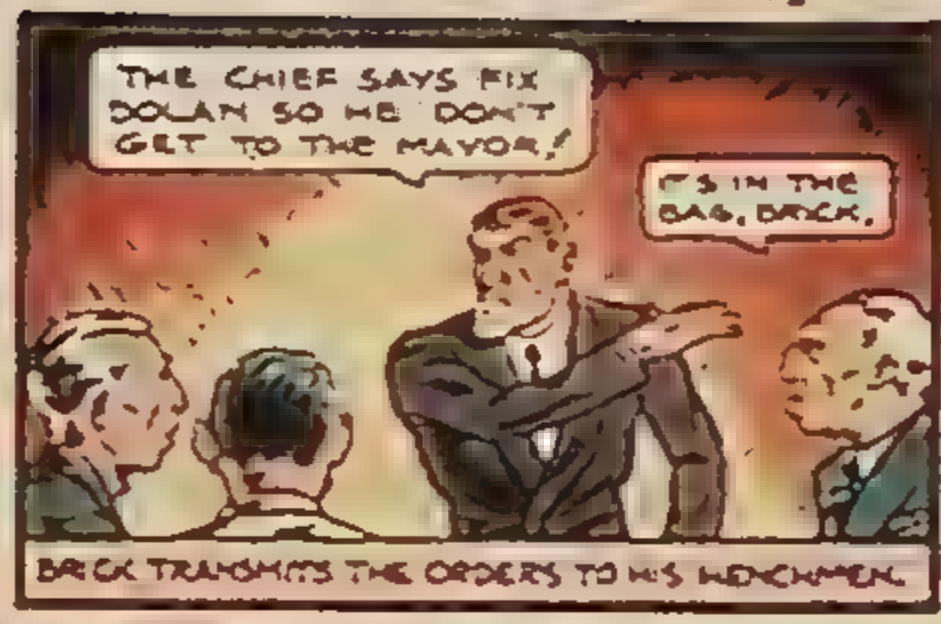
--AND BOMB A FASHIONABLE DRESS SHOP FOR THE SAME REASON—

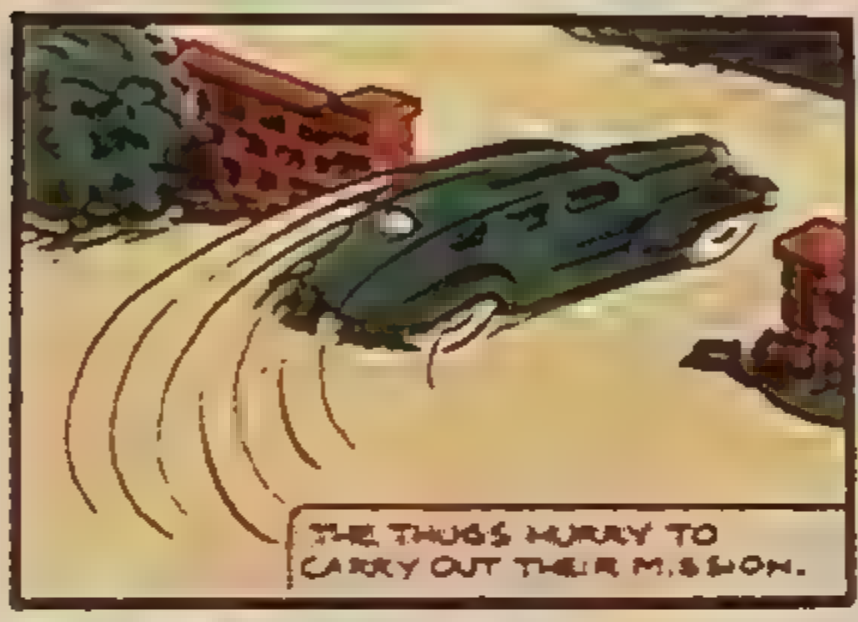


--THE COMMISSIONER IS CALLED BEFORE THE MAYOR.

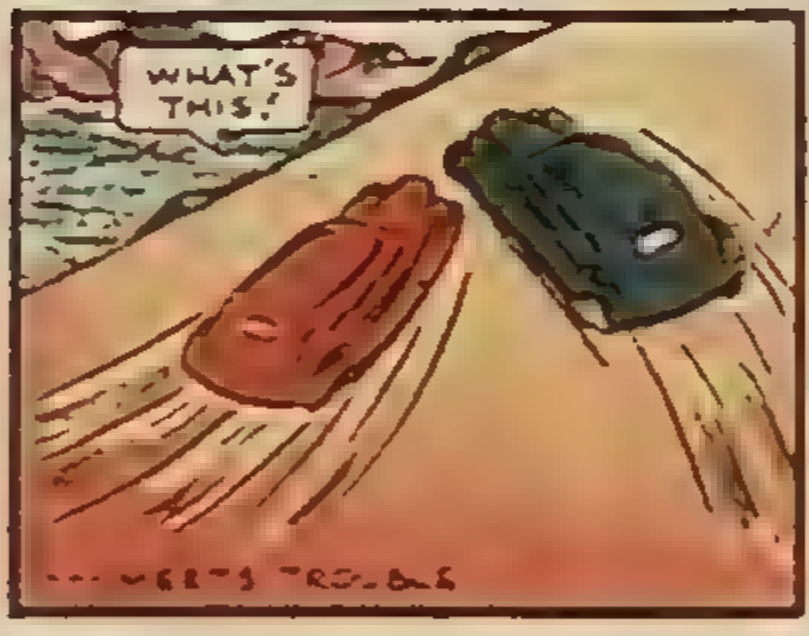


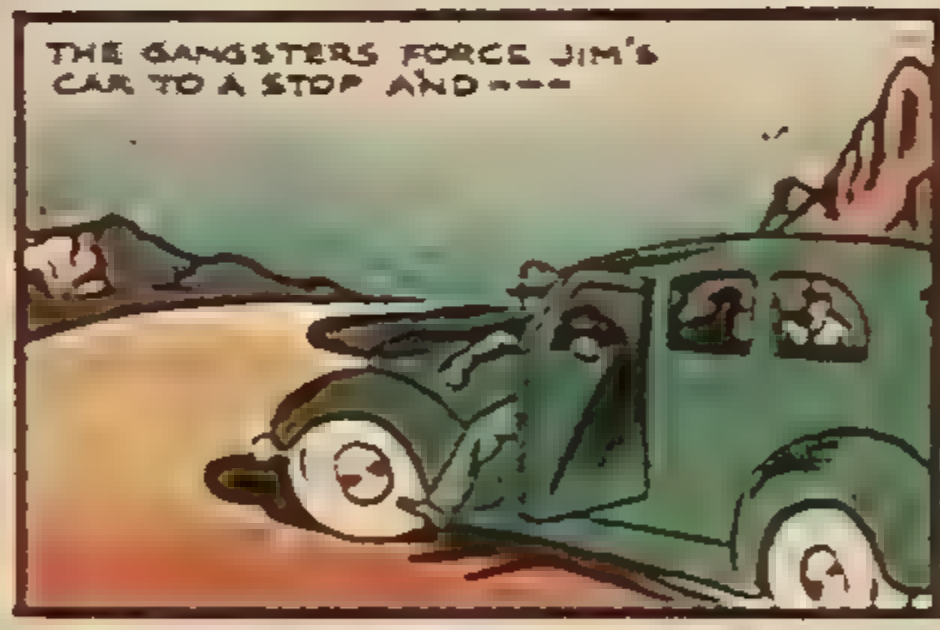

...AND SEE THAT THE BOYS TAKE CARE OF DOLAN SO HE DON'T GET HERE.
OKAY, CHIEF —I'LL TELL 'EM.
LATER, BRICK DUKER, STRONG-ARM AIDE OF THE PHANTOM RACKETEER CHIEF, PHONES HIS BOSS.


THE CHIEF SAYS FIX DOLAN SO HE DON'T GET TO THE MAYOR!
IT'S IN THE BAG, BRICK.
BRICK TRANSMITS THE ORDERS TO HIS HENCHMEN.

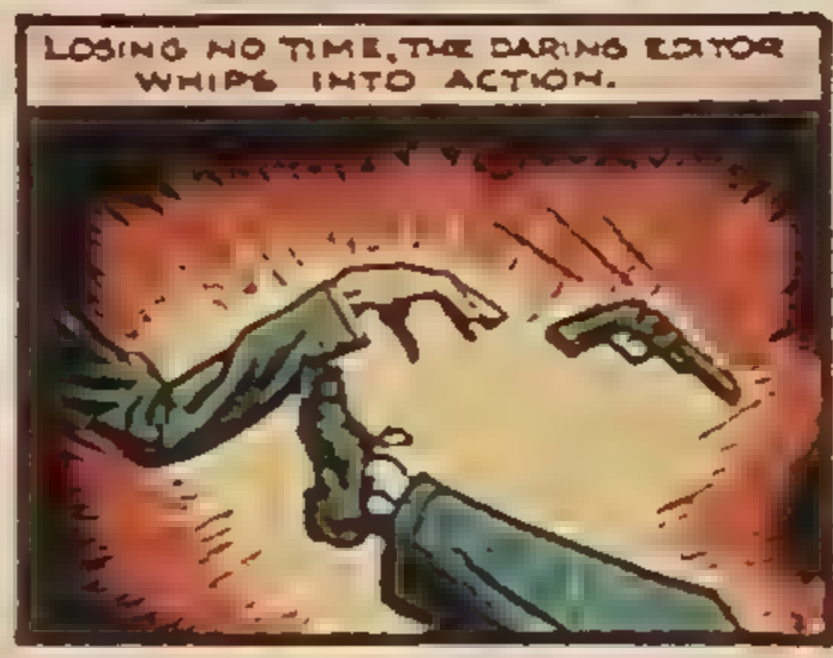

THE THUGS HURRY TO CARRY OUT THEIR MISSION.

...AND MAYOR JONES WANTS ME TO TACKLE THE RACKETEERS. TAKE TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE OFFICE
GOSH, I ALWAYS MISS THE EXCITEMENT.
LEAVING HIS OFFICE, JIM DOLAN, EDITOR OF DARING DETECTIVE MAGAZINE....

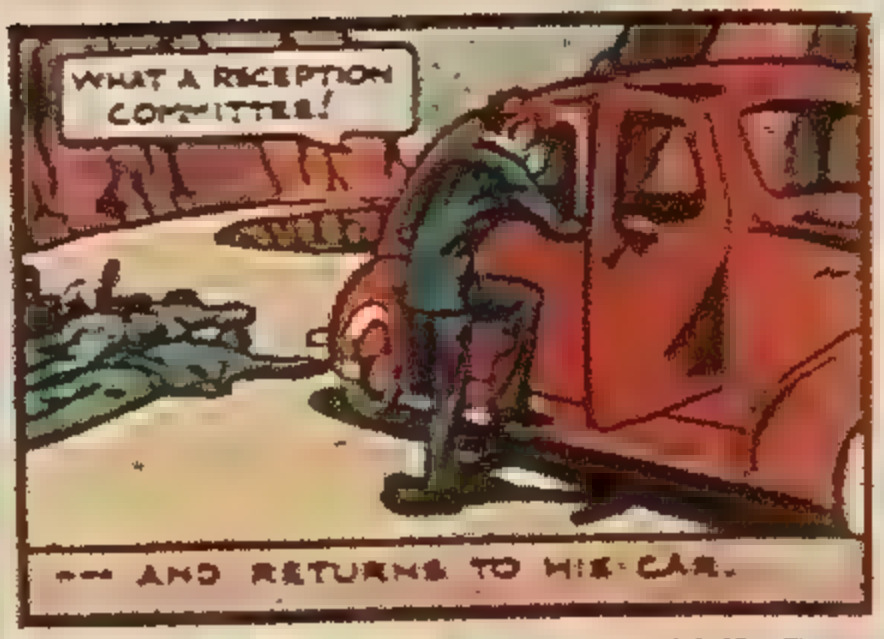

WHAT'S THIS!


THE GANGSTERS FORCE JIM'S CAR TO A STOP AND---

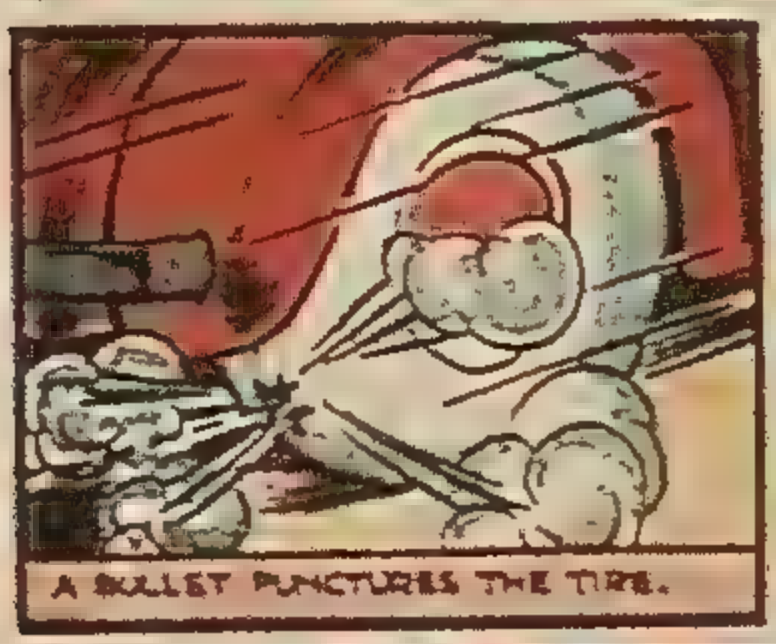
YOU'RE GONNA' RIDE WITH US—AND IT AIN'T GONNA' BE TO THE MAYOR!
AT THE POINT OF A GUN, TRY TO KIDNAP HIM.

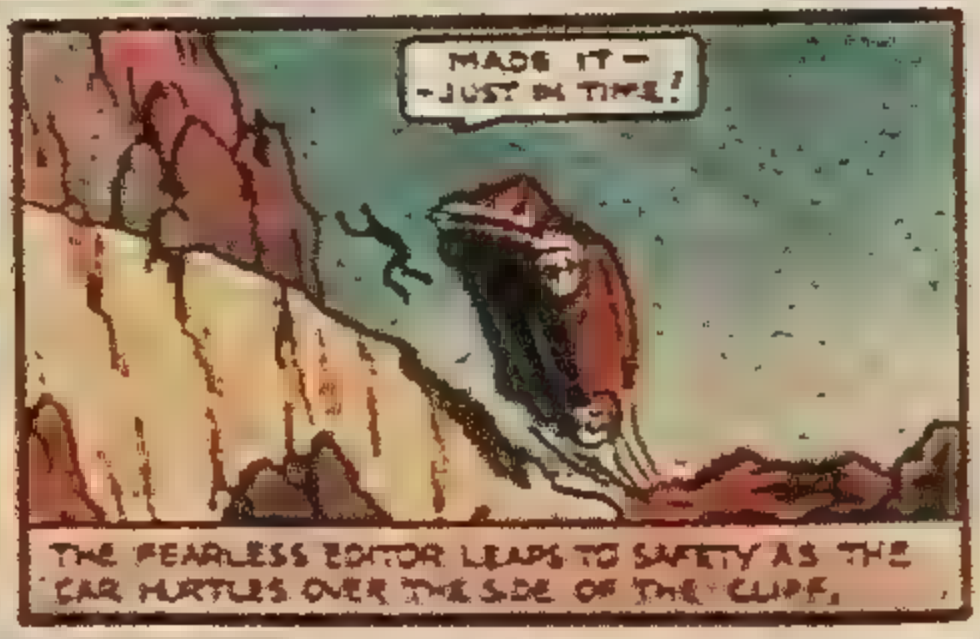

LOSING NO TIME, THE DARING EDITOR WHIPS INTO ACTION.

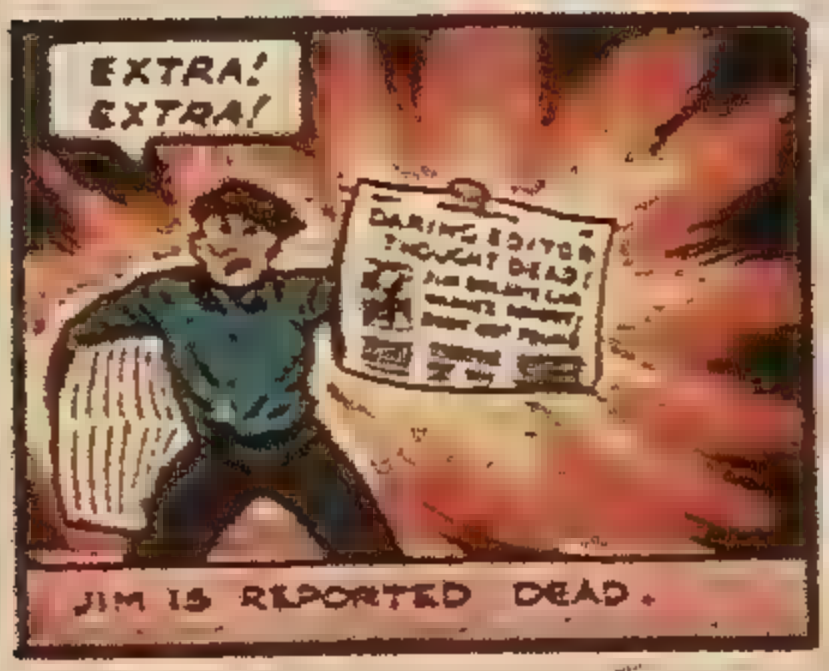
I DON'T LIKE YOUR COMPANY, GENTLEMEN.
FISTS PACKING DYNAMITE, JIM SMASHES HIS WAY OUT OF THE TRAP----

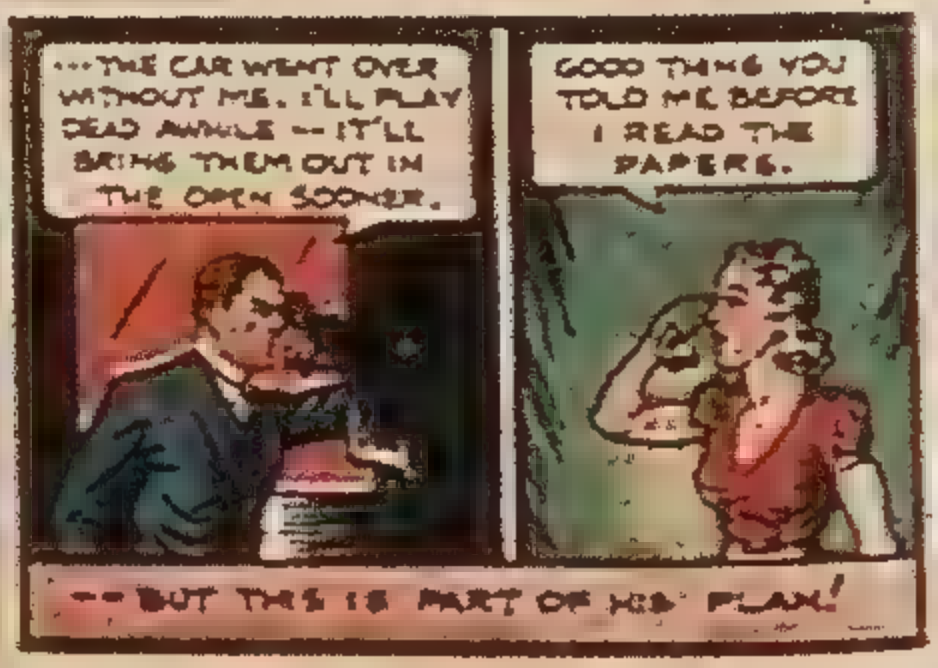

WHAT A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!
--- AND RETURNS TO HIS CAR.

SHOOT AT HIS TIRES, MEN!

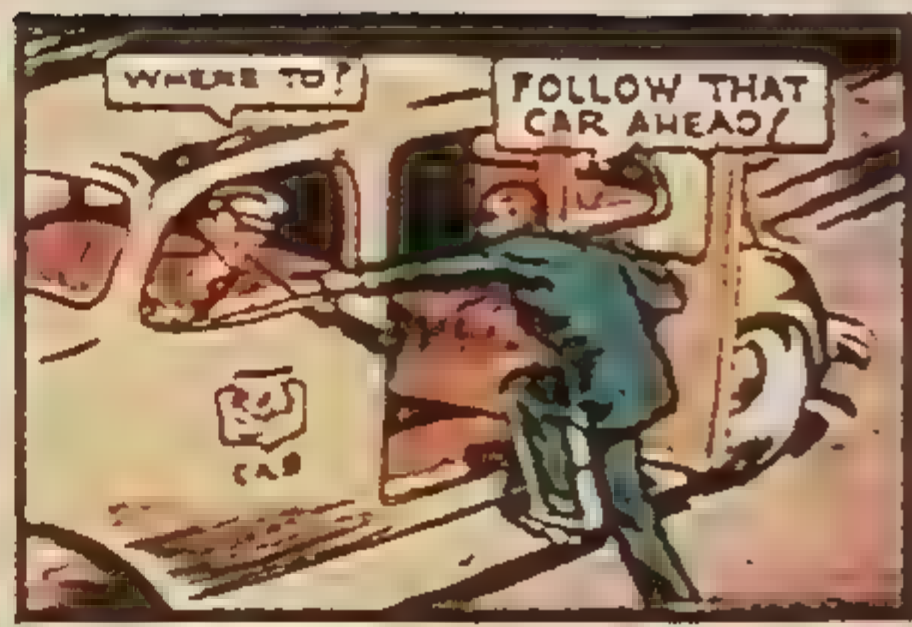

A BULLET PUNCTURES THE TIRE.

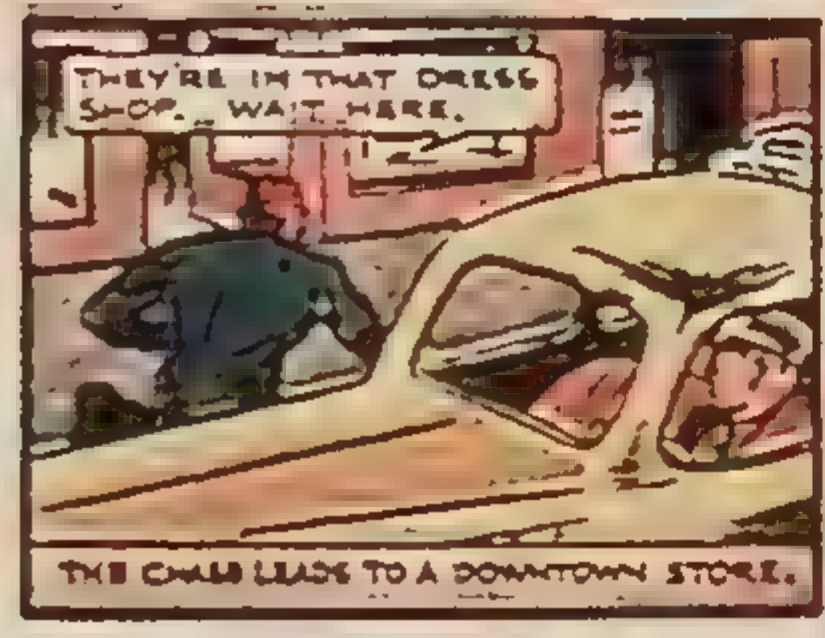

MADE IT — JUST IN TIME!
THE FEARLESS EDITOR LEAPS TO SAFETY AS THE CAR HURTLES OVER THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF.


EXTRA! EXTRA!
JIM IS REPORTED DEAD.

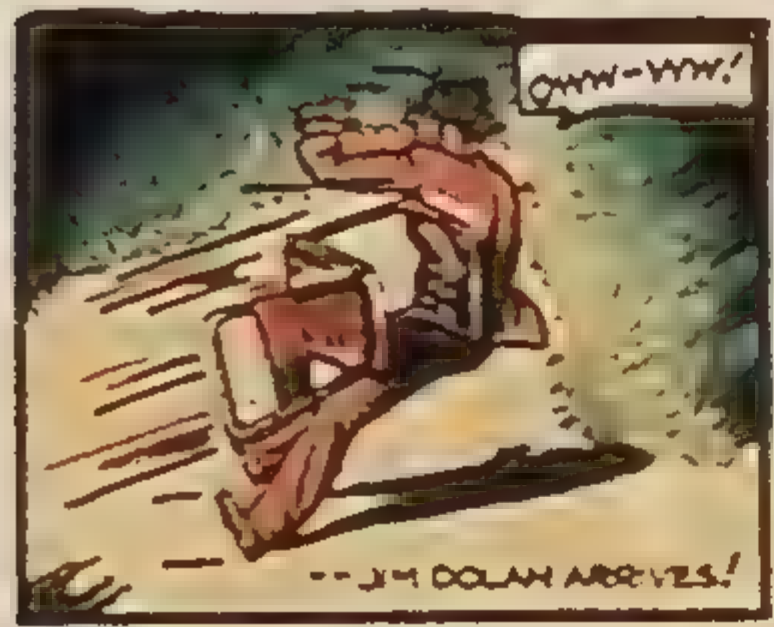

...THE CAR WENT OVER WITHOUT ME. I'LL PLAY DEAD AWHILE -- IT'LL BRING THEM OUT IN THE OPEN SOONER.
GOOD THING YOU TOLD ME BEFORE I READ THE PAPERS.
-- BUT THIS IS PART OF HIS PLAN!

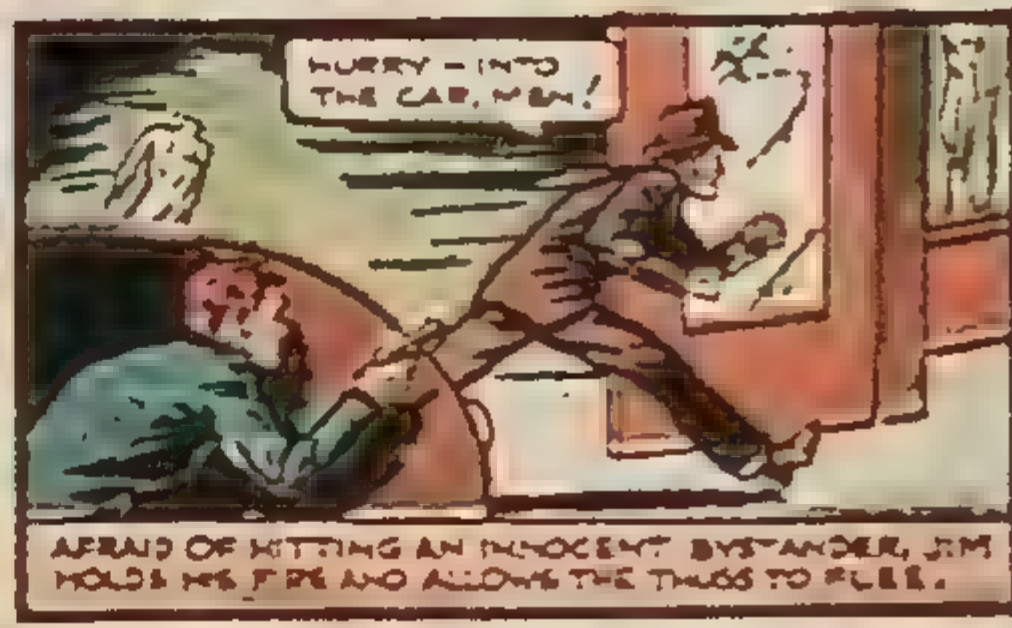
Z-2456 - THAT'S THE CAR THAT ATTACKED ME!
NEXT DAY, JIM RECOGNIZES THE LICENSE NUMBER OF A PASSING CAR.

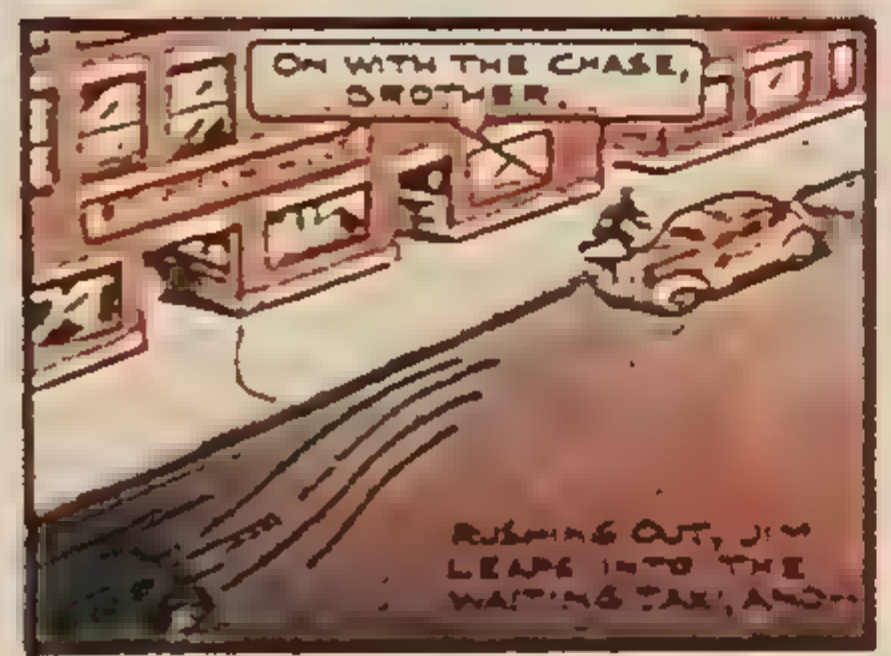

WHERE TO?
FOLLOW THAT CAR AHEAD!

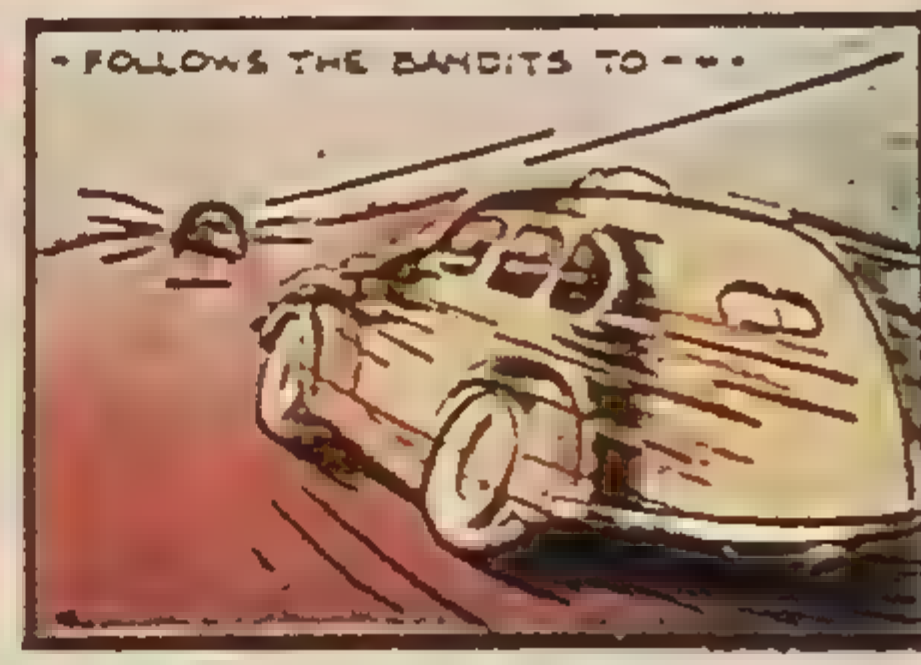

THEY'RE IN THAT DRESS SHOP... WAIT HERE.
THE CHASE LEADS TO A DOWNTOWN STORE.

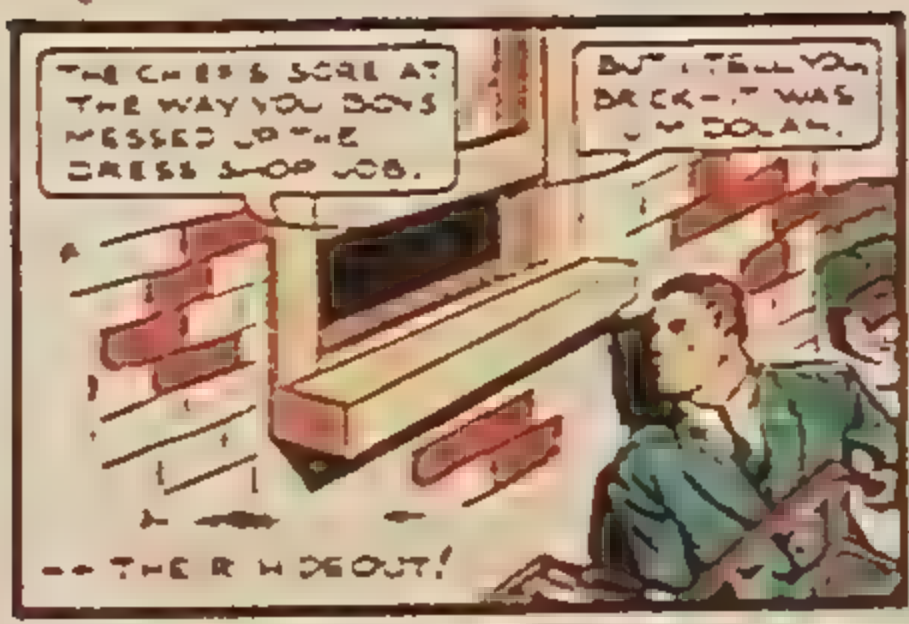
HERE'S THE MONEY - PLEASE DON'T DO ANYTHING TO MY STORE!
PIPE DOWN - AND LET'S HAVE IT!
INSIDE, THE THUG REACHES OUT TO COLLECT FROM THE HELPLESS STOREKEEPER, WHEN.....


OHW-WW!
--JIM DOLAN ARRIVES!

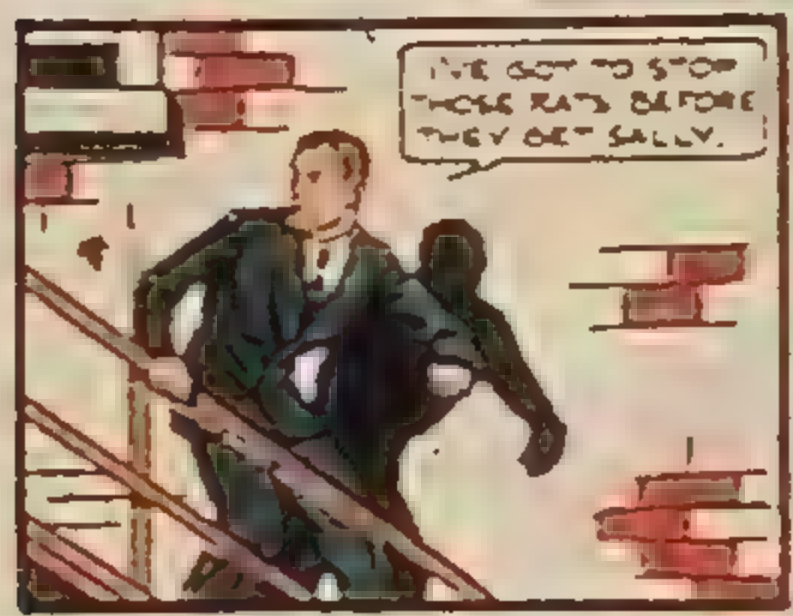

HURRY - INTO THE CAR, MEN!
AFRAID OF HITTING AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER, JIM HOLDS HIS FIRE AND ALLOWS THE THUGS TO FLEE.

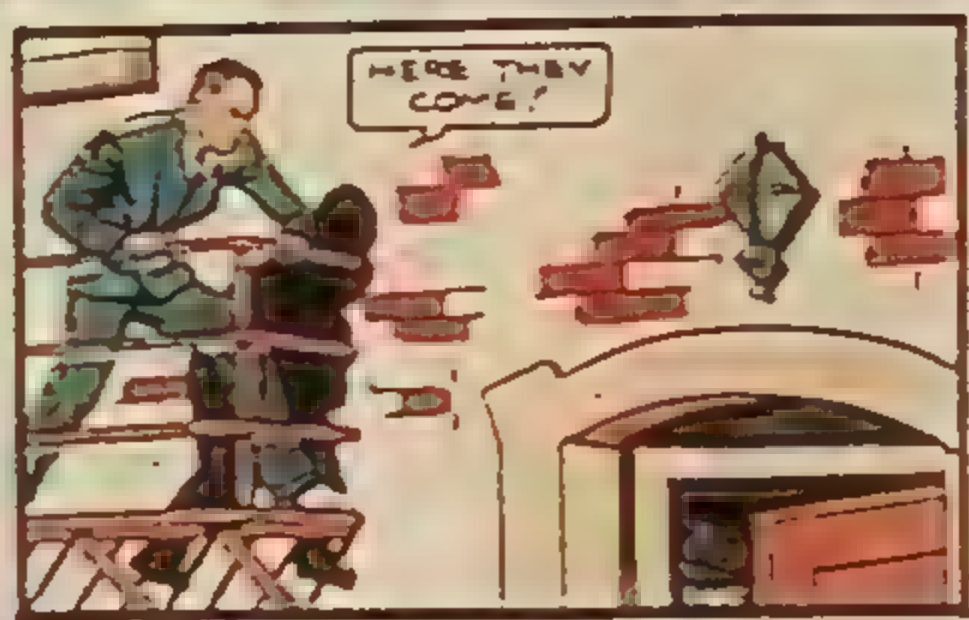

ON WITH THE CHASE, BROTHER.
RUSHING OUT, JIM LEAPS INTO THE WAITING TAXI, AND--


- FOLLOWS THE BANDITS TO - - -

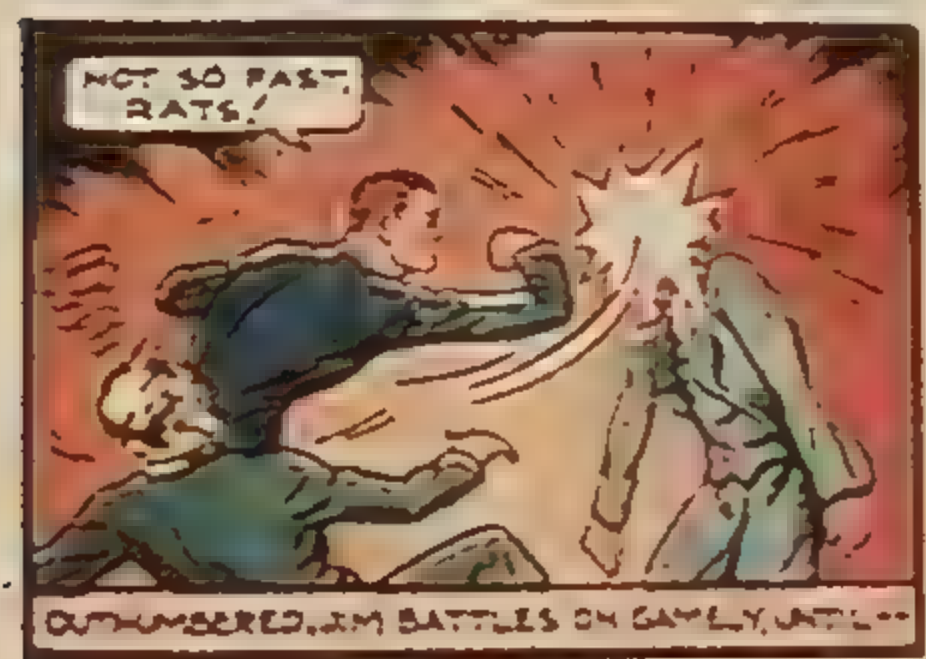

THE CHIEF'S SORE AT THE WAY YOU BOYS MESSED UP THE DRESS SHOP JOB.
BUT I'LL TELL YOU BACK-IT WAS JIM DOLAN.
--THE RIP HIDEOUT!

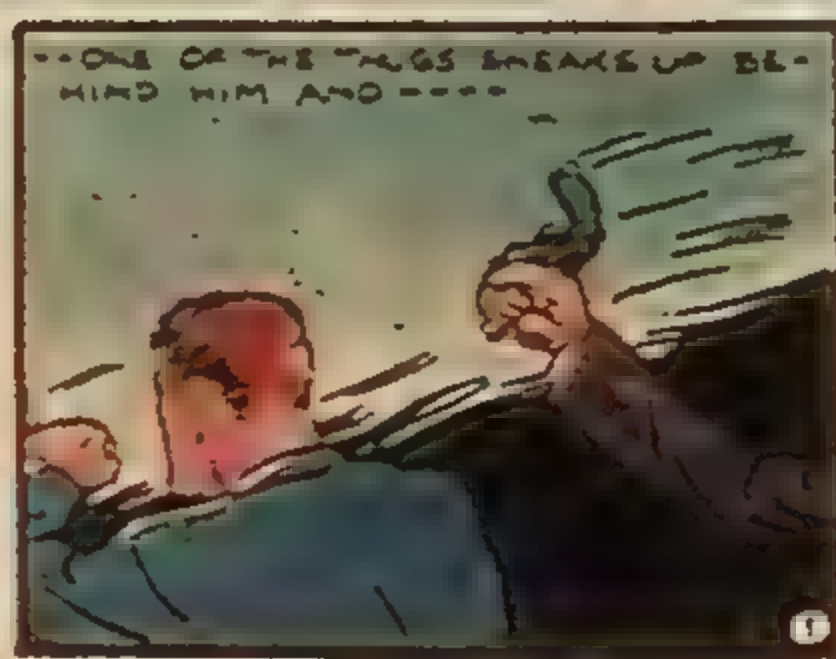
THE CHIEF SAYS TO GET DOLAN'S GIRL AND BRING HER HERE-THAT'LL BRING DOLAN OUT IN THE OPEN, IF HE'S STILL ALIVE!

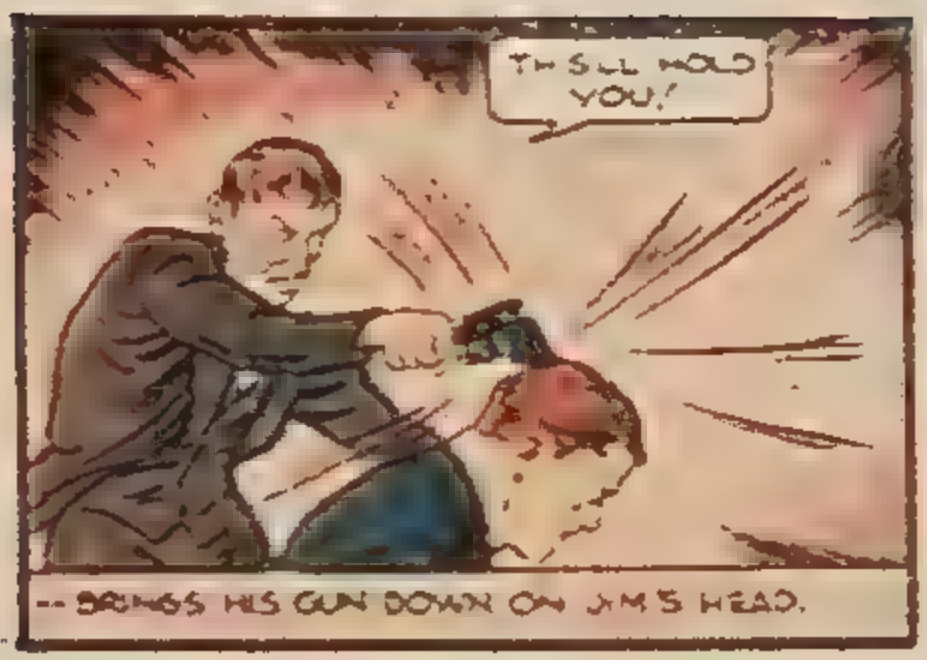

I'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE RATS BEFORE THEY GET SALLY.

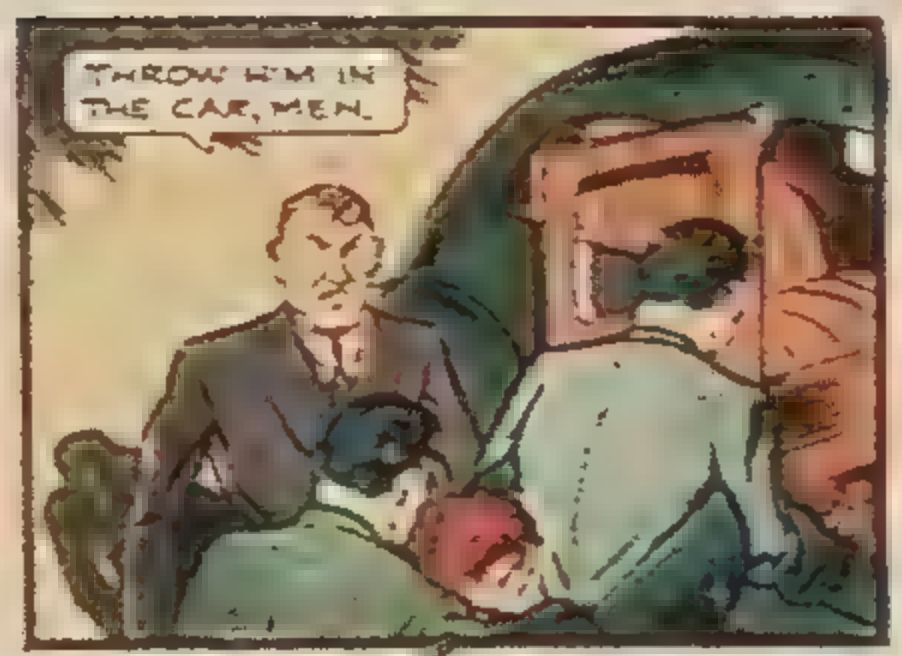

HERE THEY COME!

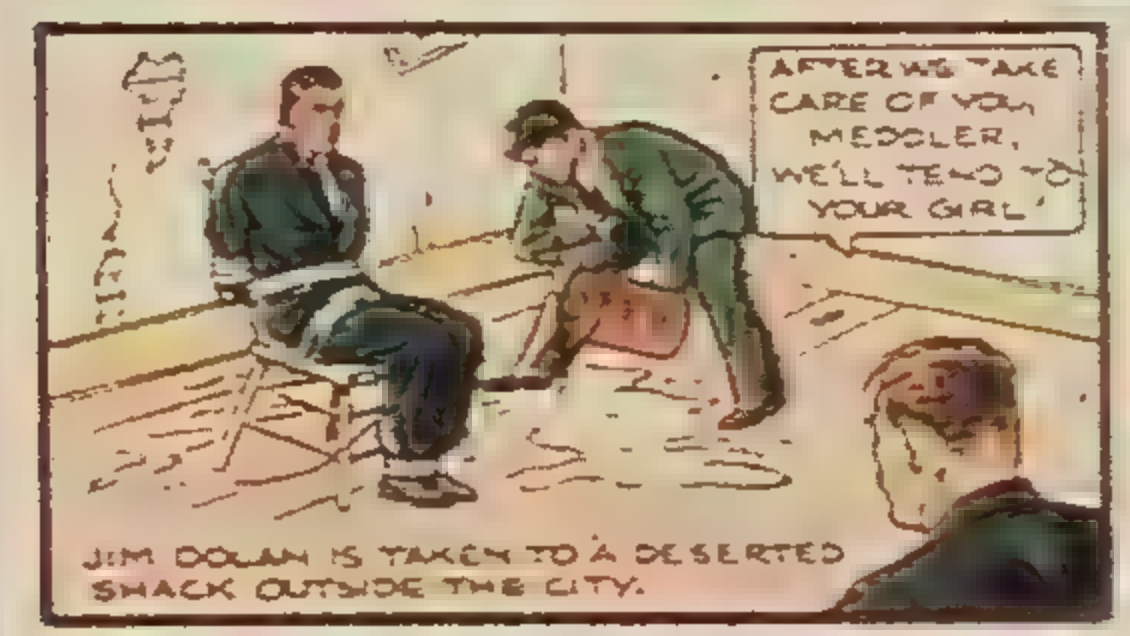
IT'S JIM DOLAN-AT HIM, MEN!
AS THE THUGS COME OUT THE DOORWAY, THE FEARLESS EDITOR LEAPS ON THEM


NOT SO FAST, RATS!
OUTNUMBERED, JIM BATTLES ON GAMELY, UNTIL--

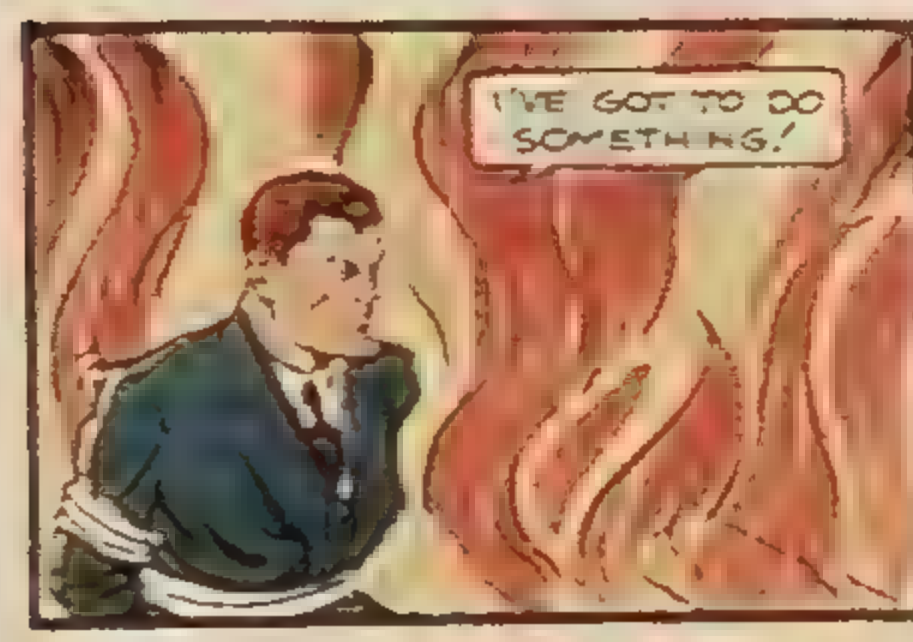

--ONE OF THE THUGS SNEAKS UP BEHIND HIM AND----


THIS WILL HOLD YOU!
--BRINGS HIS GUN DOWN ON JIM'S HEAD.

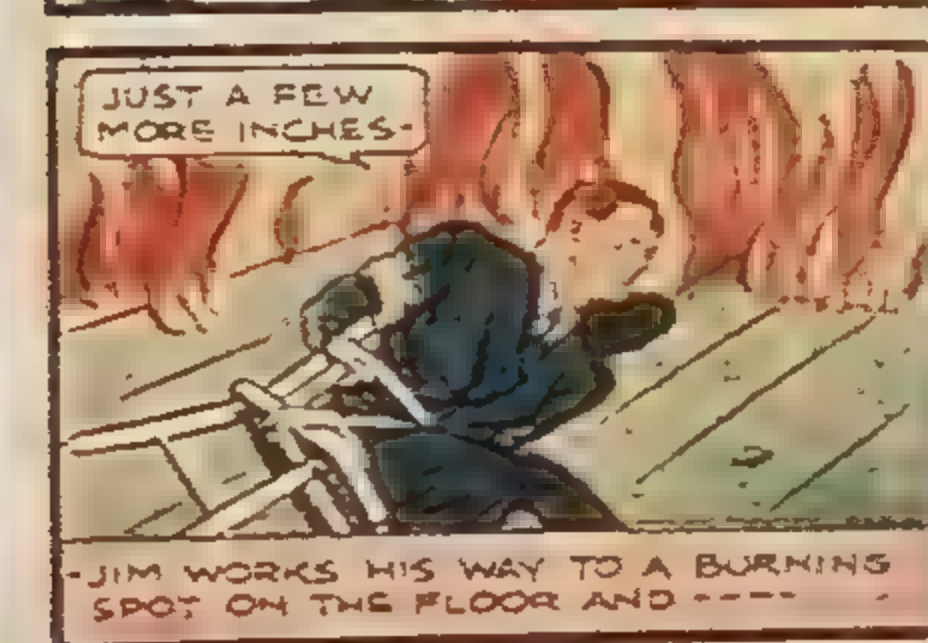

THROW HIM IN THE CAR, MEN.

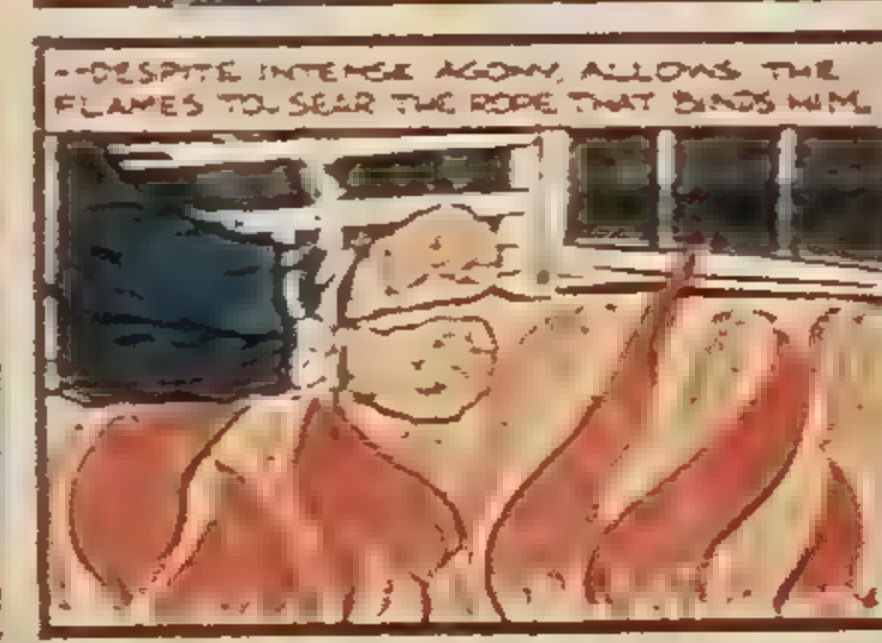

AFTER WE TAKE CARE OF YOU MEDDLER, WE'LL TEND TO YOUR GIRL!
JIM DOLAN IS TAKEN TO A DESERTED SHACK OUTSIDE THE CITY.

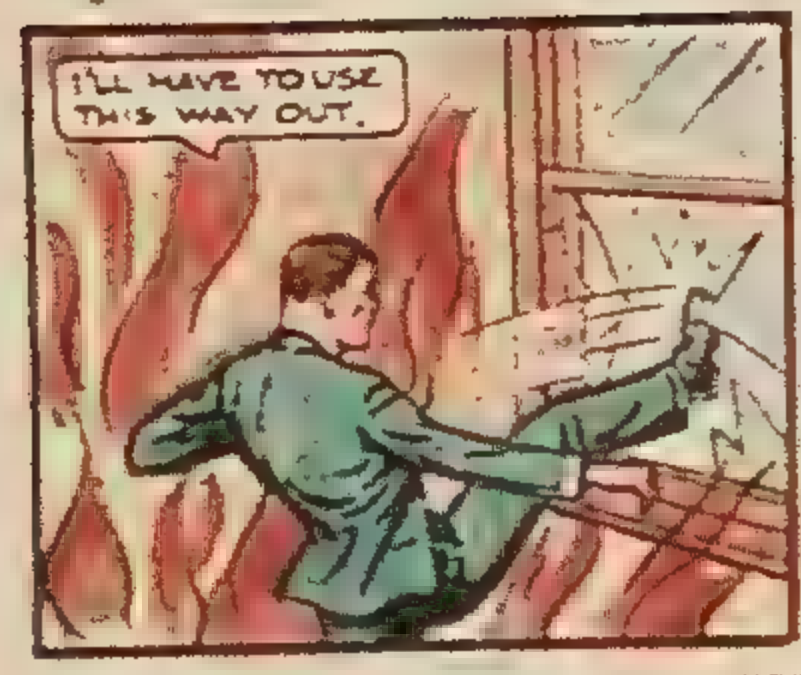
LIGHT IT UP--THIS BURNING SHACK IS GOING TO MAKE A PRETTY PICTURE!

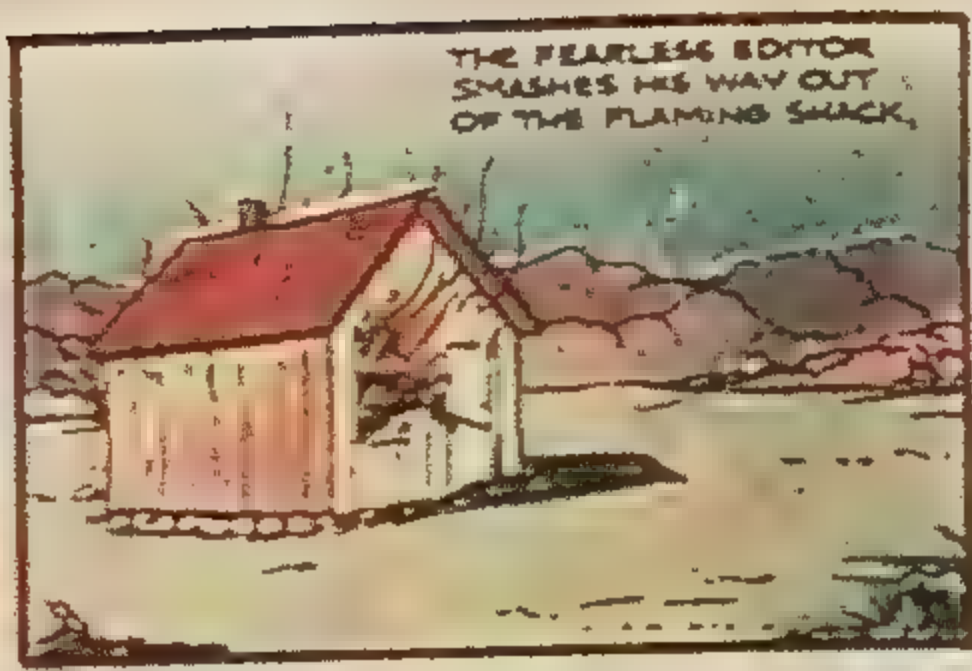

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

TIPPING THE CHAIR OVER --
THIS MIGHT DO IT!

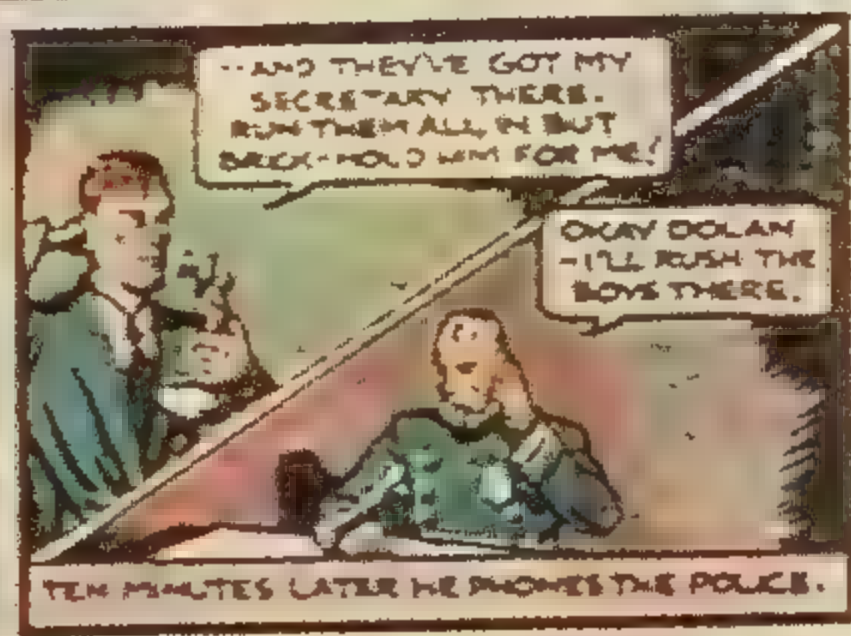

JUST A FEW MORE INCHES-
-JIM WORKS HIS WAY TO A BURNING SPOT ON THE FLOOR AND ----


--DESPITE INTENSE AGONY, ALLOWS THE FLAMES TO SEAR THE ROPE THAT BINDS HIM.

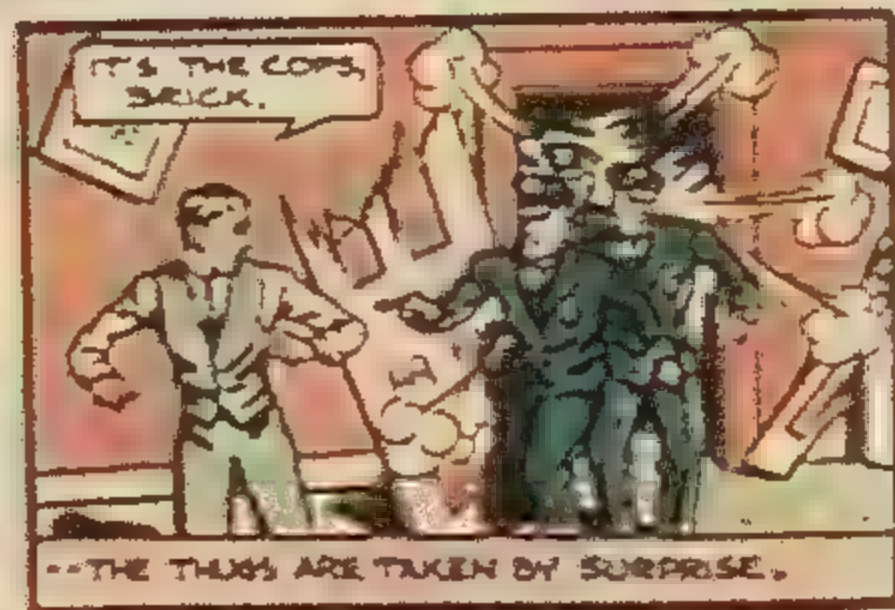

I'LL HAVE TO USE THIS WAY OUT.

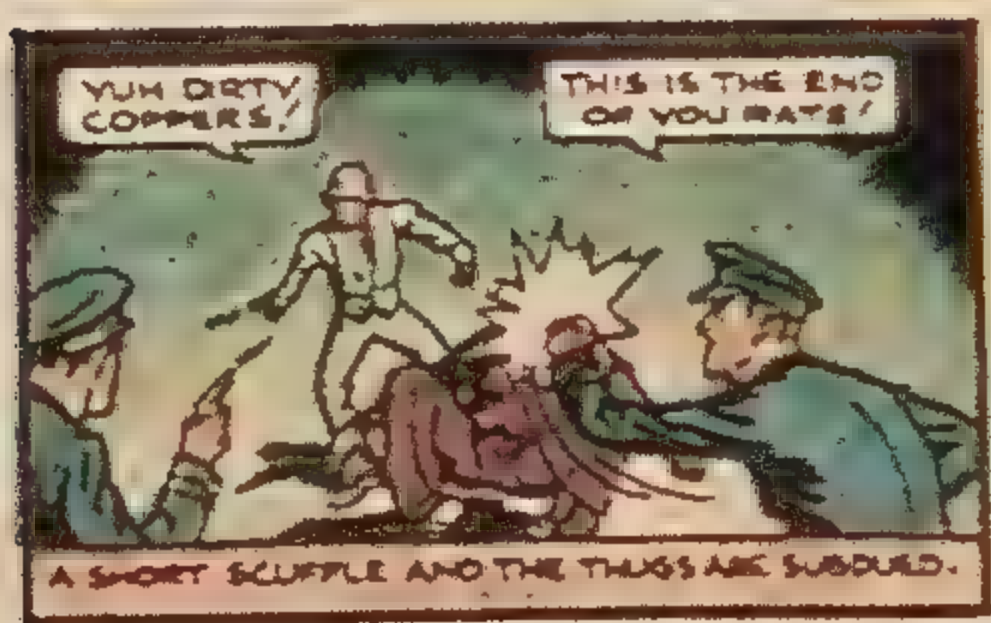

THE FEARLESS EDITOR SMASHES HIS WAY OUT OF THE FLAMING SHACK.

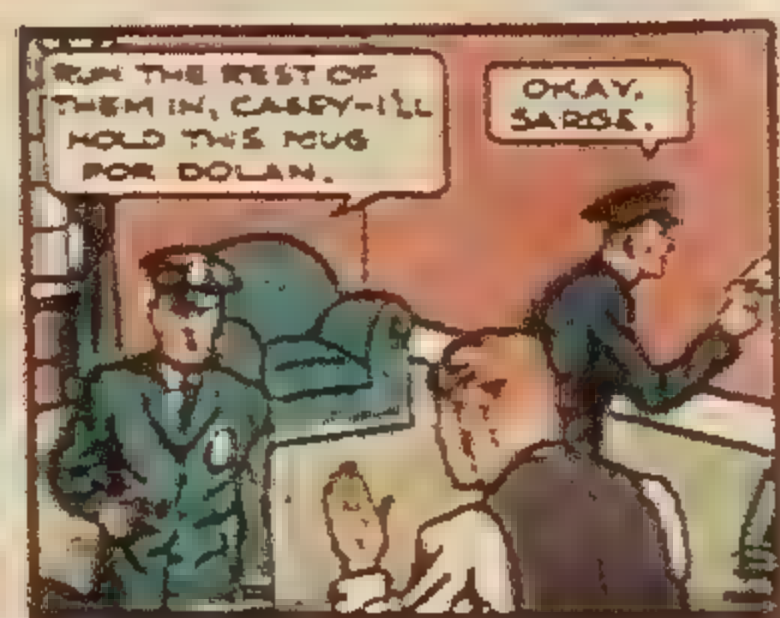
NOW, TO GET TO A PHONE.

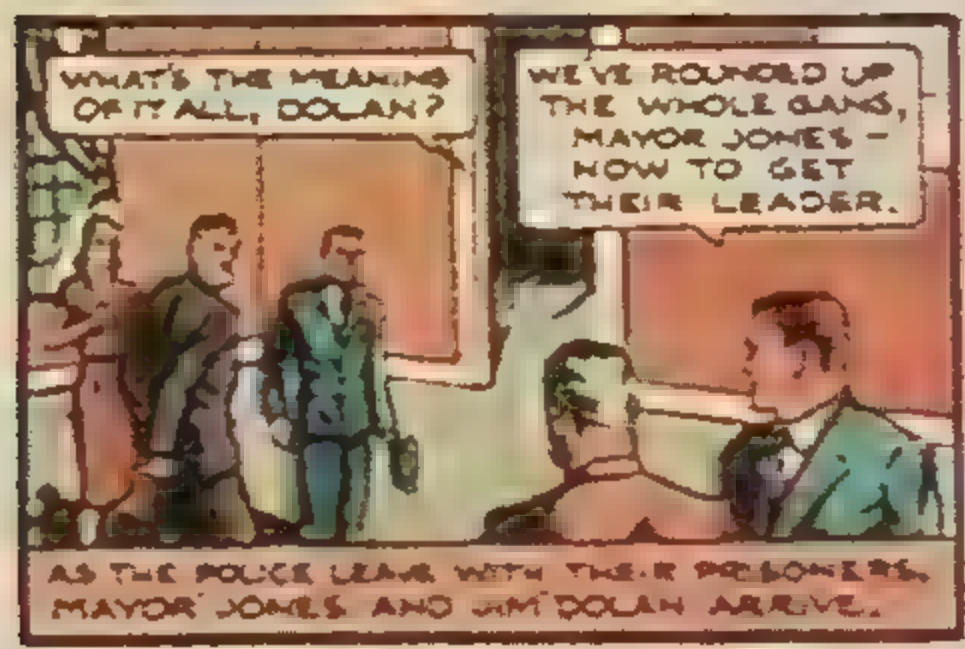

--AND THEY'VE GOT MY SECRETARY THERE. RUN THEM ALL IN BUT DECK--HOLD HIM FOR ME!
OKAY DOLAN --I'LL RUSH THE BOYS THERE.
TEN MINUTES LATER HE PHONES THE POLICE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BRINGING ME HERE?
SHUT UP, SISTER --YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON.
MEANWHILE, AT THE GANGSTER'S HIDEOUT--


IT'S THE COPS, DECK.
--THE THUGS ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

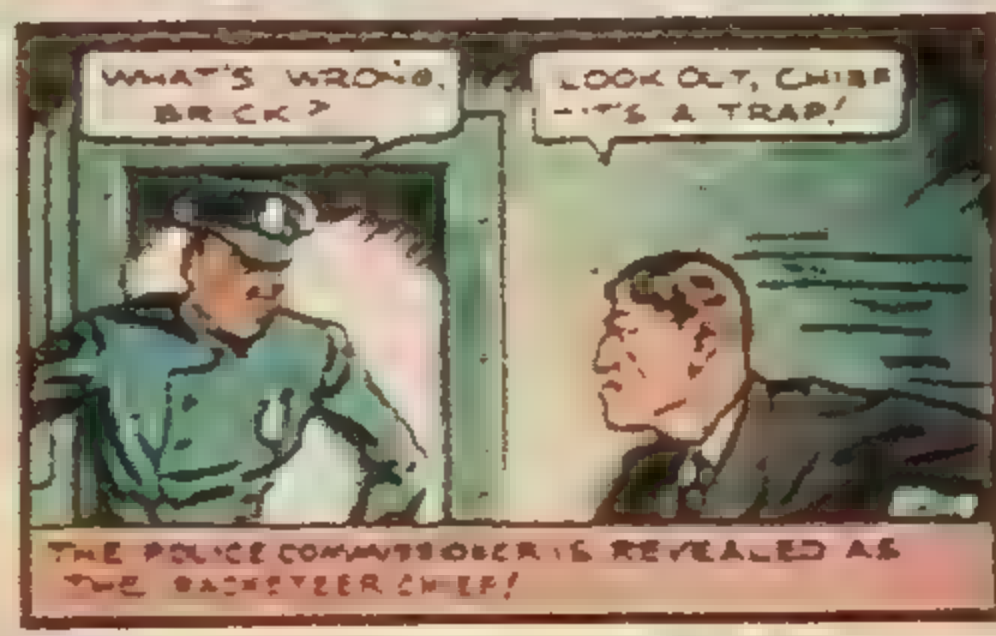

YUH DIRTY COPPERS!
THIS IS THE END OF YOU RATS!
A SHORT SCUFFLE AND THE THUGS ARE SUBDUED.


RUN THE REST OF THEM IN, CASEY--I'LL HOLD THIS MUG FOR DOLAN.
OKAY, SARGE.

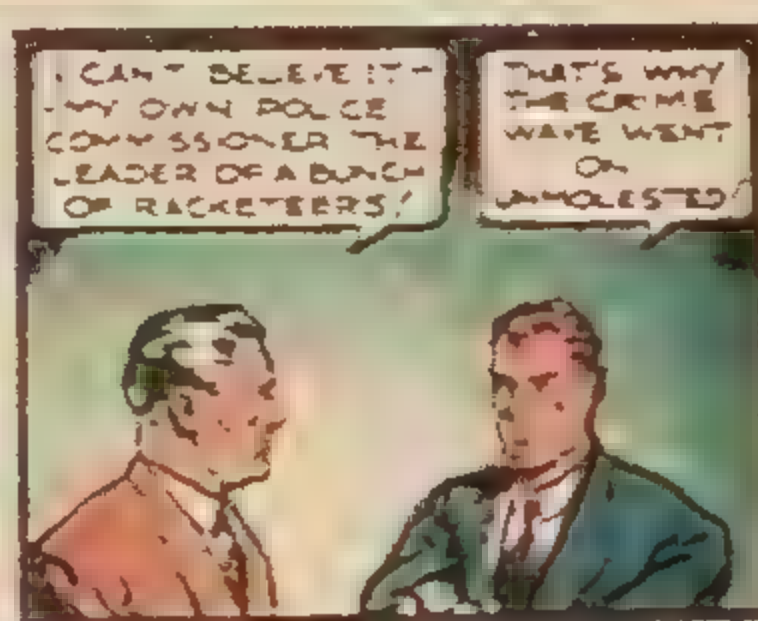

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF IT ALL, DOLAN?
WE'VE ROUNDED UP THE WHOLE GANG, MAYOR JONES - NOW TO GET THEIR LEADER.
AS THE POLICE LEAVE WITH THEIR PRISONERS, MAYOR JONES AND JIM DOLAN ARRIVE.

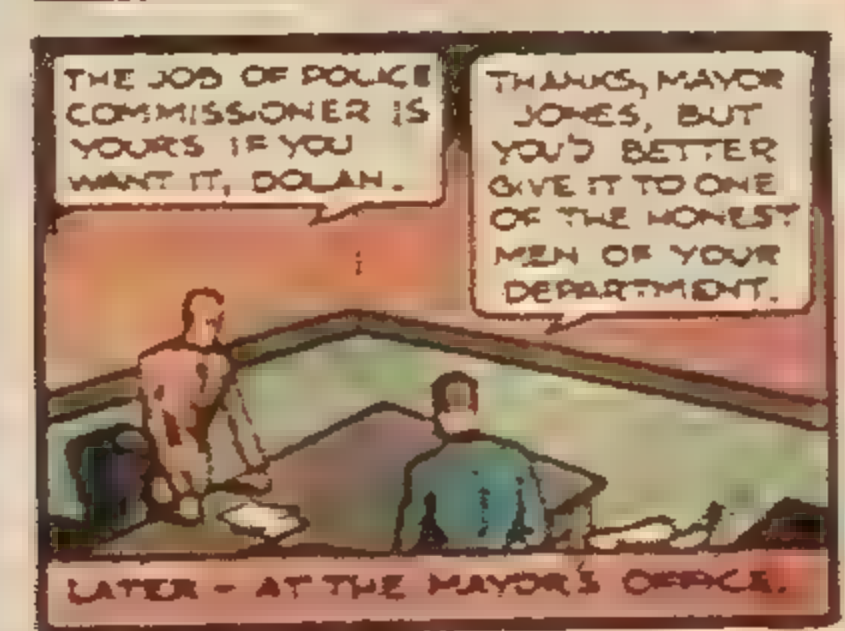
JUST REPEAT WHAT I SAID - AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY WORK!

WE GOT THE GIRL, CHIEF. YOU BETTER GET HERE IN A HURRY.


WHAT'S WRONG, BRICK?
LOOK OUT, CHIEF - IT'S A TRAP!
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER IS REVEALED AS THE RACKETEER CHIEF!

TAKE THAT, YOU RATS!
THE CRAFTY COMMISSIONER AND HIS HENCHMAN ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ABLE JIM DOLAN.


I CAN'T BELIEVE IT - MY OWN POLICE COMMISSIONER THE LEADER OF A BUNCH OF RACKETEERS!
THAT'S WHY THE CRIME WAVE WENT ON UNMOLESTED!


THE JOB OF POLICE COMMISSIONER IS YOURS IF YOU WANT IT, DOLAN.
THANKS, MAYOR JONES, BUT YOU'D BETTER GIVE IT TO ONE OF THE HONEST MEN OF YOUR DEPARTMENT.
LATER - AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

IT WAS WONDERFUL THE WAY YOU CLEANED UP THOSE RACKETEERS, JIM!
ANOTHER SCOOP FOR THE READERS OF DARING DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, SALLY.
ANOTHER EXCITING JIM DOLAN ADVENTURE WILL APPEAR IN THE JUNE ISSUE OF SLAM-BANG COMICS DON'T MISS IT!

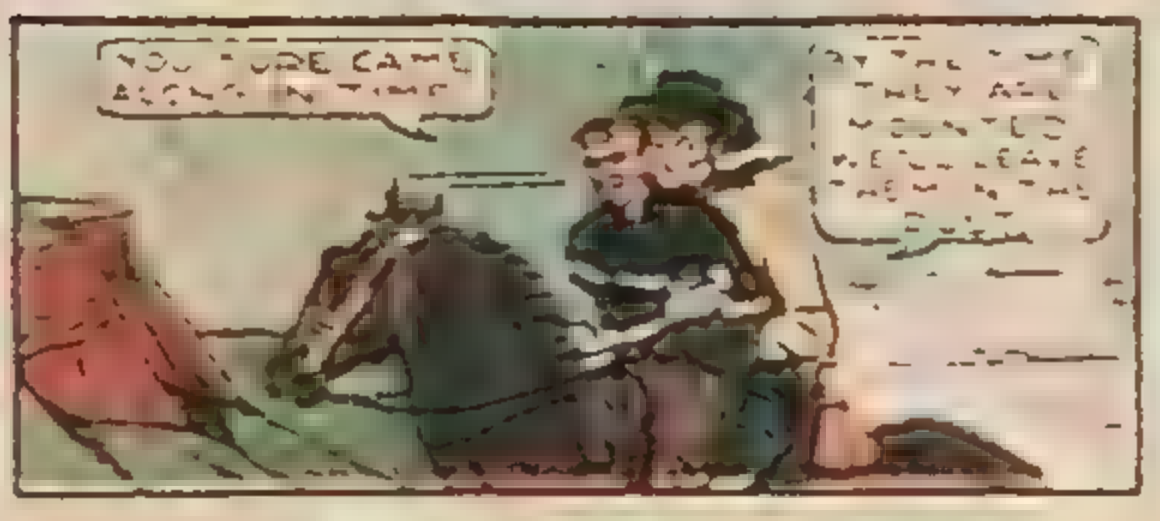
Lucky Lawton

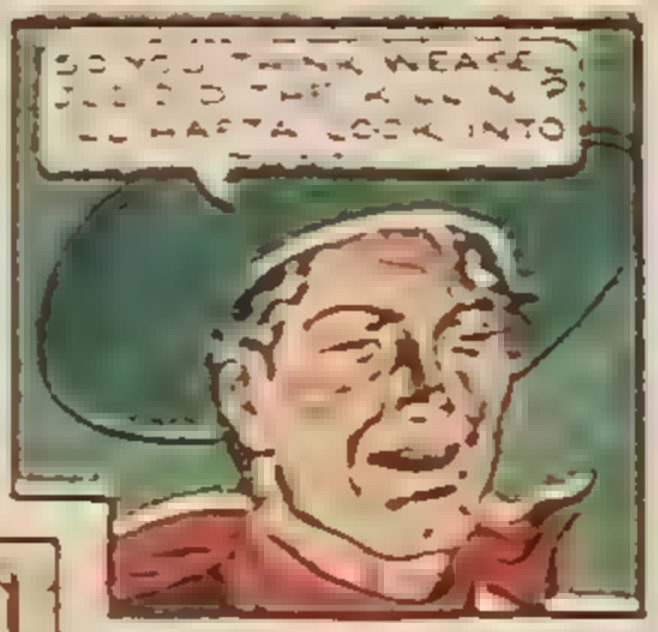
LUCKY LAWTON, TWO-GUN DEFENDER OF JUSTICE IN THE OLD WEST, FACES A BAND OF RUTHLESS KILLERS!

TELL YOU
MAYBE THAT'LL
TEACH YOU NOT

LUCKY LAWTON COMES PLUNGING INTO
THE THRONG, SHOOTING HOME AND—
YIPPEEEE!

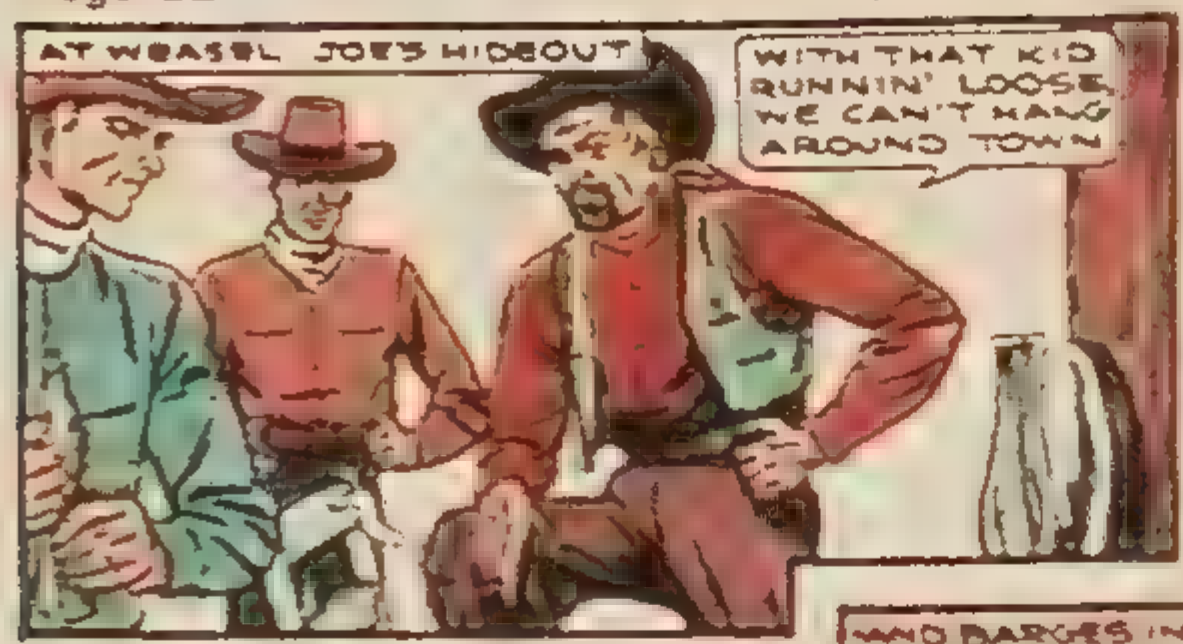
STOP HIM! STOP HIM!

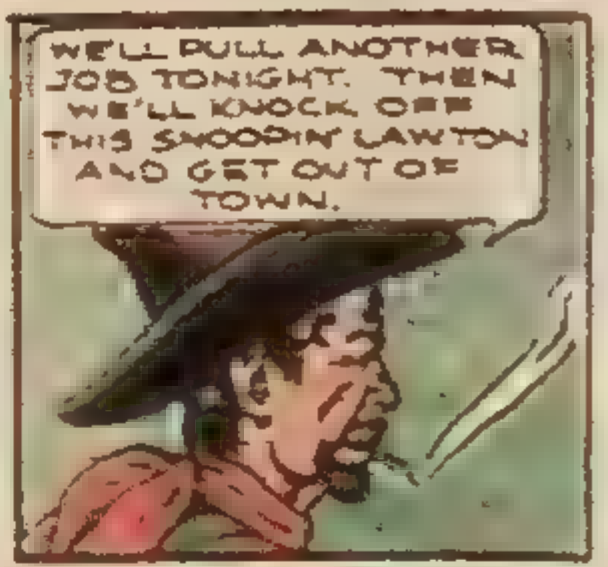

YOU RIDE CAME BACK IN TIME
BY THE TIME THEY ARE MOUNTED WE'LL LEAVE THEM IN THE DUST


SO YOU THINK WEASEL JOE'S THE KILLER? LET'S HASTA LOOK INTO

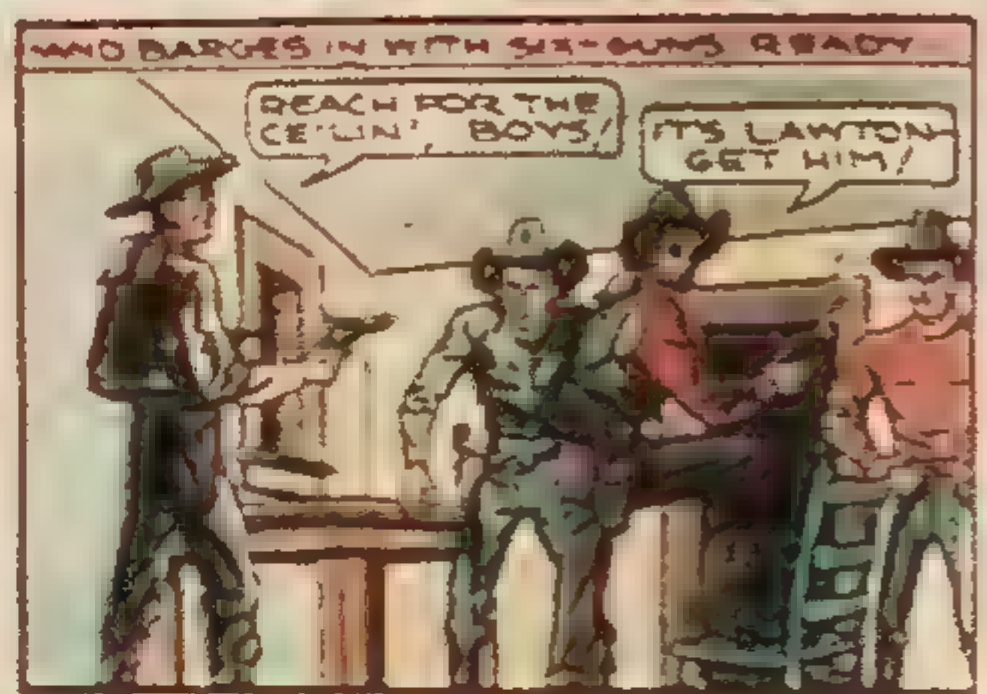
PARDONED

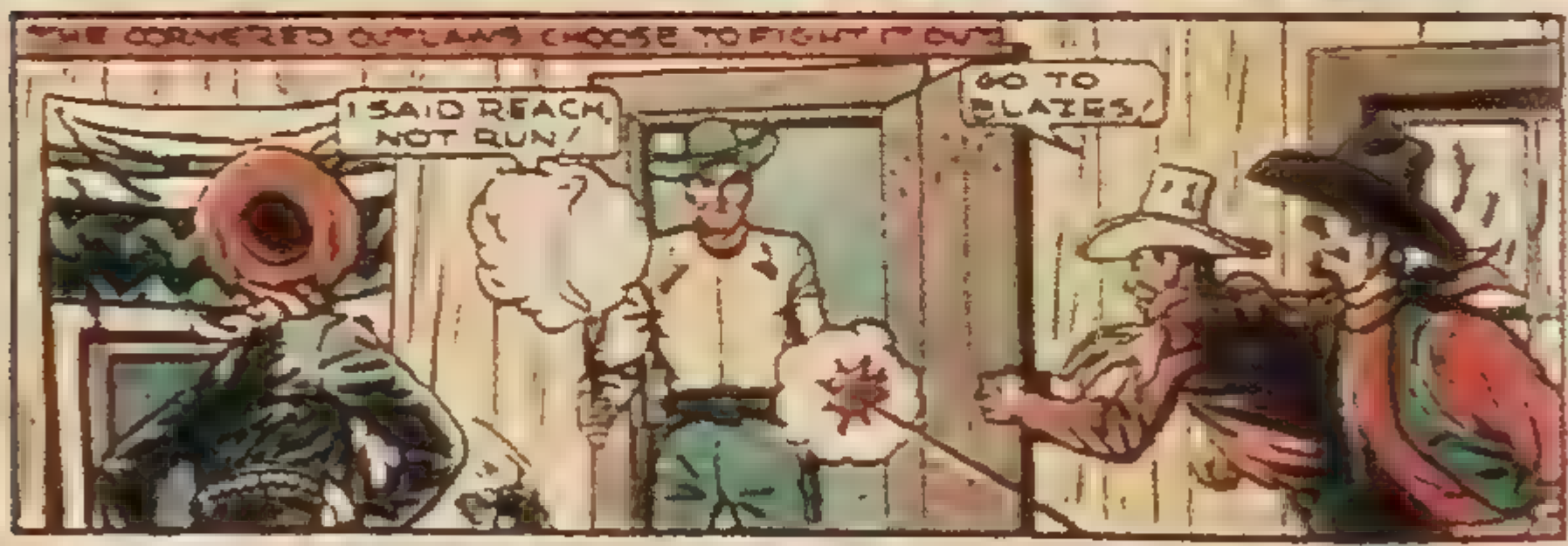
WEASEL JOE HE'S A KILLER!

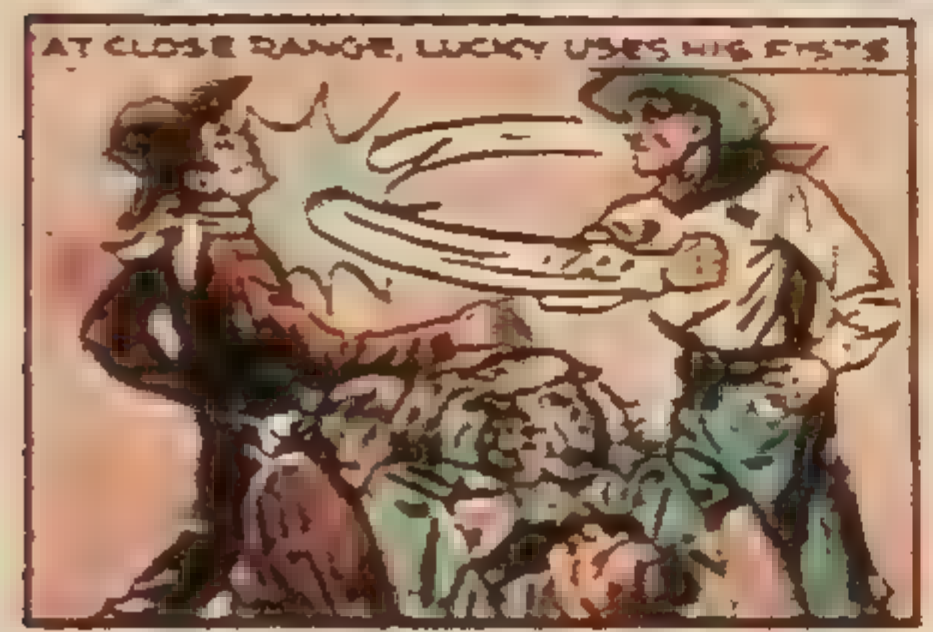

AT WEASEL JOE'S HIDEOUT
WITH THAT KID RUNNIN' LOOSE, WE CAN'T HANG AROUND TOWN


WE'LL PULL ANOTHER JOB TONIGHT. THEN WE'LL KNOCK OFF THIS SNOOPIN' LAWTON AND GET OUT OF TOWN.

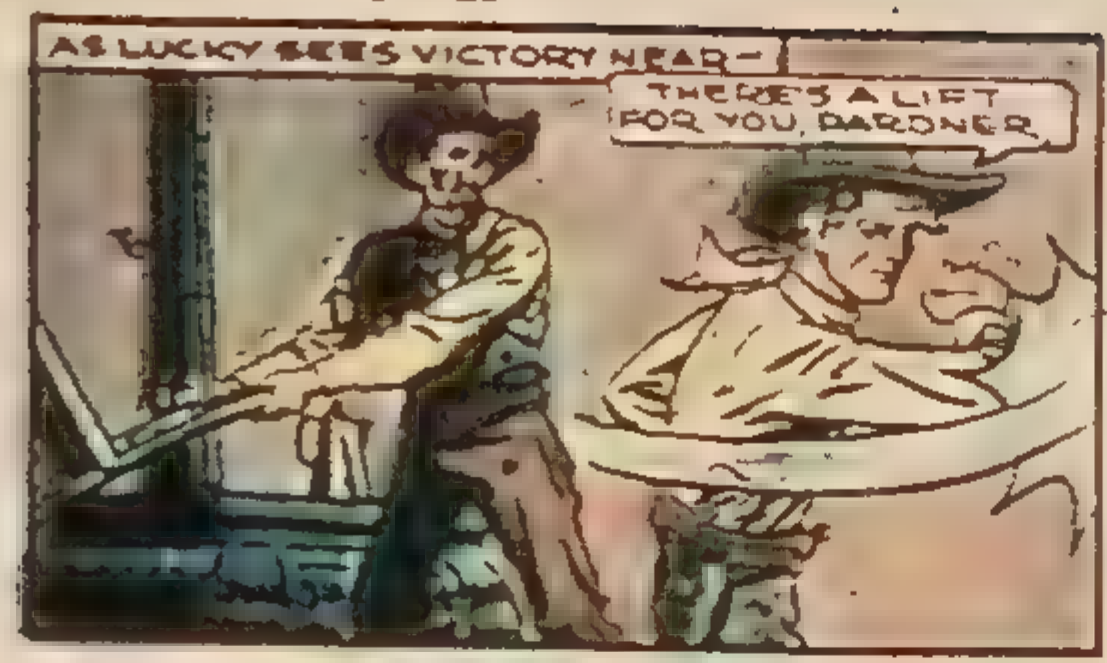
SO THEY'RE GOIN TO KILL ME, EH? HE SURE CAN TALK LOUD
OUTSIDE, LUCKY HEARS THE WHOLE CONVERSATION-

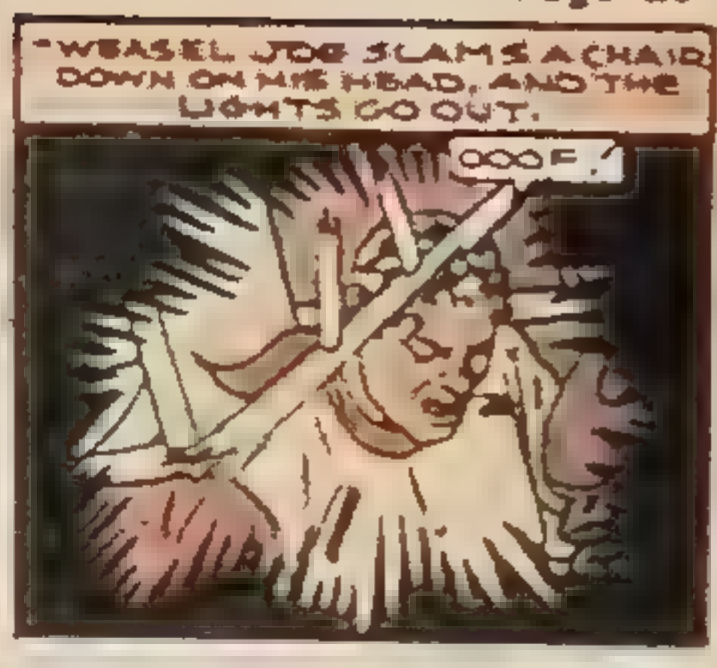

WHO BARGES IN WITH SIX-GUNS READY
REACH FOR THE CE'LIN', BOYS!
IT'S LAWTON GET HIM!


THE CORNERED OUTLAWS CHOOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT
I SAID REACH, NOT RUN!
GO TO BLAZES!


AT CLOSE RANGE, LUCKY USES HIS FISTS

YOU BOYS AREN'T ROBBIN' ANY BANKS, TONIGHT.
OUCH! SOMEBODY GET THIS WOLF OFF ME!


AS LUCKY SEES VICTORY NEAR—
THERE'S A LIFT FOR YOU, PARDNER.


WEASEL JOE SLAMS A CHAIR DOWN ON HIS HEAD, AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT.
OOOF!

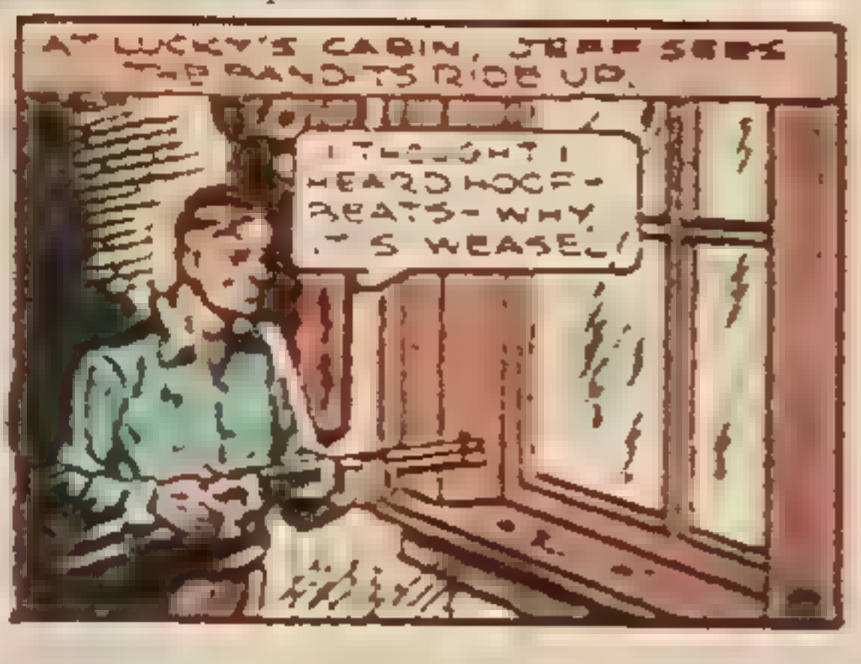
YEEEOW! LET'S GET OUTTA' HERE

LET'S HUNT THAT KID—HE'S NEXT!
AS THE RAIDERS FLEE, THE FAITHFUL DOG THINKS ONLY OF ITS MASTER—

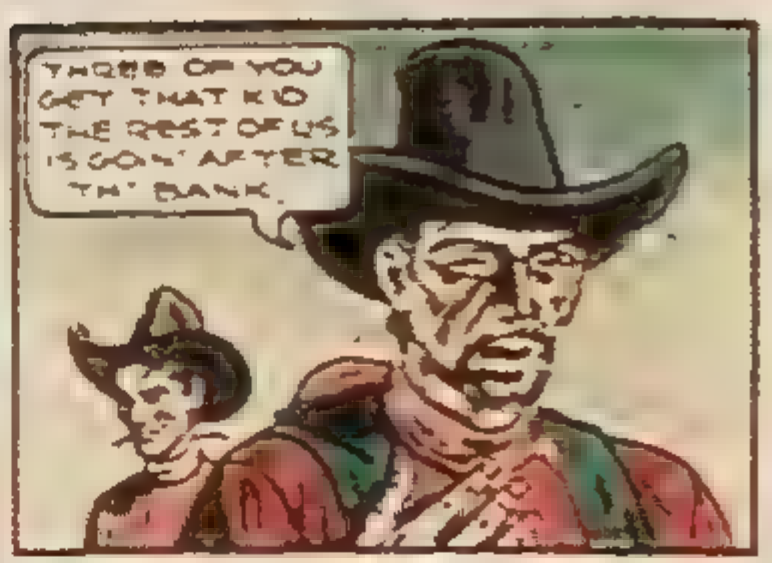
AND THEY'LL TO REVIVE HIM.

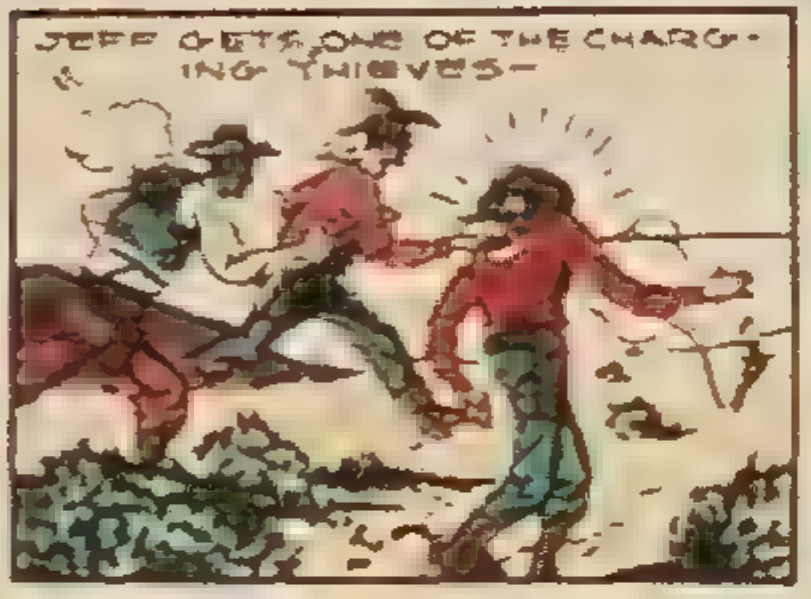
AHCW! THAT WAS SOME CRACK ON THE SKULL!

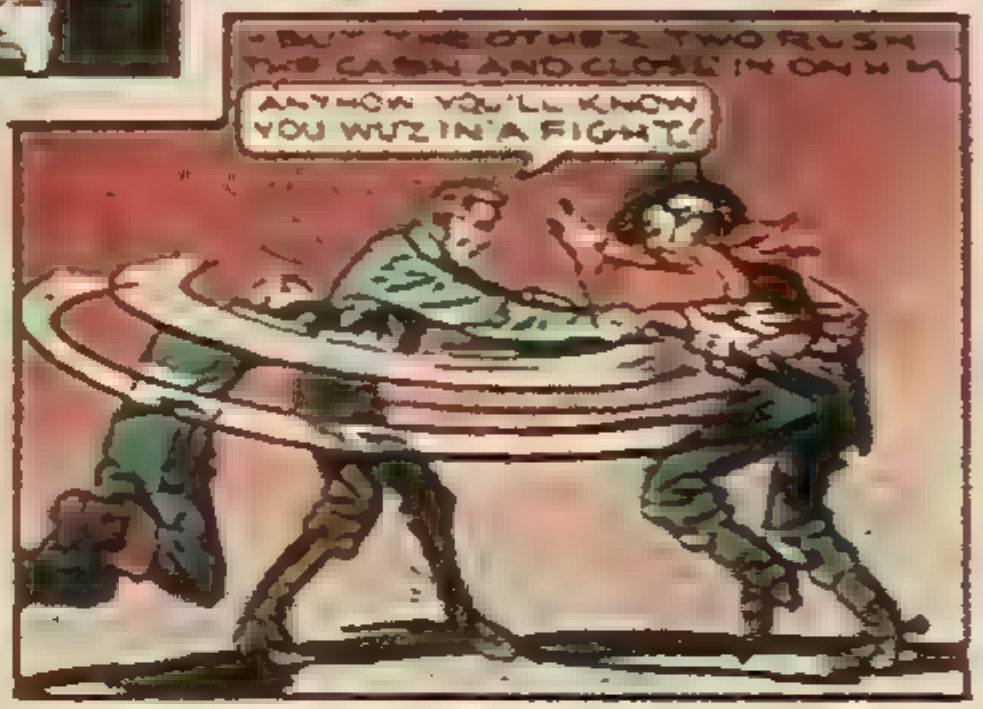
THE FIGHTING COWBOY SPURS IN PURSUIT OF WEASEL JOE.
THEY'VE GONE AFTER JEFF WE'VE GOT TO HUSTLE.


AT LUCKY'S CABIN, JEFF SEES THE BANDITS RIDE UP.
I THOUGHT I HEARD HOOF-BEATS—WHY IT'S WEASEL!

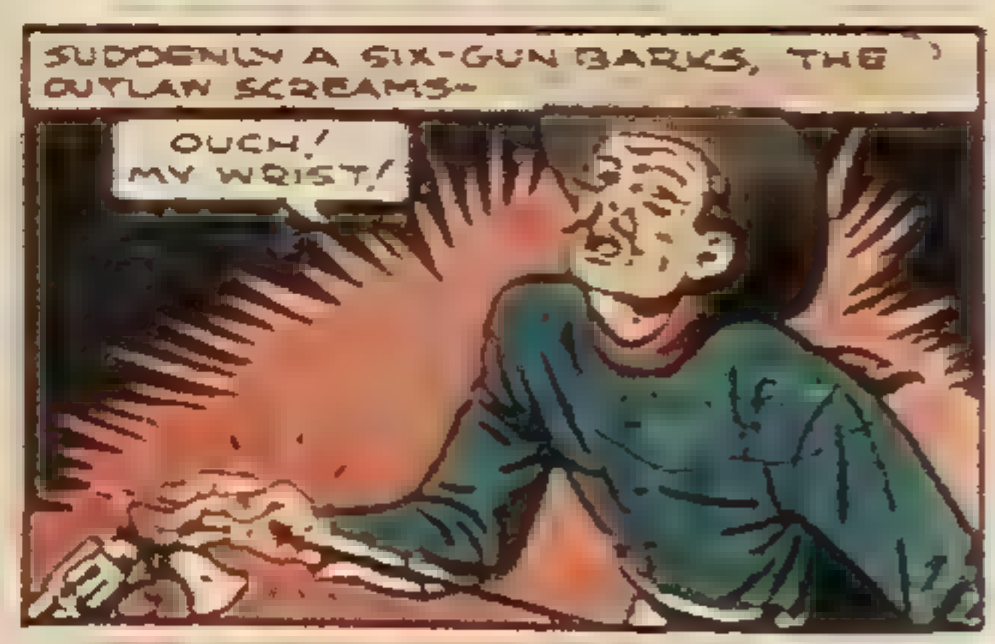
COME ON OUTTA THERE FOOD
GO JUMP IN A LAKE, YOU HEDGE-HOG!

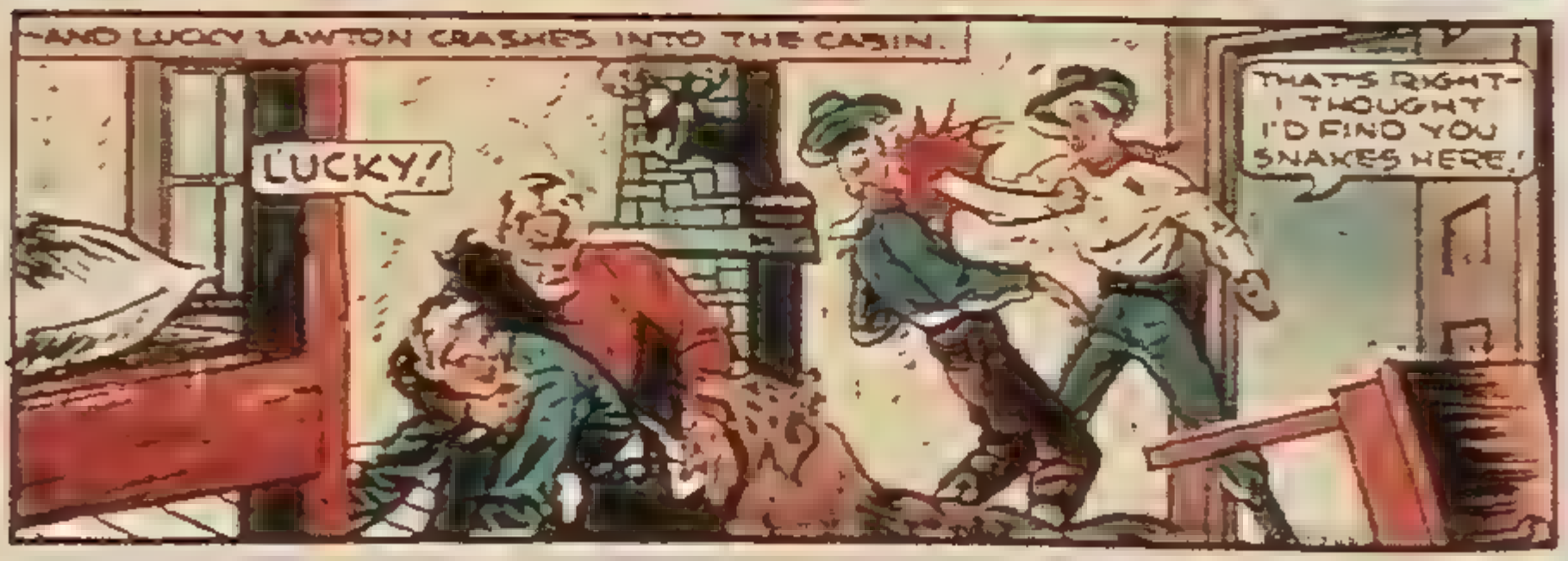

THREE OF YOU GET THAT KID THE REST OF US IS GOIN' AFTER TH' BANK.

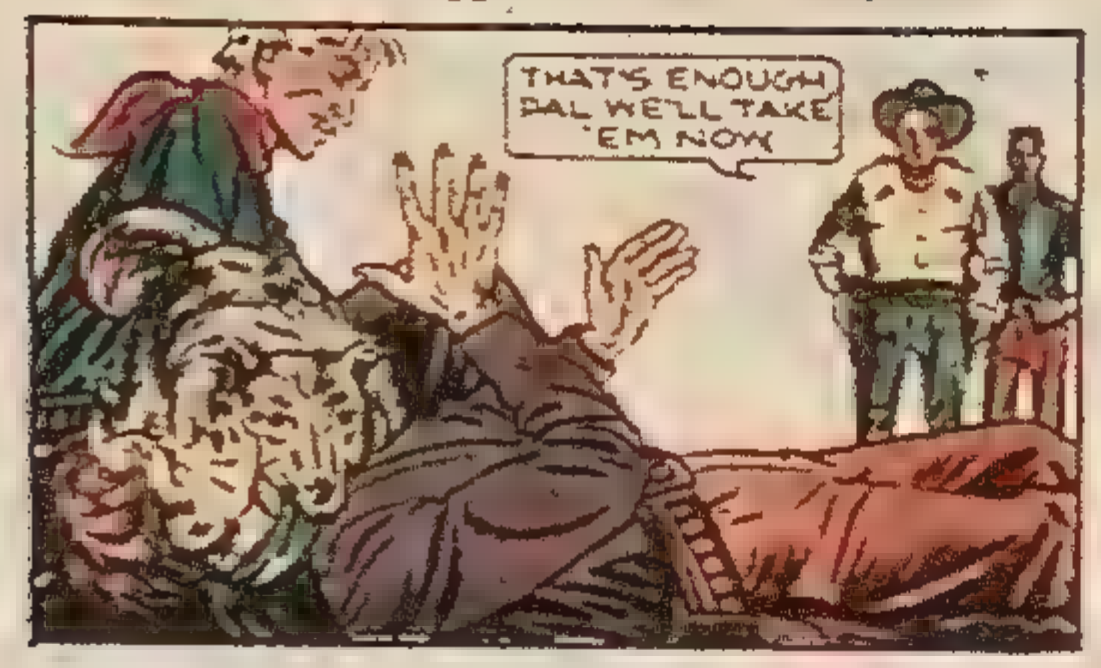

JEFF GETS ONE OF THE CHARGING THIEVES—


—BUT THE OTHER TWO RUSH THE CABIN AND CLOSE IN ON HIM
ANYHOW YOU'LL KNOW YOU WUZ IN A FIGHT!

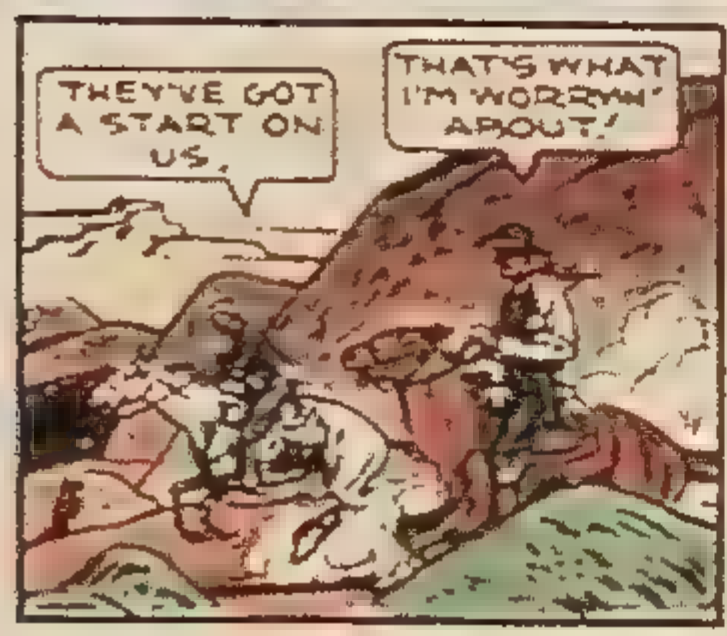
LOOK OUT, I'LL FINISH HIM OFF.


SUDDENLY A SIX-GUN BARKS, THE OUTLAW SCREAMS—
OUCH! MY WRIST!


—AND LUCKY LAWTON CRASHES INTO THE CABIN.
LUCKY!
THAT'S RIGHT— I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU SNAKES HERE!

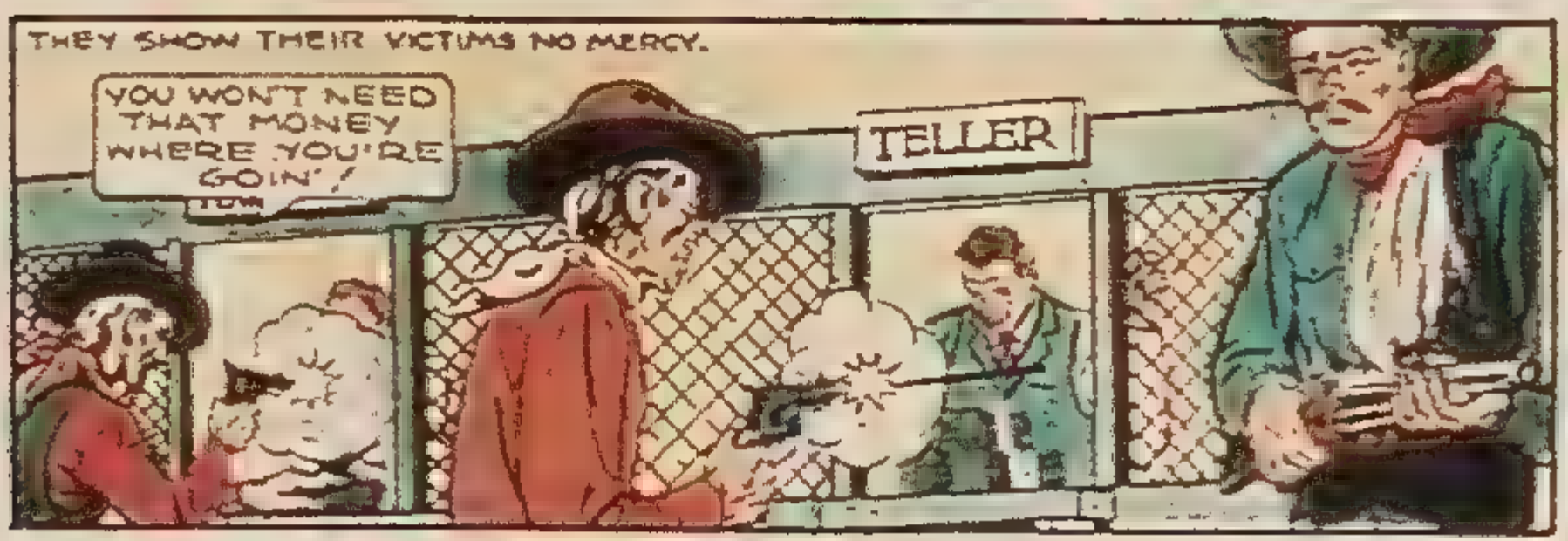

THAT'S ENOUGH PAL WE'LL TAKE 'EM NOW

THE SHERIFF CAN GET 'EM LATER. RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET WEASEL JOE
LEAVING THE MEN TIED LUCKY STARTS FOR TOWN.

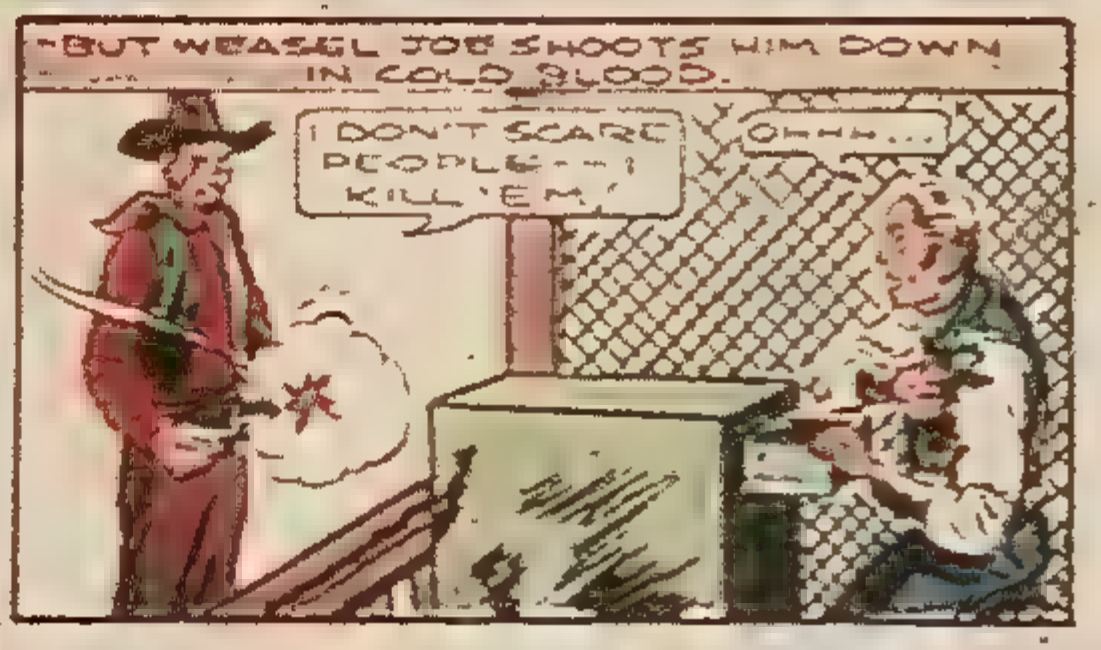

THEY'VE GOT A START ON US.
THAT'S WHAT I'M WORRYIN' ABOUT!

MEANWHILE

THE OUTLAWS ENTER THE BANK, INTENT ON ANOTHER MURDEROUS ROBBERY
DON'T ANYBODY SHOOT UNTIL I SAY SO
OK JOE, WE'RE WITH YOU!

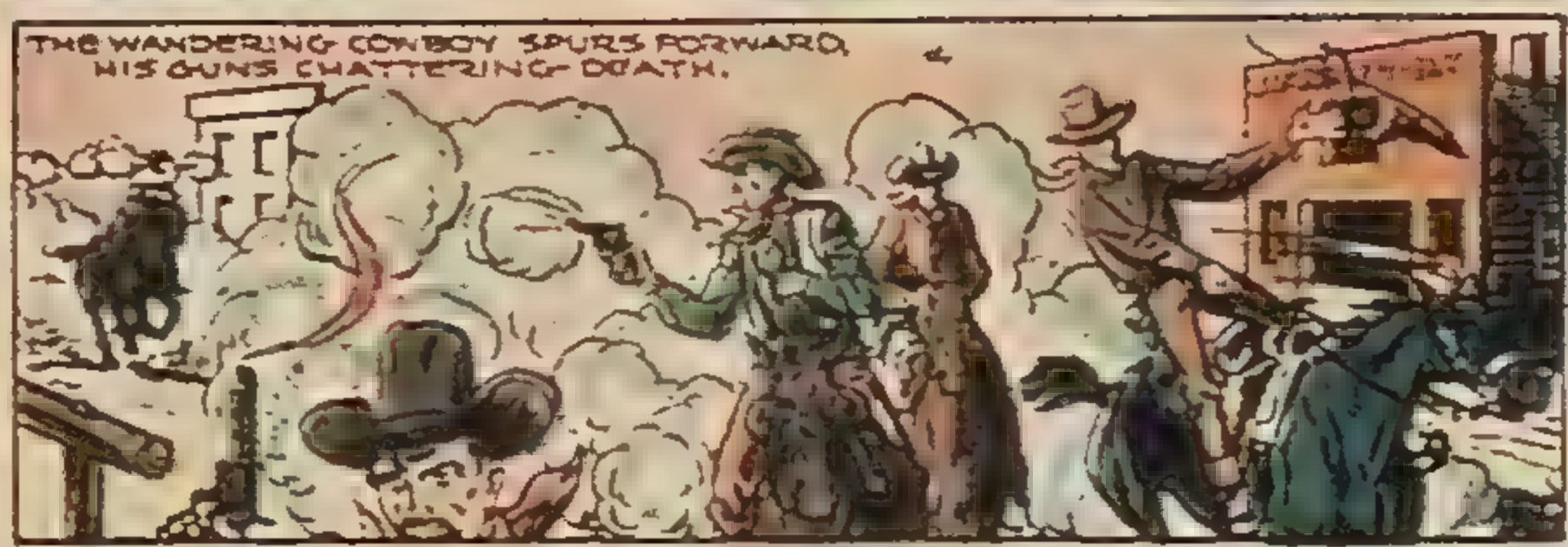

THEY SHOW THEIR VICTIMS NO MERCY.
YOU WON'T NEED THAT MONEY WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'!
TELLER

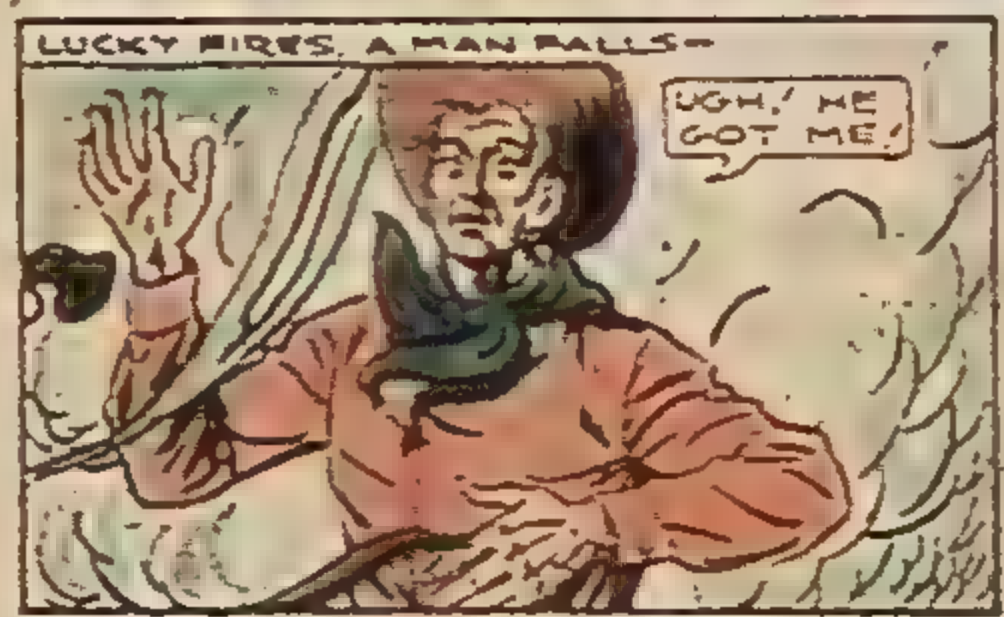
A TELLER BRAVELY RESISTS—
NO BANK ROBBER CAN SCARE ME!


—BUT WEASEL JOE SHOOTS HIM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD.
I DON'T SCARE PEOPLE—I KILL 'EM!
OHHH...

OK, LET'S GET OUT TA HERE!

LUCKY ARRIVES JUST AS THE BANDITS DEPART.
JOE GO FOR THE SHERIFF I'LL GET THOSE RATS!

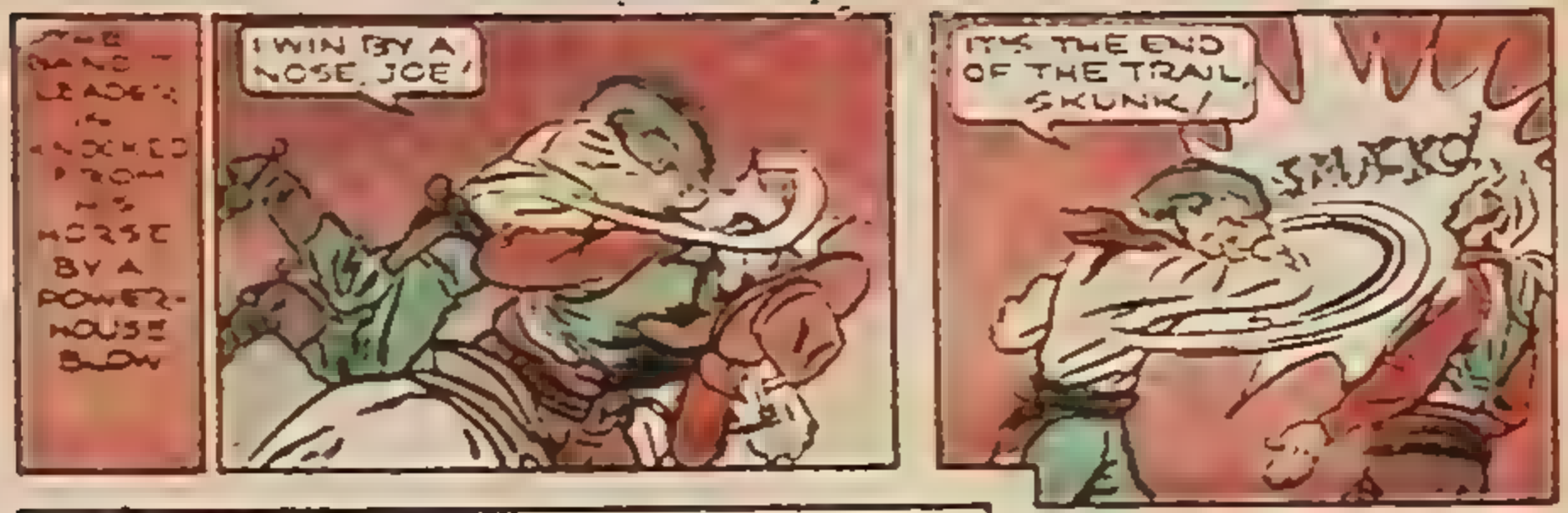

THE WANDERING COWBOY SPURS FORWARD, HIS GUNS CHATTERING DEATH.

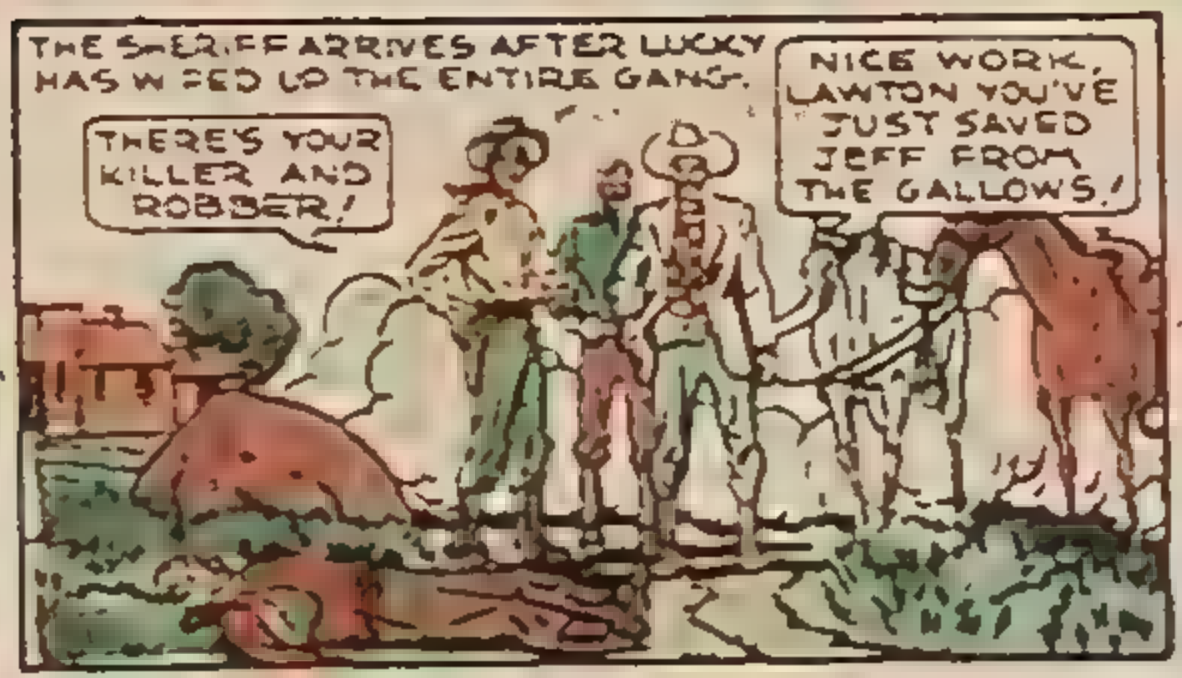

LUCKY FIRES, A MAN FALLS—
UGH! HE GOT ME!

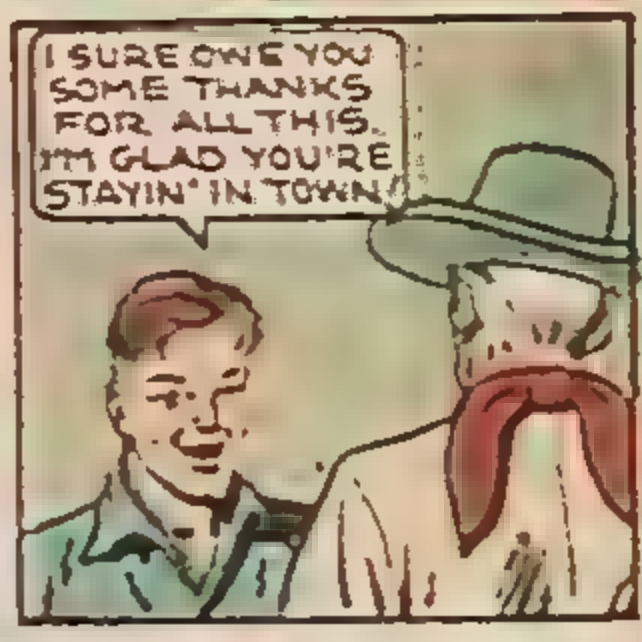
ANOTHER IS JUMPED FROM THE SADDLE—

AND ONLY WEASEL JOE REMAINS IN FRONT WITH HIS FLAMING GUNS
THAT DEMON WON'T CATCH ME!

MEANWHILE, JEFF BLAKE WITH THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.
FASTER, MEN, FASTER!







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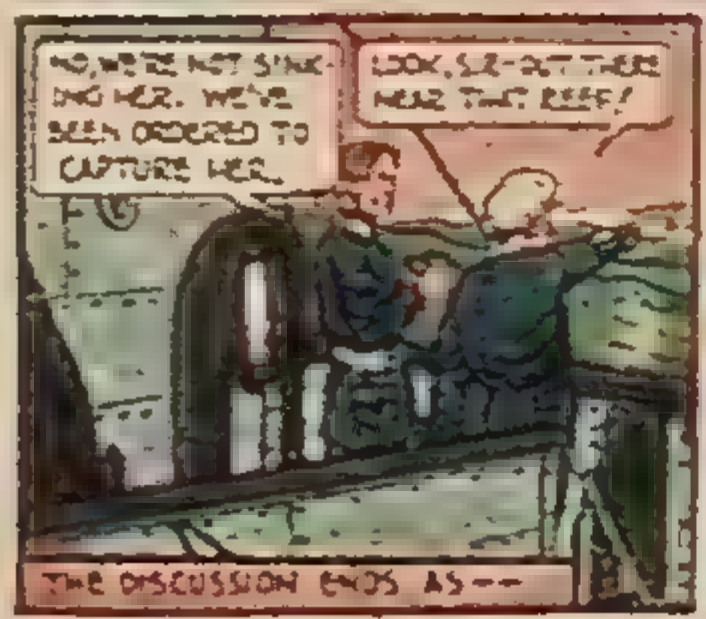
Hurricane Hansen

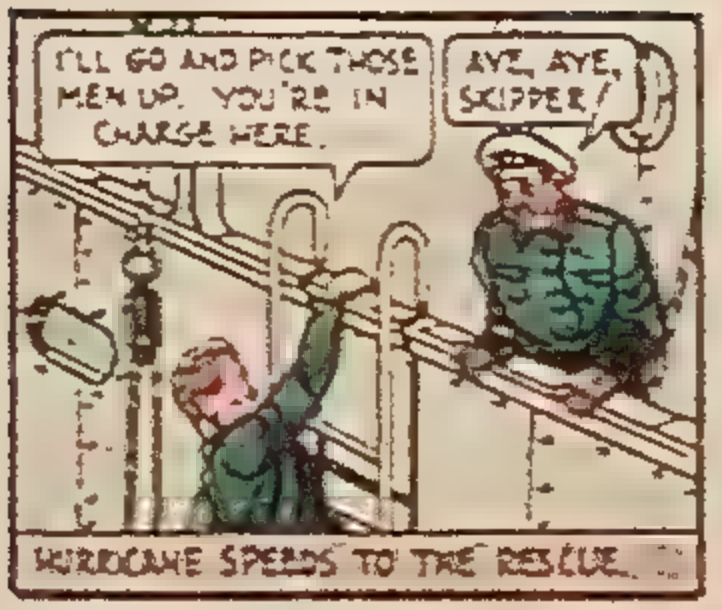
HURRICANE HANSEN, DANGER SKIPPER IN THE BRITISH NAVY, SALLIES FORTH TO FIND AND CONQUER A DEADLY SEA-DEVIL OF THE ENEMY.

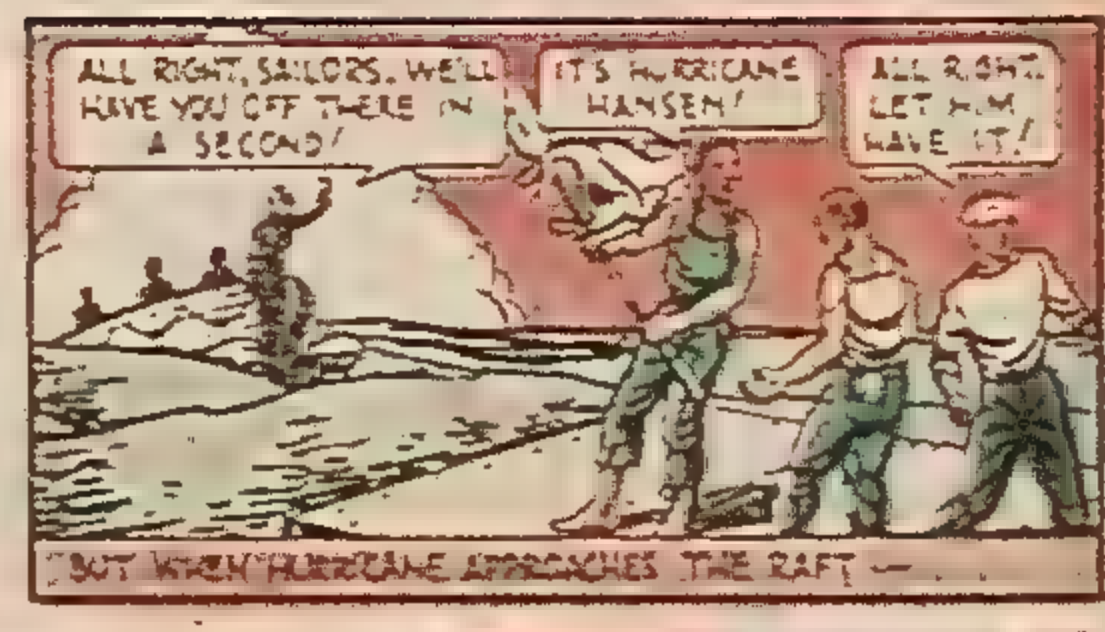
HURRICANE HANSEN'S "SURPRISE", A SHIP-OF-WAR DISGUISED AS A TANKER, AGAIN HEADS FOR OPEN WATER AND WARFARE.

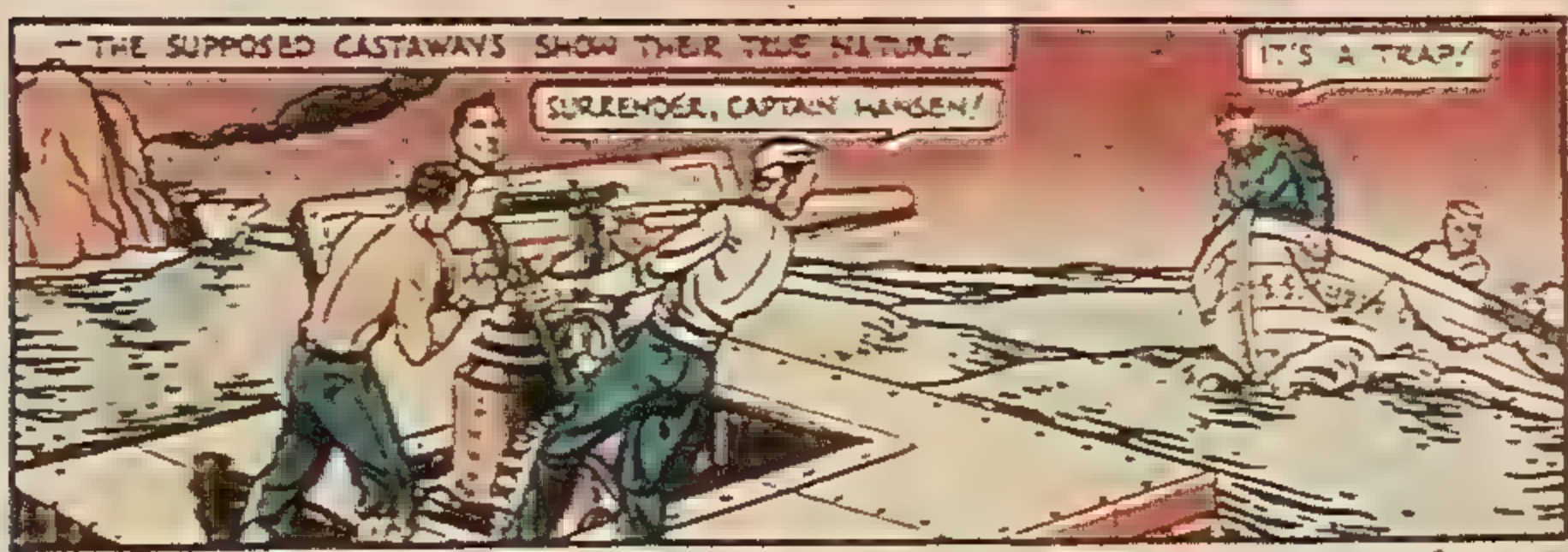
HURRICANE AND HIS FIRST MATE DISCUSS THEIR MISSION.



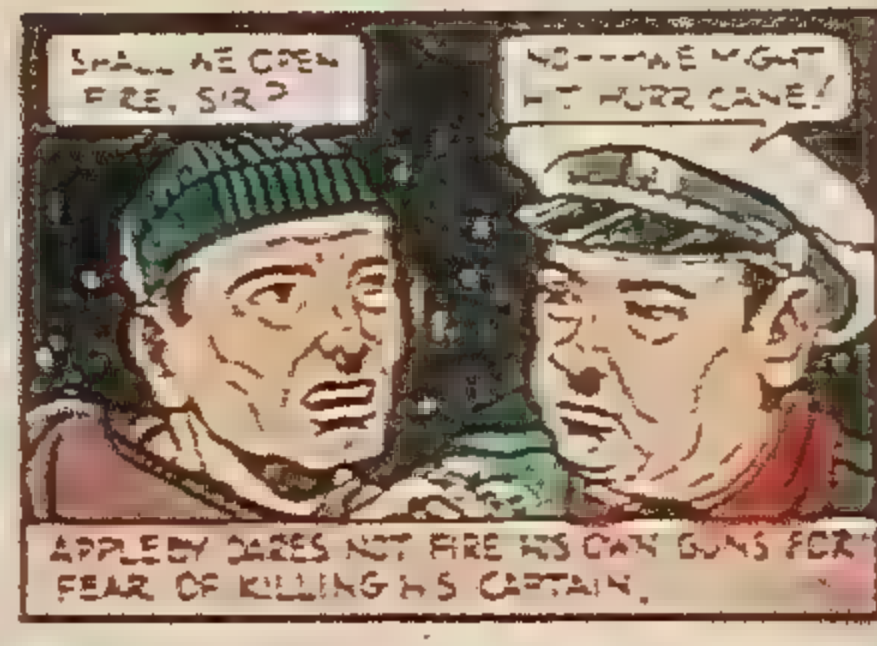
THE DISCUSSION ENDS AS --

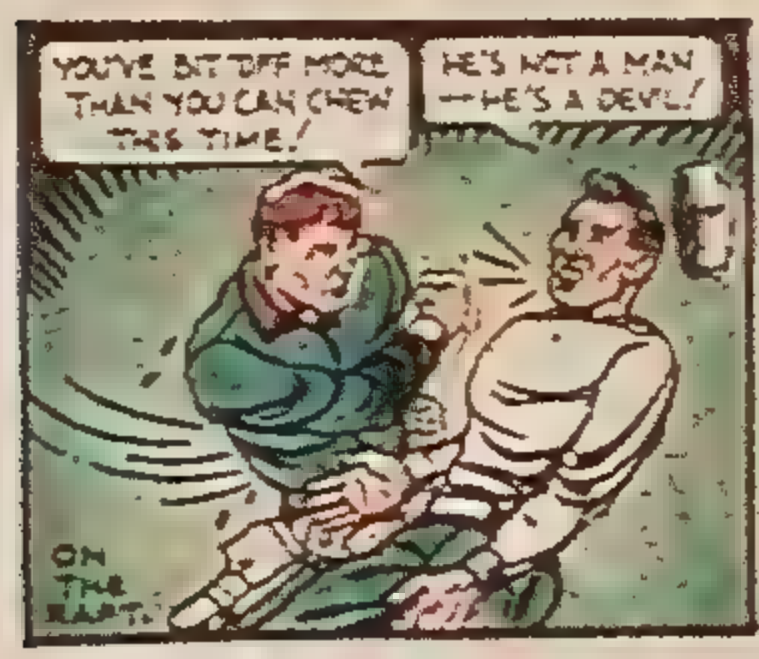

I'LL GO AND PICK THOSE MEN UP. YOU'RE IN CHARGE HERE.
AYE, AYE, SKIPPER!
HURRICANE SPEEDS TO THE RESCUE.

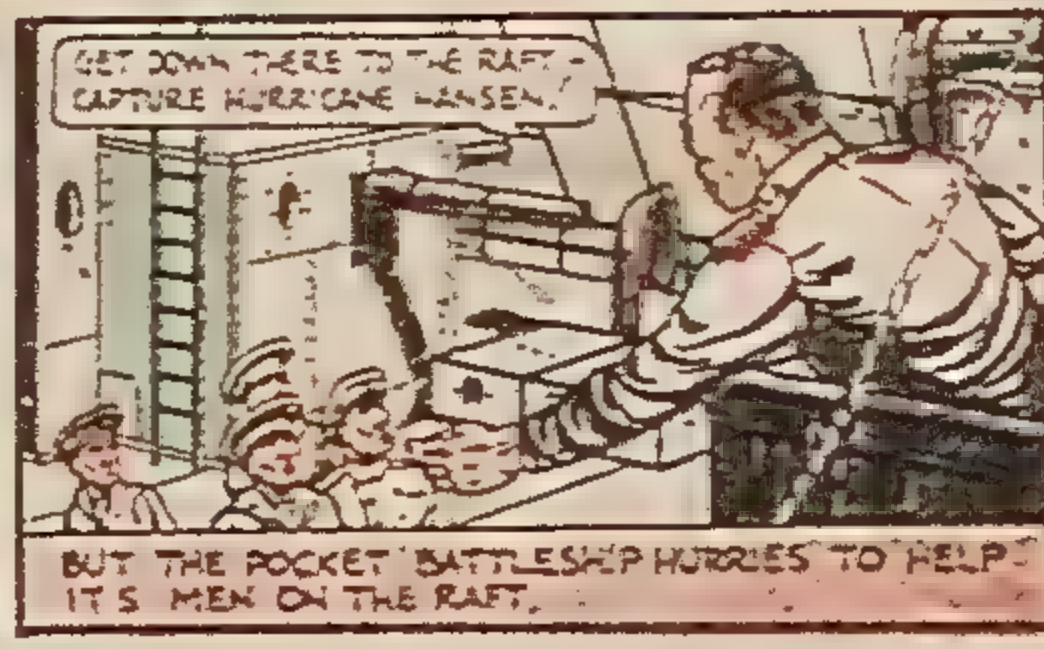

ALL RIGHT, SAILORS. WE'LL HAVE YOU OFF THERE IN A SECOND!
IT'S HURRICANE HANSEN!
ALL RIGHT. LET HIM HAVE IT!
BUT WHEN HURRICANE APPROACHES THE RAFT —


—THE SUPPOSED CASTAWAYS SHOW THEIR TRUE NATURE.
SURRENDER, CAPTAIN HANSEN!
IT'S A TRAP!

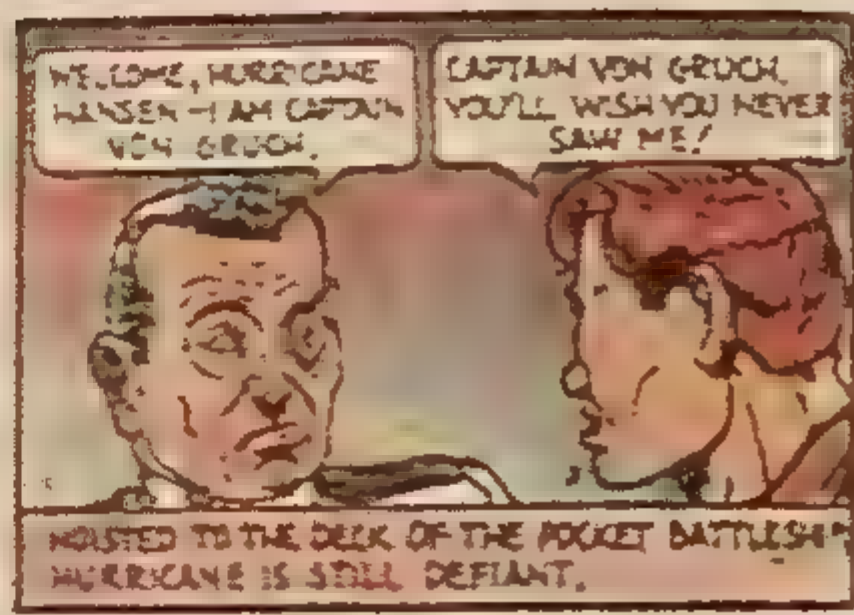
I'LL NEVER SURRENDER!
AS THE HIDDEN GUN FIRES, HURRICANE GOES INTO ACTION.

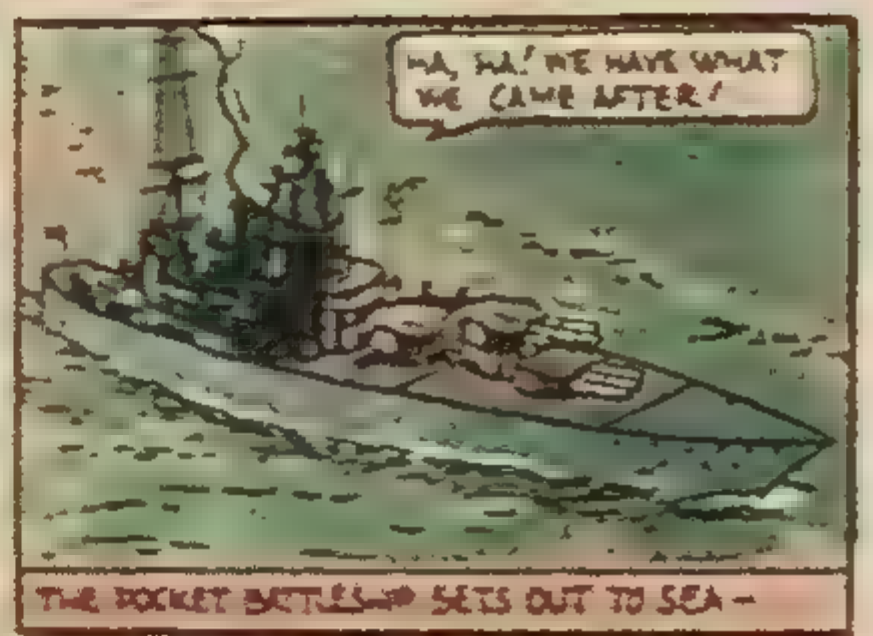

SHALL WE OPEN FIRE, SIR?
NO — WE MIGHT HIT HURRICANE!
APPLEBY DARES NOT FIRE HIS OWN GUNS FOR FEAR OF KILLING HIS CAPTAIN.

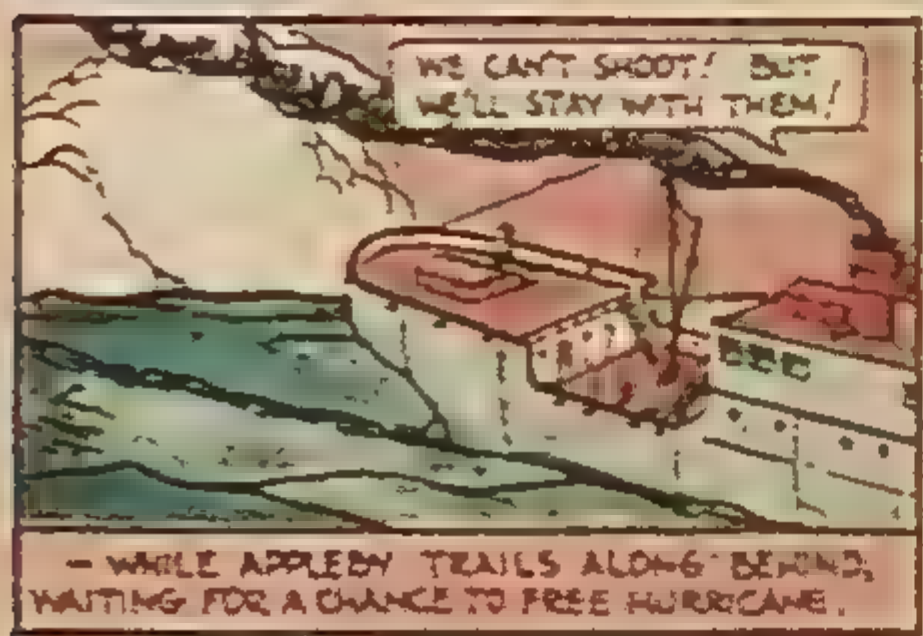

YOU'VE BIT OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW THIS TIME!
HE'S NOT A MAN — HE'S A DEVIL!
ON THE RAFT.

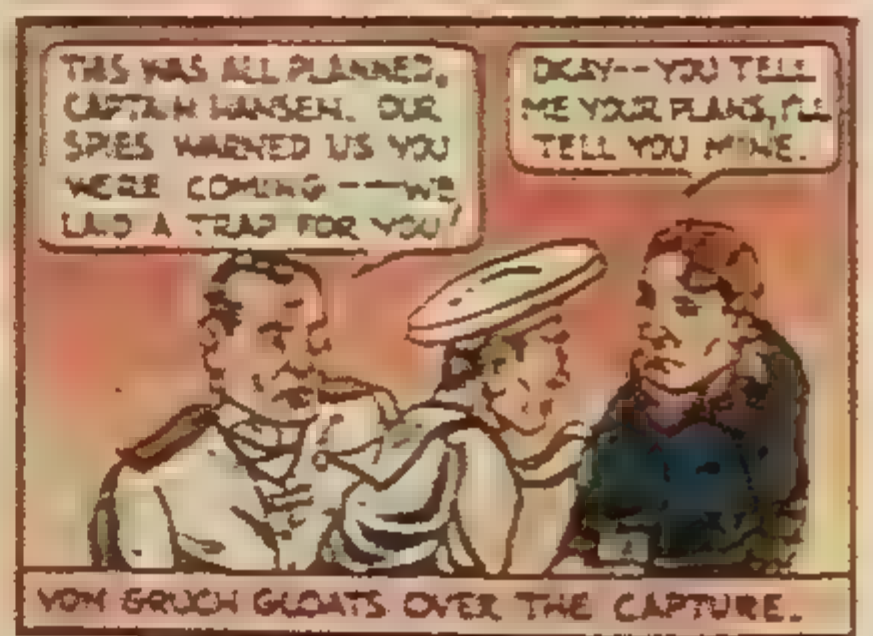

GET DOWN THERE TO THE RAFT — CAPTURE HURRICANE HANSEN!
BUT THE POCKET BATTLESHIP HURRIES TO HELP IT'S MEN ON THE RAFT.

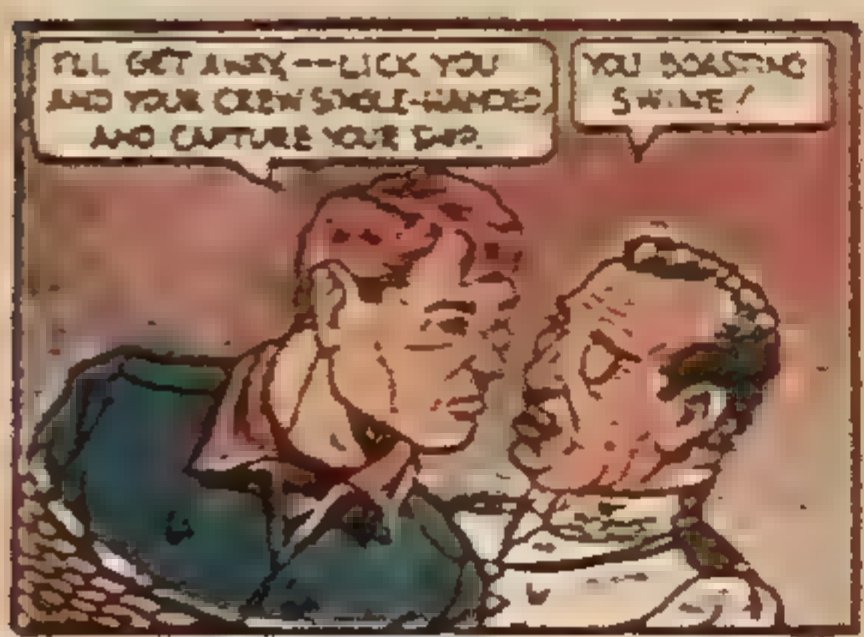
OVERWHELMED BY FORCE OF NUMBERS, THE FIGHTING SKIPPER IS CAPTURED.


WELCOME, HURRICANE HANSEN—I AM CAPTAIN VON GRUCH.
CAPTAIN VON GRUCH, YOU'LL WISH YOU NEVER SAW ME!
HOISTED TO THE DECK OF THE POCKET BATTLESHIP HURRICANE IS STILL DEFIANT.

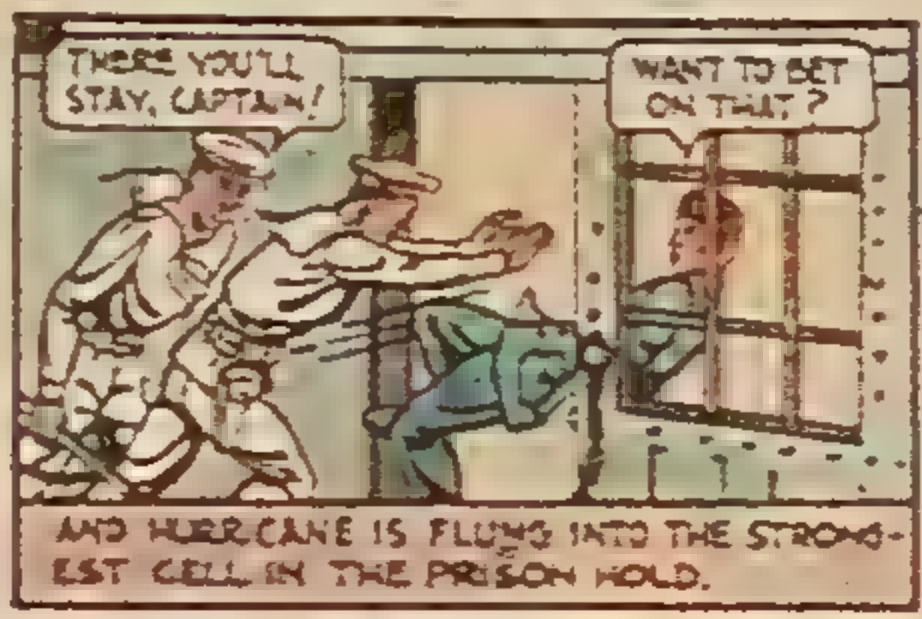

HA, HA! WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME AFTER!
THE POCKET BATTLESHIP SETS OUT TO SEA—

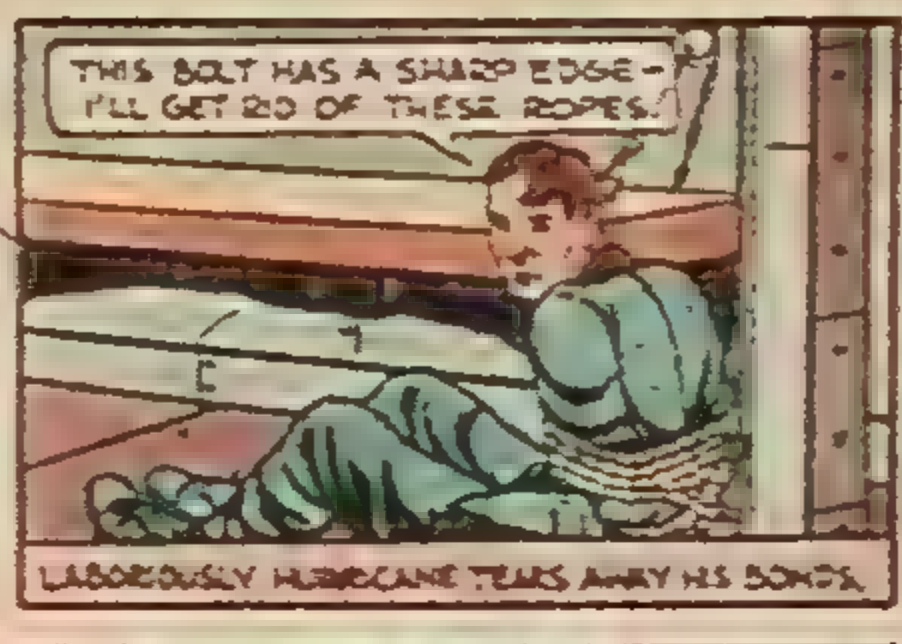

WE CAN'T SHOOT! BUT WE'LL STAY WITH THEM!
—WHILE APPLEBY TRAILS ALONG BEHIND, WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO FREE HURRICANE.


THIS WAS ALL PLANNED, CAPTAIN HANSEN. OUR SPIES WARNED US YOU WERE COMING—WE LAID A TRAP FOR YOU!
OKAY—YOU TELL ME YOUR PLANS, I'LL TELL YOU MINE.
VON GRUCH GLOATS OVER THE CAPTURE.

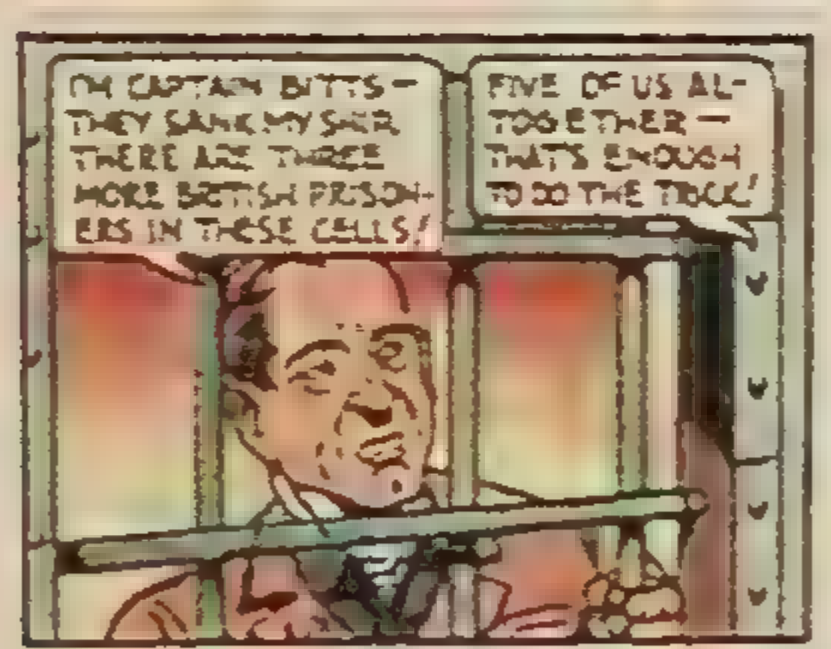

I'LL GET AWAY—LICK YOU AND YOUR CREW SINGLE-HANDED AND CAPTURE YOUR SHIP.
YOU BOASTING SWINE!

TAKE THAT. GUARDS, PUT HIM UNDER DOUBLE CONFINEMENT!


THERE YOU'LL STAY, CAPTAIN!
WANT TO BET ON THAT?
AND HURRICANE IS FLUNG INTO THE STRONGEST CELL IN THE PRISON HOLD.

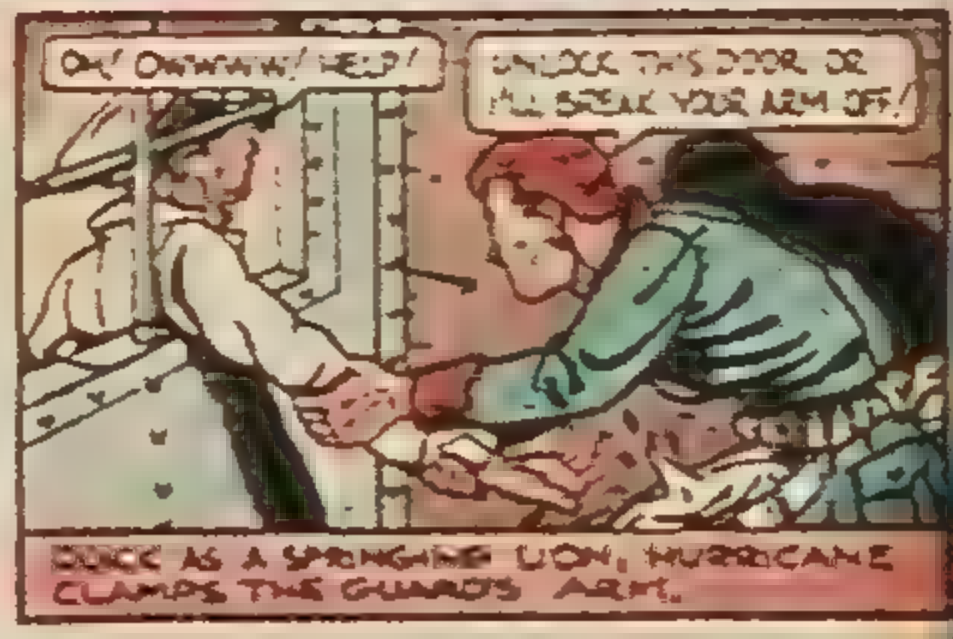

THIS BOLT HAS A SHARP EDGE — I'LL GET RID OF THESE ROPES!
LABORIOUSLY HURRICANE TEARS AWAY HIS BONDS.

HELLO, OUT THERE — ANYBODY ELSE PENNED UP IN THIS HOLE?
YES — RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO YOU!


I'M CAPTAIN BITTS — THEY SANK MY SHIP. THERE ARE THREE MORE BRITISH PRISONERS IN THESE CELLS!
FIVE OF US ALTOGETHER — THAT'S ENOUGH TO DO THE TRICK!

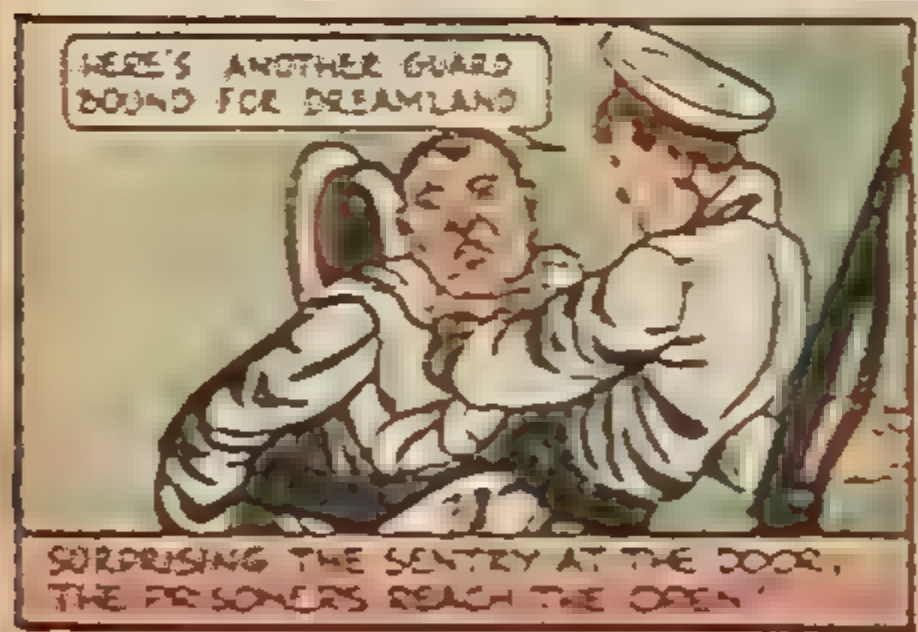
HOW CAN FIVE MEN GET AWAY FROM THESE CELLS?
SHHHH! HERE COMES A GUARD — GET READY TO CRASH OUT!

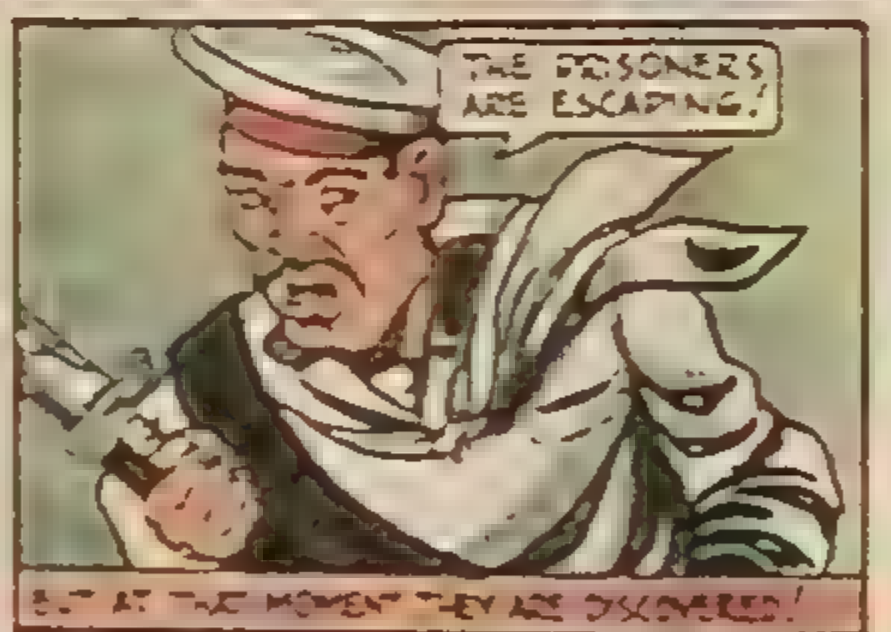
HERE'S YOUR SUPPER, PIG!


OH! OWWWW! HELP!
UNLOCK THIS DOOR OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM OFF!
QUICK AS A SPRINGING LION, HURRICANE CLAMPS THE GUARD'S ARM.

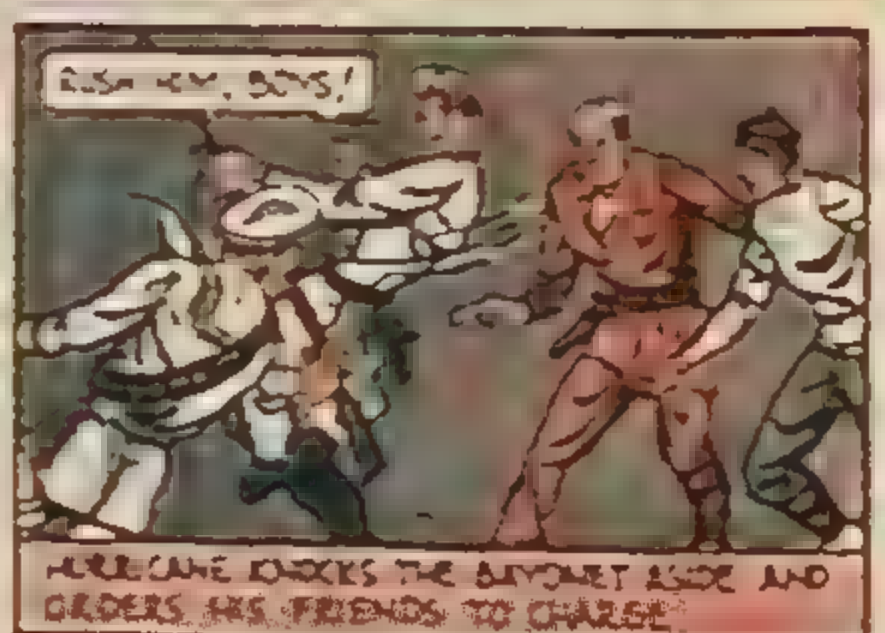
GUARD, CAPTAIN BITTS, GET HIS GUN — WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY

WHERE TO NOW, CAPTAIN HANSEN?
WE'RE GETTING OUT
WEARING THE GUARD'S COAT AND CAP, HURLCANE LEADS THE WAY TOWARD FREEDOM.


HERE'S ANOTHER GUARD BOUND FOR DREAMLAND
SURPRISING THE SENTRY AT THE DOOR, THE PRISONERS REACH THE OPEN!


THE PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING!
BUT AT THE MOMENT THEY ARE DISCOVERED!

GET BACK TO THOSE CELLS OR I'LL —

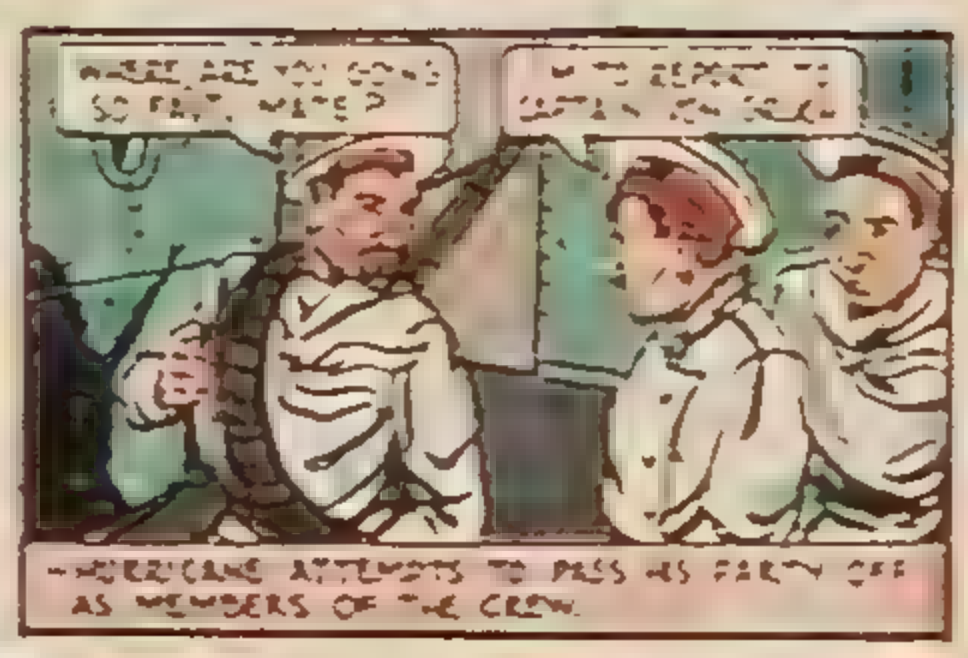

RUSH HIM, BOYS!
HURLCANE DROPS THE BAYONET ASIDE AND ORDERS HIS FRIENDS TO CHARGE!

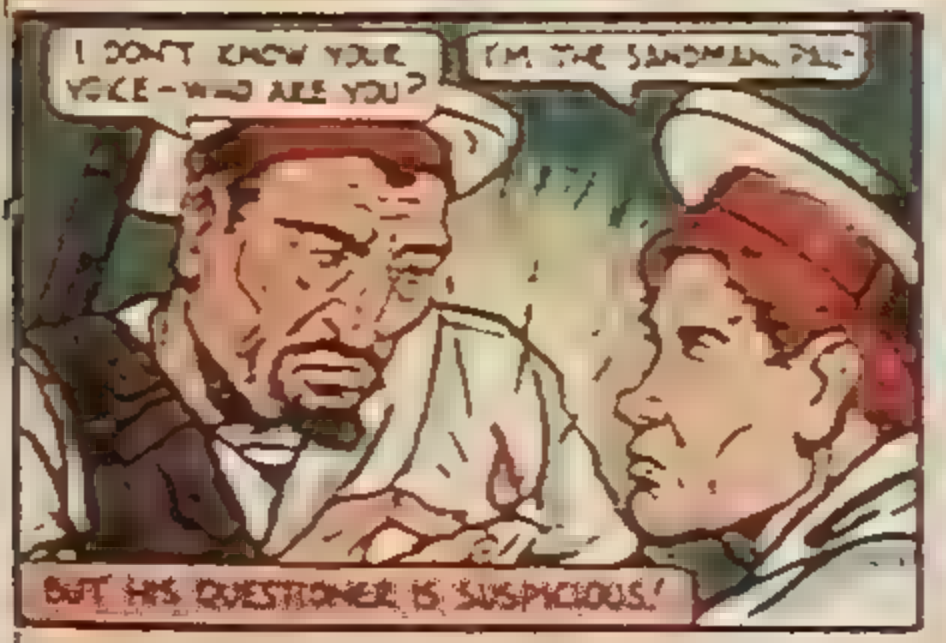
THIS FOG IS TOO THICK ... WE'LL LOSE THAT BATTLESHIP
YES, MR. APPLEBY ... AND WE'LL LOSE CAPTAIN HANSEN, TOO.
AS HANSEN STRUGGLES TO ESCAPE, A FOG RISES TO SHIELD THE BATTLESHIP FROM THE PIRATES' SURVEY.

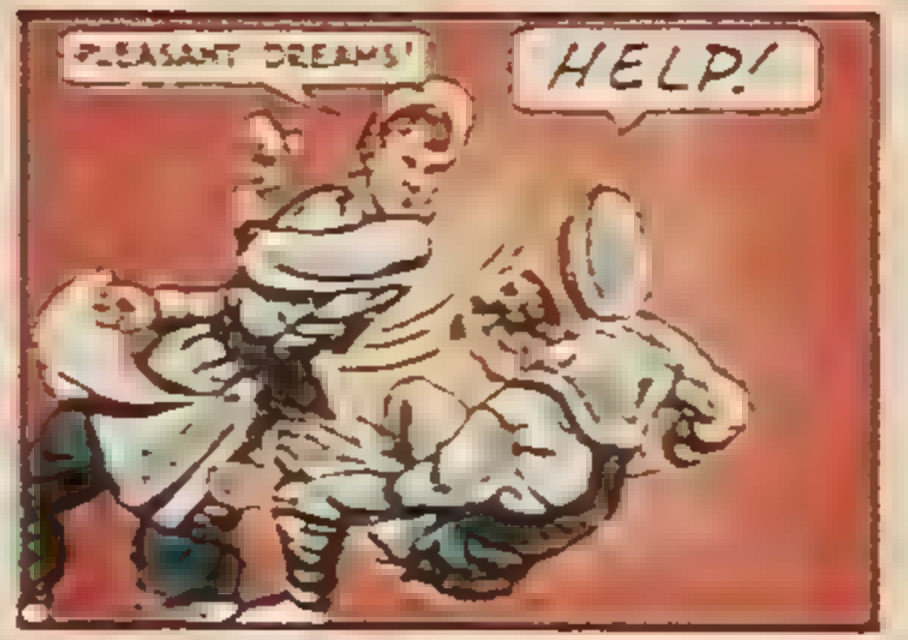
HA! HA! I HAVE HANSEN SAFE — THIS FOG WILL THROW HIS SHIP OFF THE TRAIL. WHEN I GET HOME, I'LL BE DECORATED
—AND VON DEUCH HAS MORE REASON FOR SELF-CONGRATULATION.

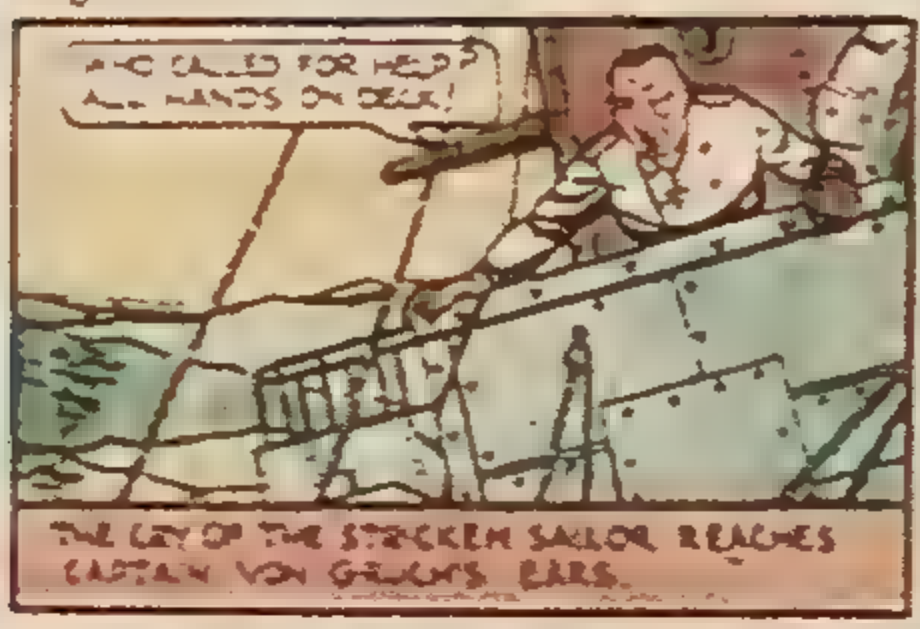
OF THIS WAY, MEN

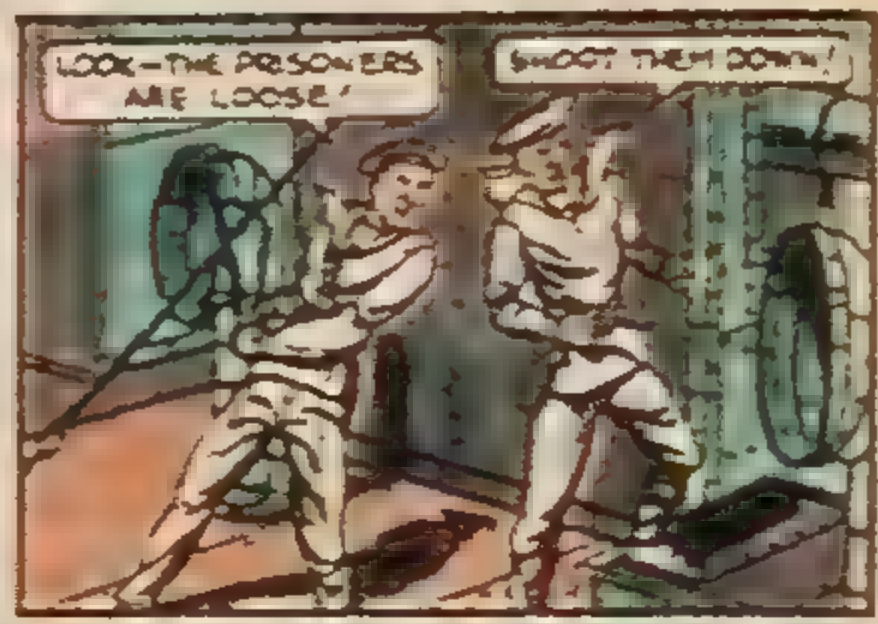
AH, A GOOD TRICK FOR — THIS MAKES IT EASY!
REACHING THE DECK —


WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO FAST, MATE?
—HURRICANE ATTEMPTS TO PASS HIS PARTY OFF AS MEMBERS OF THE CREW.

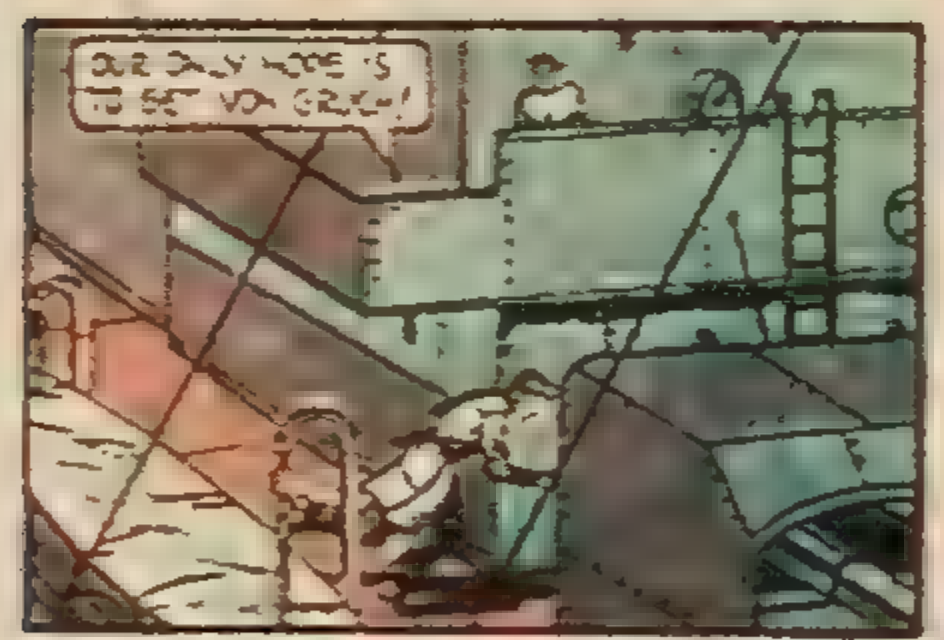

I DON'T KNOW YOUR VOICE — WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE SANDMAN, PAL —
BUT HIS QUESTIONER IS SUSPICIOUS!

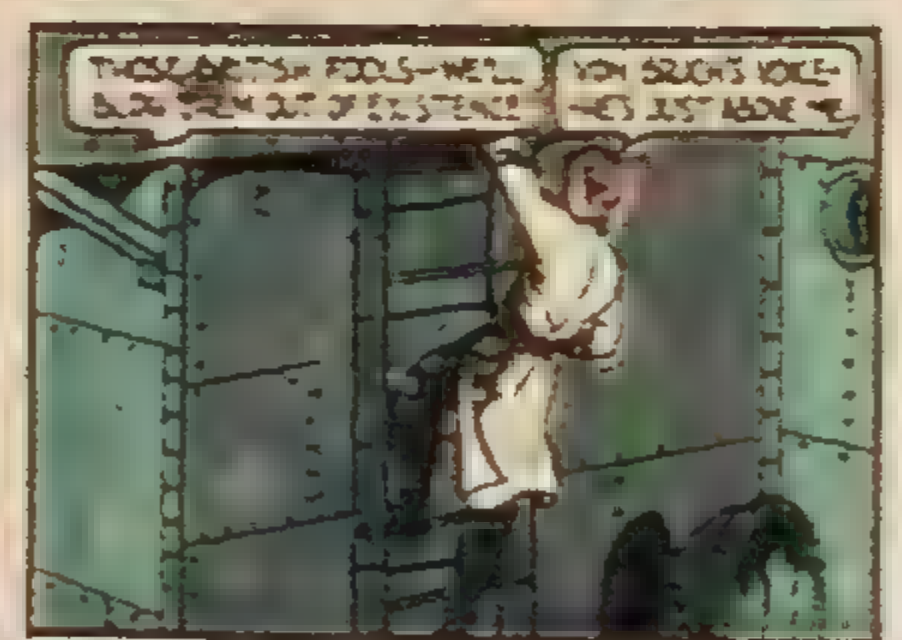

PLEASANT DREAMS!
HELP!

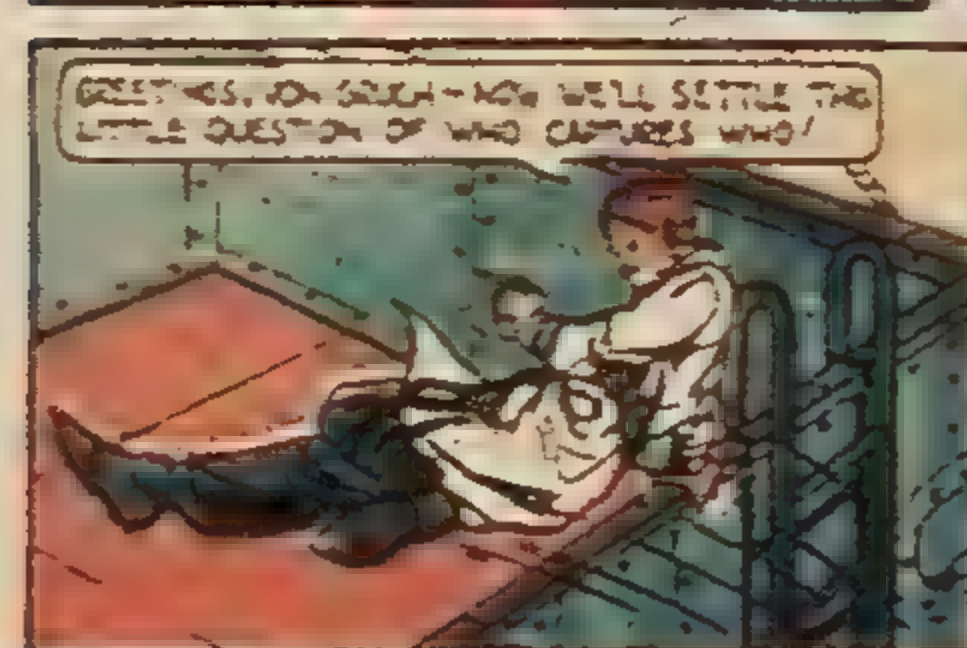

WHO CALLED FOR HELP? ALL HANDS ON DECK!
THE CRY OF THE STRICKEN SAILOR REACHES CAPTAIN VON GRUCH'S EARS.


LOOK—THE PRISONERS ARE LOOSE!
SHOOT THEM DOWN!

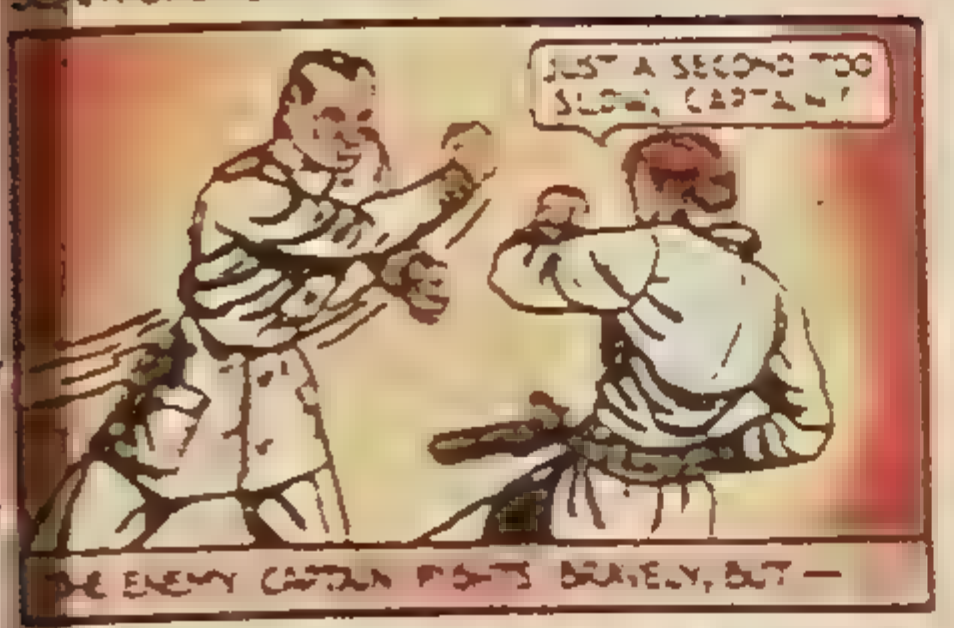
HOLD YOUR OWN HERE, BOYS—FOR JUST SIXTY SECONDS!
TELL THEM, CAPTAIN HANSEN—WHERE ARE YOU?
THE ESCAPED PRISONERS FIGHT HARD AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS.

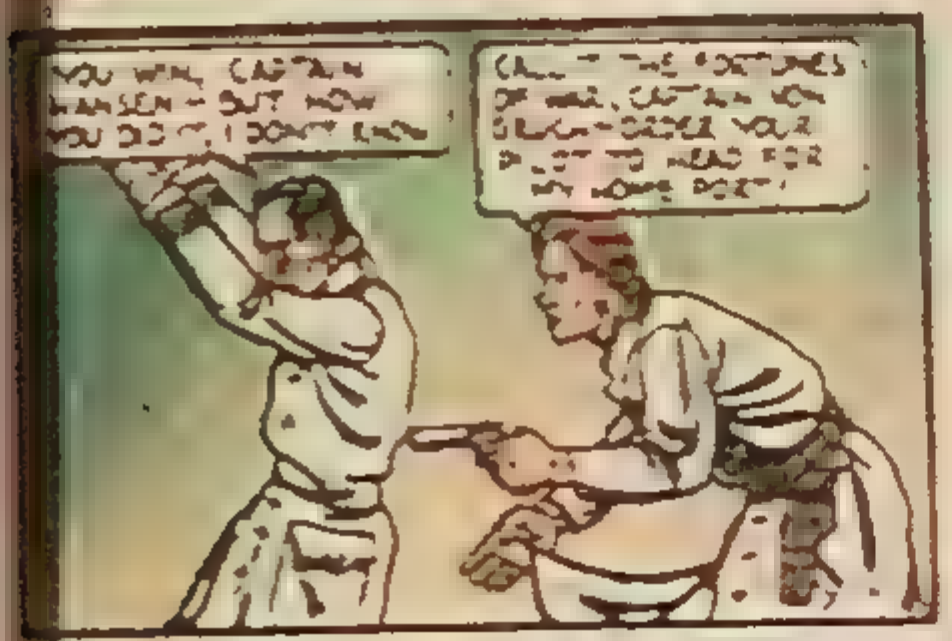

OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO GET VON GRUCH!

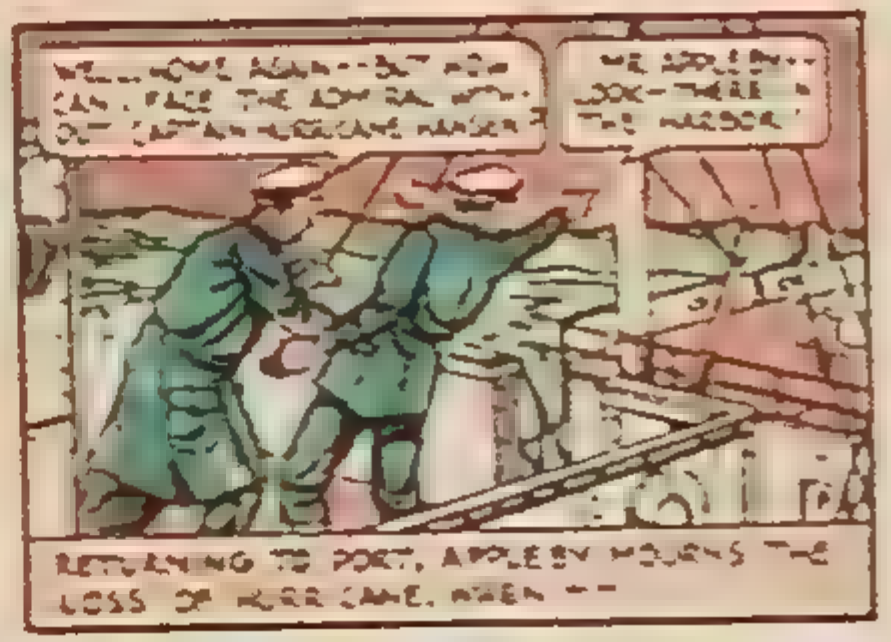

THOSE ARE THE FOOLS—WE'LL BLOW THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE!
VON GRUCH'S VOLCANOES JUST AHEAD!

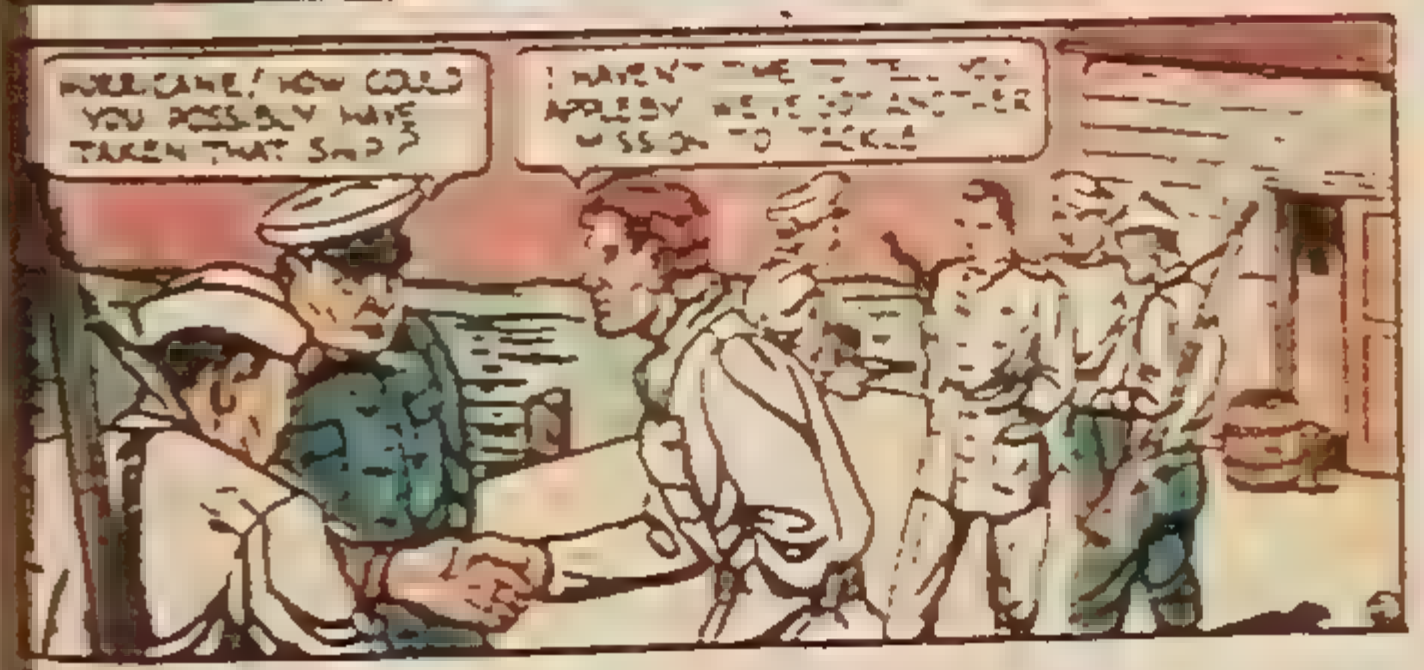

GREETINGS, VON GRUCH—NOW WE'LL SETTLE THE LITTLE QUESTION OF WHO CAPTURES WHO!

CAPTAIN HANSEN!









AND NOW LET US HURRICANE HANSEN SALUTE THE "SURPRISE" OF TO-NEW AND THRILLING ADVENTURE I SHARE THAT ADVENTURE WITH YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SLAM-BANG COMICS

The Forgotten GUN

TEX KILRAIN did not glare or grimace at Joe Rokko. He only said, very quietly, "I'm offering you a fair chance to shoot it out."

Big fat Rokko didn't take his polished Oxfords off his desk. His jewelled right hand still fiddled with the flower in his buttonhole. Out of the mouth-corner that had no cigar he replied, "Keep your fair chances. You'll need plenty of chances yourself if you buck me in this town."

That was Rokko's way. For seven weeks he had been in the little town of Lost Springs—the little town that soon would be a big town, with the new gold rush that involved the desert round about. Rokko had made good by refusing fair contests and fighting foul ones in metropolitan gangland; now he intended to become the racketeering czar of this western community that, with all its gun-blazing history, had never known any worse break than a clear warning, a fair draw, and the winner to bury his own dead.

Tex still stood and gazed at the would-be king of Lost Springs. His wide gray eyes also took in, without seeming to, Rokko's ugly little henchman, Mick Heff, who stood at the door of the office.

"Go on," Tex urged. "Fill your hand, Rokko—you and Heff both. I'll give you a two-to-one break, and figure to come out on top."

Heff's hand had been creeping toward his armpit, but Tex's fingers moved toward the big Colt that swung at his hip. Heff relaxed, and Rokko grinned wider, as if he approved of that relaxation.

"Give me a chance to shoot it out with both of you—fair and legal," Tex almost pleaded. "You're bad for this town, and it doesn't want you."

"No," nodded Rokko, "but I want it. And I'm going to have it. You're a western hero, Mr. Kilrain, and you won't start shooting until I do—huh?" He waited, and saw an affirmative in Tex's brown, lean face. "But that's not my game, cowboy. I don't shoot it out with pistol arguments. I've got hired hands to do that."

Tex tightened his thin lips. "I know about your hired hands. Once you're dead, they'll clear out of Lost Springs, and . . ."

"If anybody clears out, it'll be you," Rokko interrupted, still lounging with his feet on the desk. "Better start while you're still alive."

The heart of Tex Kilrain glowed white hot under his flannel shirt. To be ordered away from his own town by this sleek, fat snake of a newcomer! He almost leaped forward, leaning his hands on Rokko's desk. Thrusting his nose almost against Rokko's, he spat in the face of the gangster.

Heff snarled a curse, and like a spring Tex rebounded against a wall, ready to fly into action against both of them. Surely Rokko would fight now . . . But the podgy man at the desk had only flung out one palm to hold his lieutenant motionless at the doorway. Rokko's other hand, with the glittering jewel on it, lifted and wiped his face.

"It won't work, Mr. Kilrain," he said, "Not now."

Tex stared foolishly, and Rokko actually laughed. "You're too dumb to understand," he jeered. "Nothing you do will make me draw—now. So you might as well run along. I can wait to settle you for what you've said and done—maybe tonight after dark, maybe tomorrow morning before you're awake."

Tex shrugged his shoulders and frowned perplexedly.

"I guess," he said slowly, "that lets me out."

From where he stood at the door, Heff growled like a nasty little wolf.

"Sure it lets you out, Buffalo Bill. So scram, with your noble ideas. Be glad you ain't being thrown out."

"Thrown out?" repeated Tex, as if inspired. "Thrown out?"

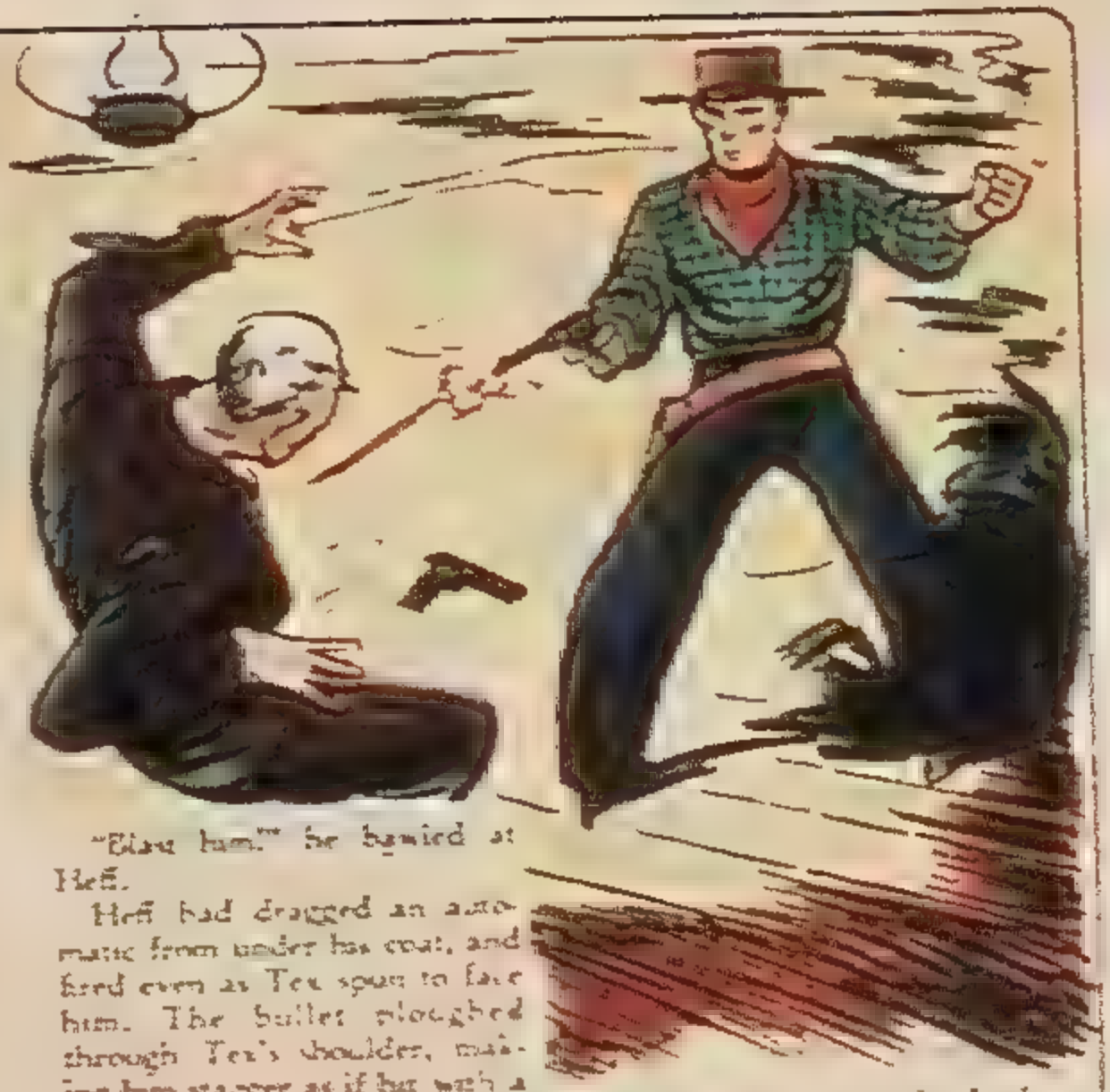
"Yeah," said Heff. "If you didn't have that gun, that's what'd happen."

"But he does have a gun," put in Rokko silkily, "and he won't draw it unless we attack him. So everybody's wasting time. Good-day, Mr. Kilrain," and he blew a derisive cloud of smoke.

Tex was gazing at Heff. "You say if I didn't carry this Colt, you'd throw me out?" he asked once again, as if to be sure. And then he drew the big, gleaming revolver and flung it across the office onto a chair.

"Now I'm empty-handed," he announced. "Come ahead, and throw me out."

Rokko's feet fairly whipped off the desk and he came out of his chair with more speed than any fat man Tex had ever seen.



"Blast him!" he bawled at Heff.

Heff had dragged an automatic from under his coat, and fired even as Tex spun to face him. The bullet ploughed through Tex's shoulder, making him stagger as if hit with a club. His left arm dropped limp at his side. But his right hand snaked into his shirt and then out again—holding the twin to the gun he had tossed away.

Before Heff could touch the trigger again, Tex had fired. The ugly little racketeer slammed heavily down on his face. Blood poured out in an instantaneous pool.

Rokko howled a jagged curse, and Tex swivelled on the balls of his feet just in time to see a pistol swinging upward in the fat, jewelled fist. Again Tex's big gun roared. Rokko went sprawling sidewise, overturned a chair, and fell across it. He lay quivering out his life.

A DOZEN FISTS thundered at the door. Tex turned toward it, covering it with his ready weapon. Blood ran down the back of his left hand and dripped from his fingers, yet he grinned sunnily at the townspeople who burst in. Towering through the crowd came Sheriff Neely, fierce-mustached and wide-hatted, to stare, question and decide.

The sheriff examined the bodies, looked at the hole in Heff's forehead and then at the gun in his dead hand.

"One empty shell," he announced. He stepped across the floor and picked up Rokko's weapon. "No empties here . . . I see. Heff drew first—he must've fired first, too, or his gun wouldn't have an empty shell. Rokko went for his gun when Heff fell, and then . . ." He faced Tex. "There'll be an investigation, but you're in the clear. This town ought to give you a medal."

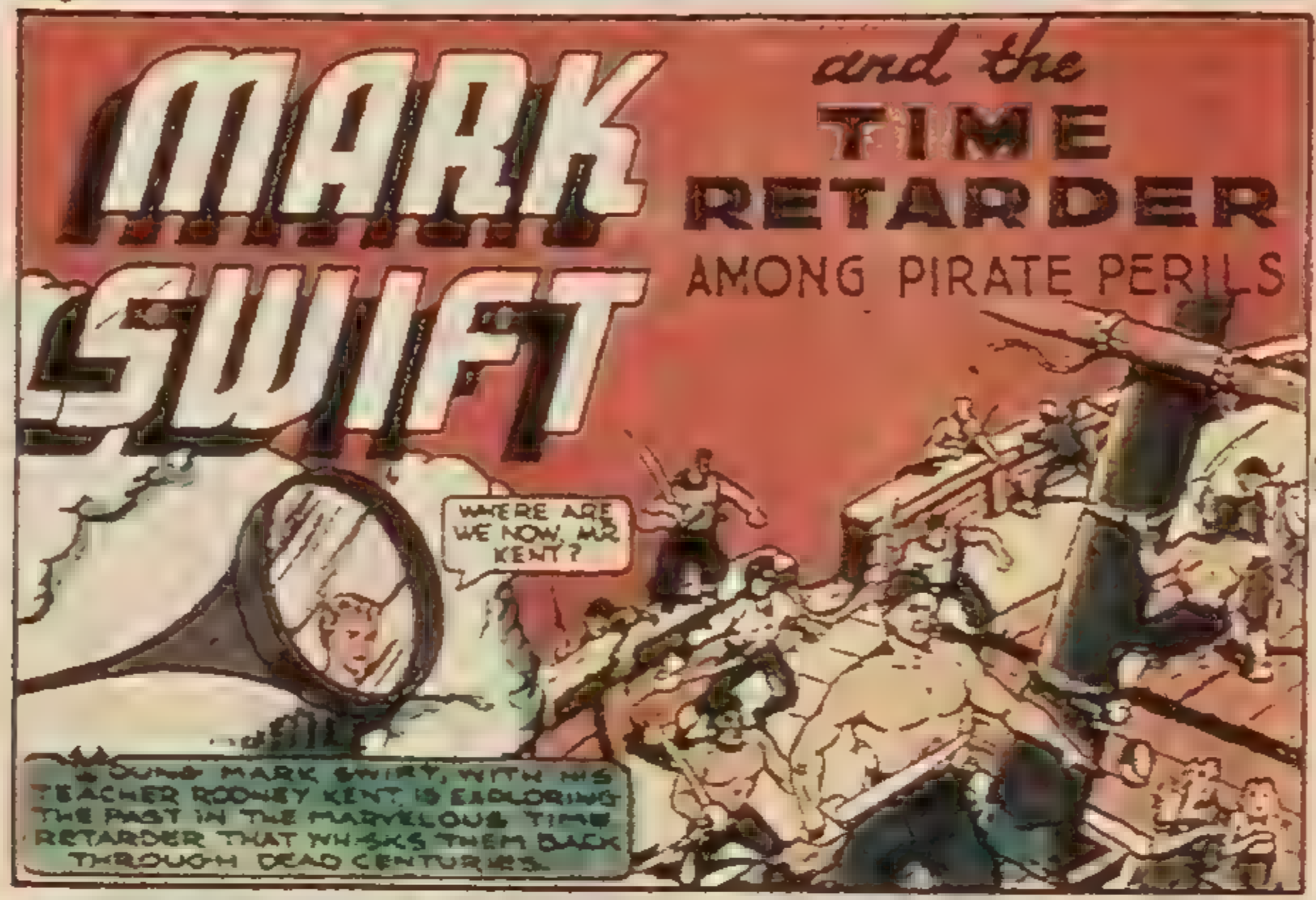
"I'm satisfied, with this pair out of the way," smiled Tex, gazing at the two bodies.

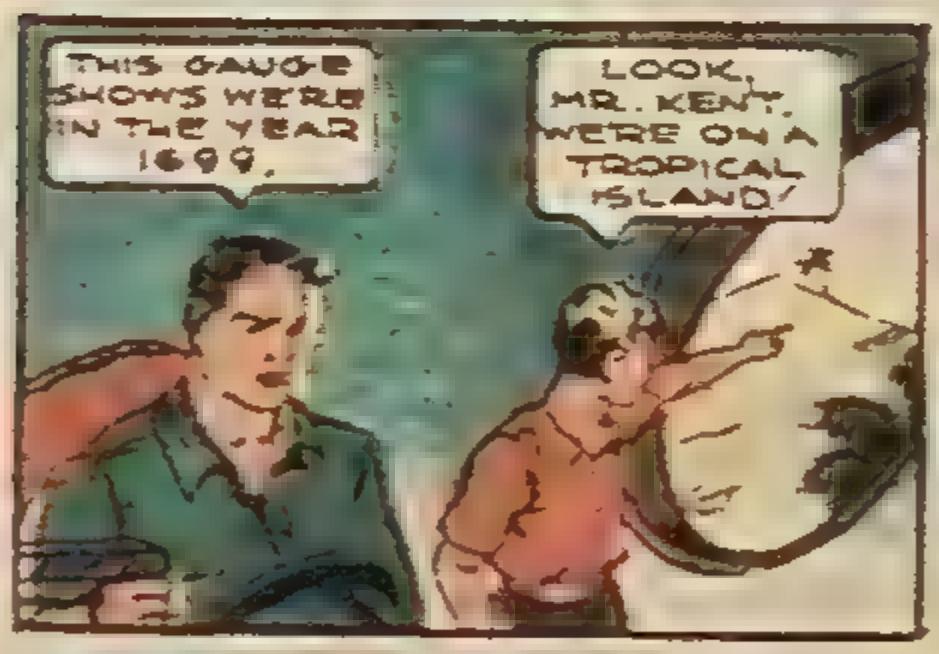
The sheriff rubbed his chin thoughtfully for a moment. "Say, Tex," he continued, how'd you beat 'em both to the draw?"

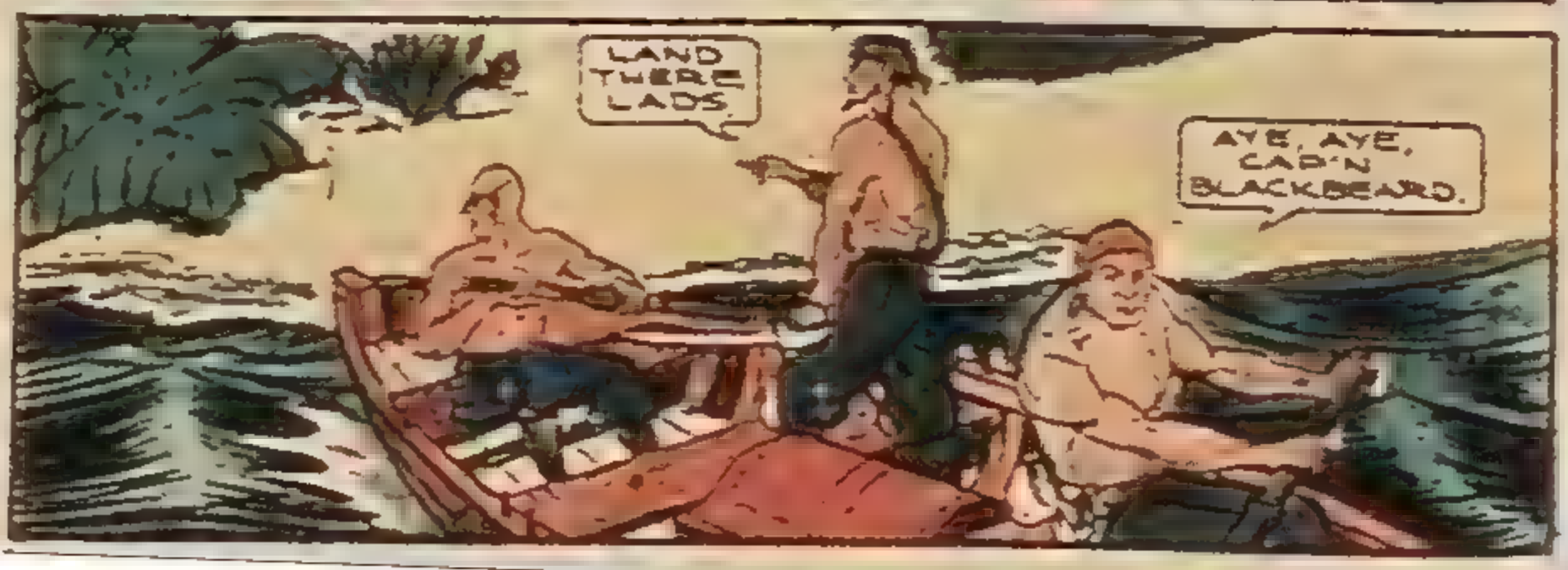
Tex walked over to the desk and picked up the Colt he had tossed there. "Those racketeers forgot just one thing when they come to town—that some of us two-gun Westerners still pack two guns."

The End

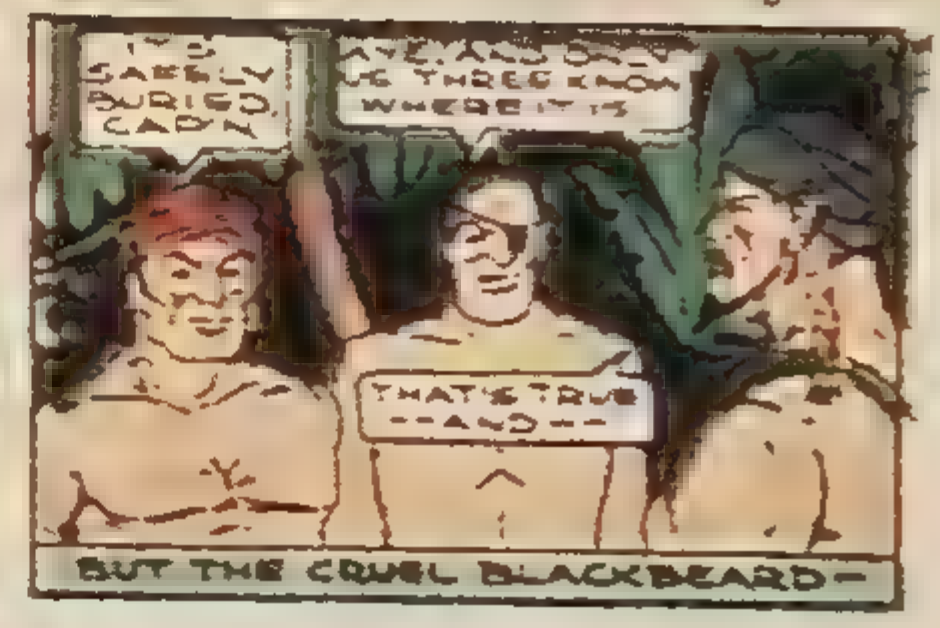
MARK SWIFT and the TIME RETARDER AMONG PIRATE PERILS

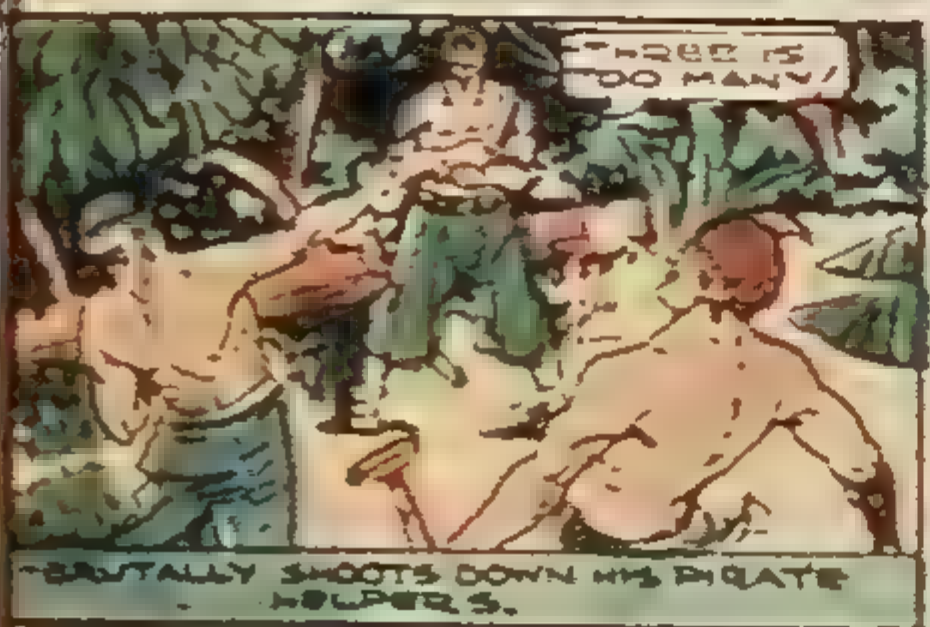




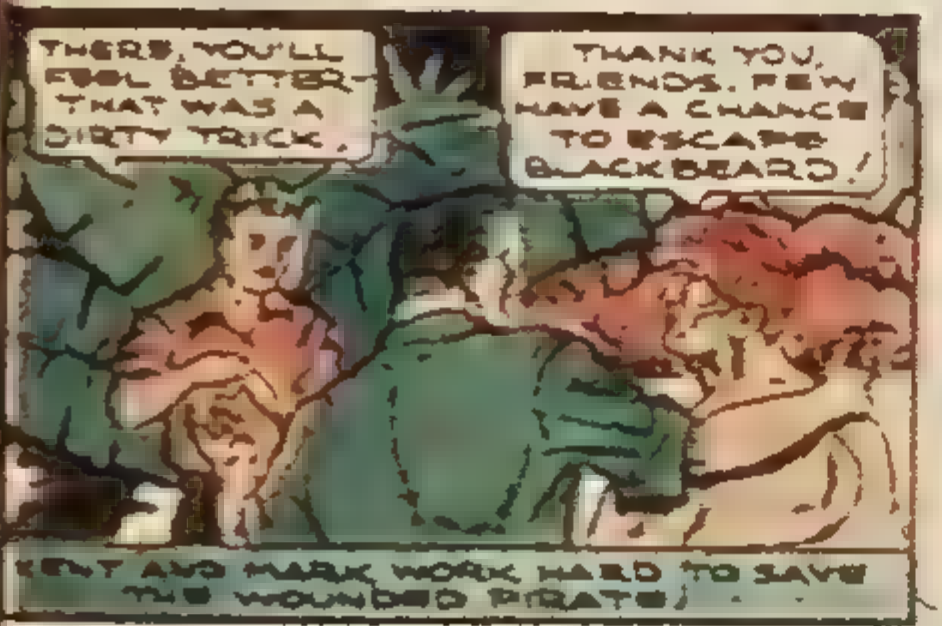


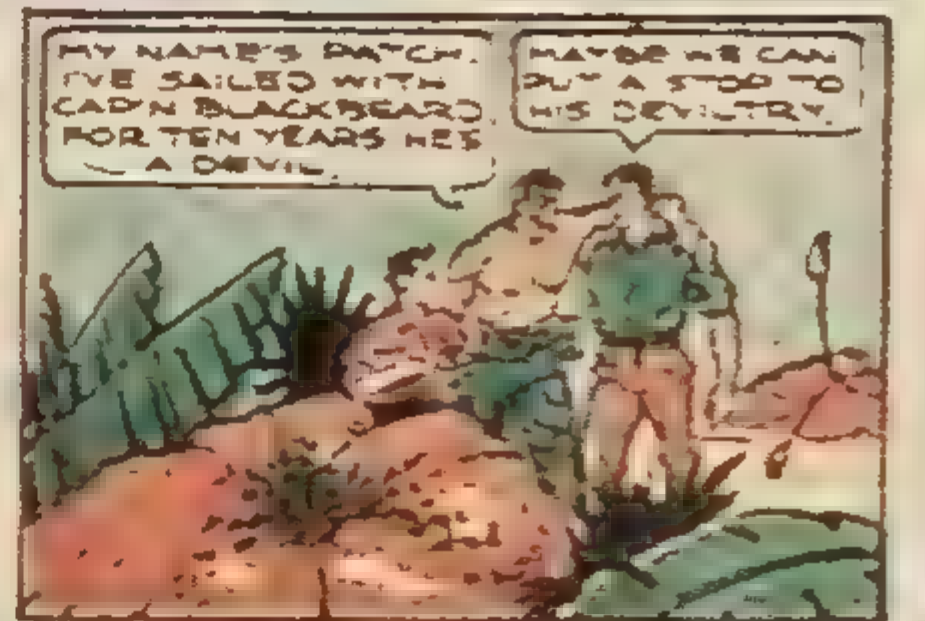
THAT'S BLACKBEARD, THE MOST TERRIBLE PIRATE IN HISTORY!
YES, AND THEY'RE GOING TO HIDE THAT CHEST OF TREASURE!

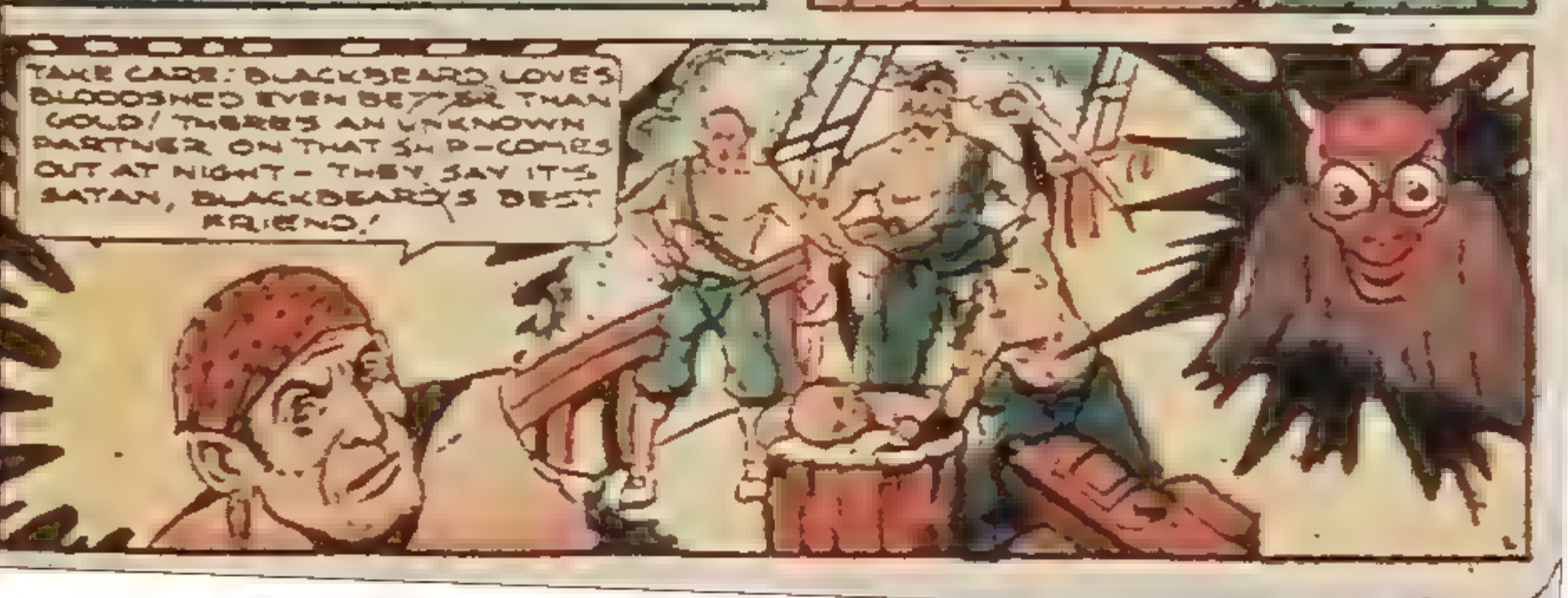

SAFELY BURIED, CAP'N.
AYE, AND ONLY US THREE KNOW WHERE IT IS.
THAT'S TRUE --AND--
BUT THE CRUEL BLACKBEARD—

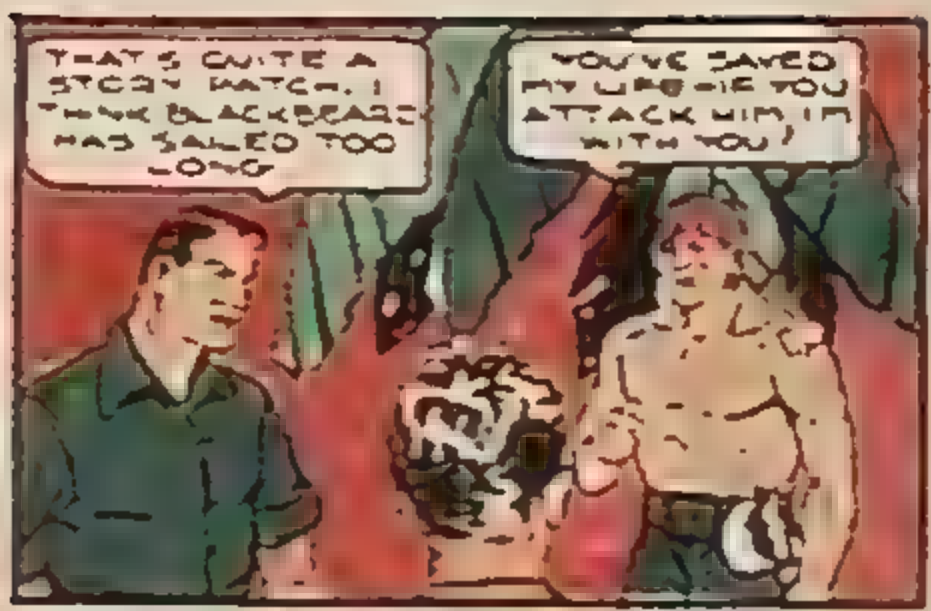

THREE IS TOO MANY!
—BRUTALLY SHOOTS DOWN HIS PIRATE HELPERS.

AS BLACKBEARD SWAGGERS AWAY, THE TIME-ADVENTURERS STEAL FORWARD.
THE COWARD! TO SHOOT HIS OWN MEN LIKE THAT!

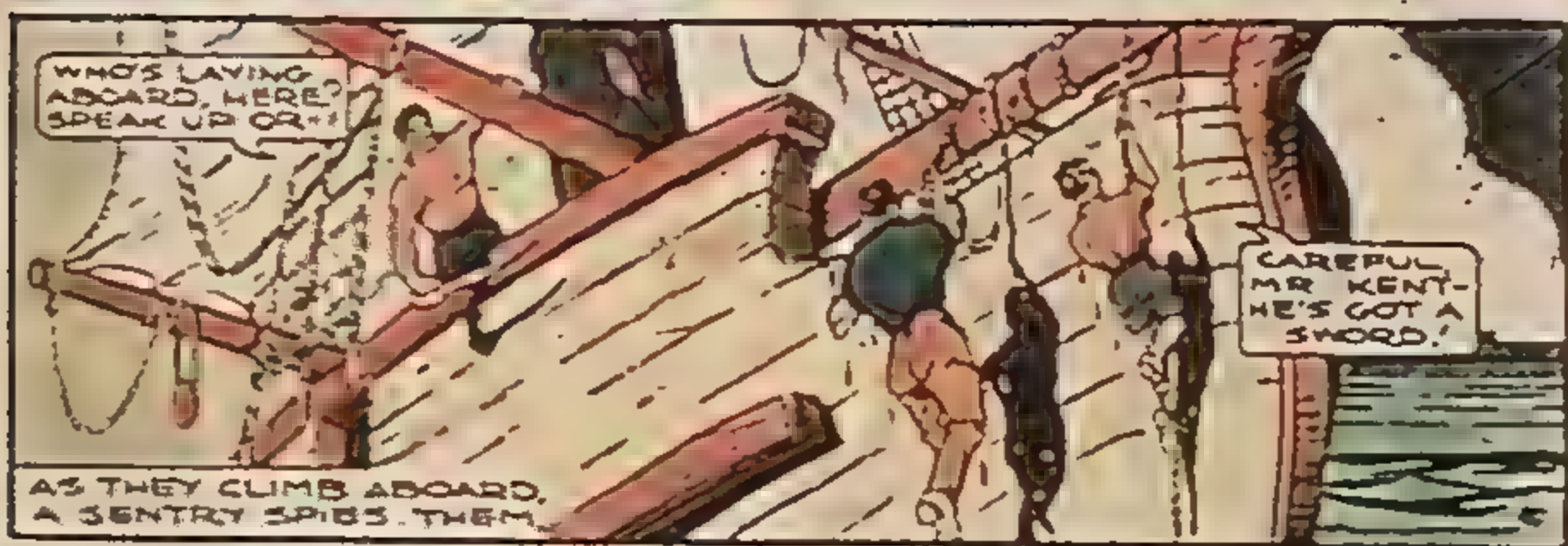

THERE, YOU'LL FEEL BETTER—THAT WAS A DIRTY TRICK.
THANK YOU, FRIENDS. FEW HAVE A CHANCE TO ESCAPE BLACKBEARD!
KENT AND MARK WORK HARD TO SAVE THE WOUNDED PIRATE!

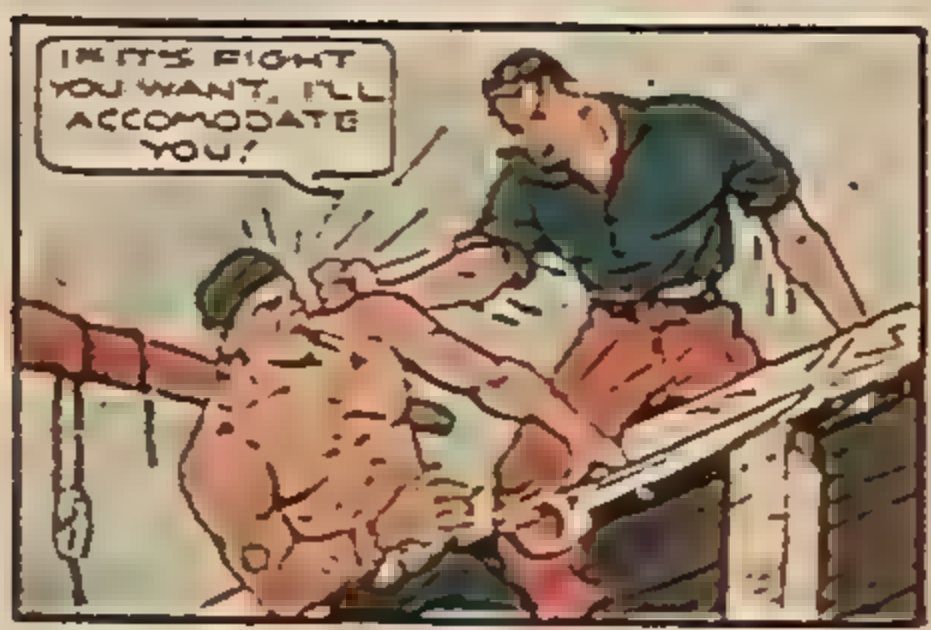

MY NAME'S PATCH. I'VE SAILED WITH CAP'N BLACKBEARD FOR TEN YEARS. HE'S A DEVIL.
MAYBE WE CAN PUT A STOP TO HIS DEVILTRY.

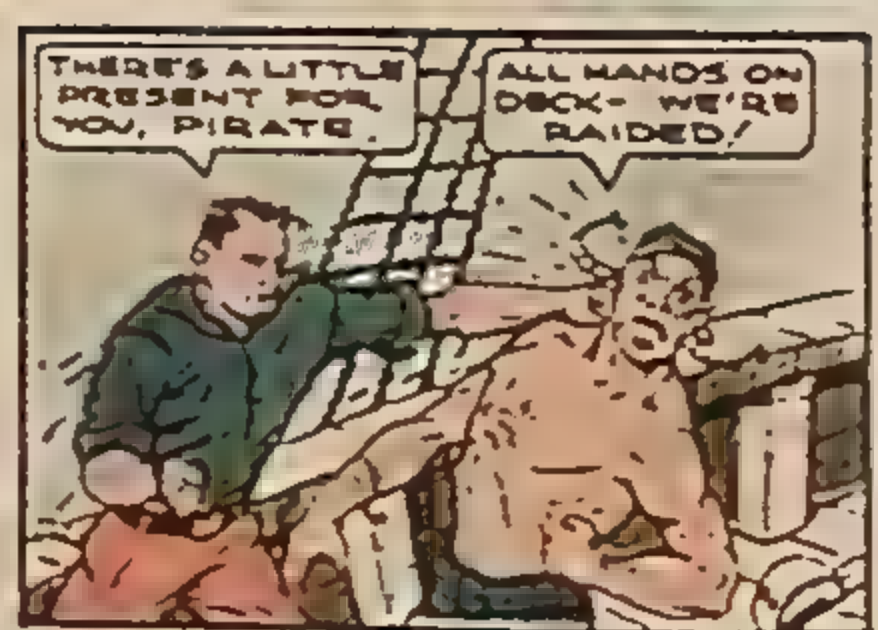

TAKE CARE! BLACKBEARD LOVES BLOODSHED EVEN BETTER THAN GOLD! THERE'S AN UNKNOWN PARTNER ON THAT SHIP—COMES OUT AT NIGHT—THEY SAY IT'S SATAN, BLACKBEARD'S BEST FRIEND!

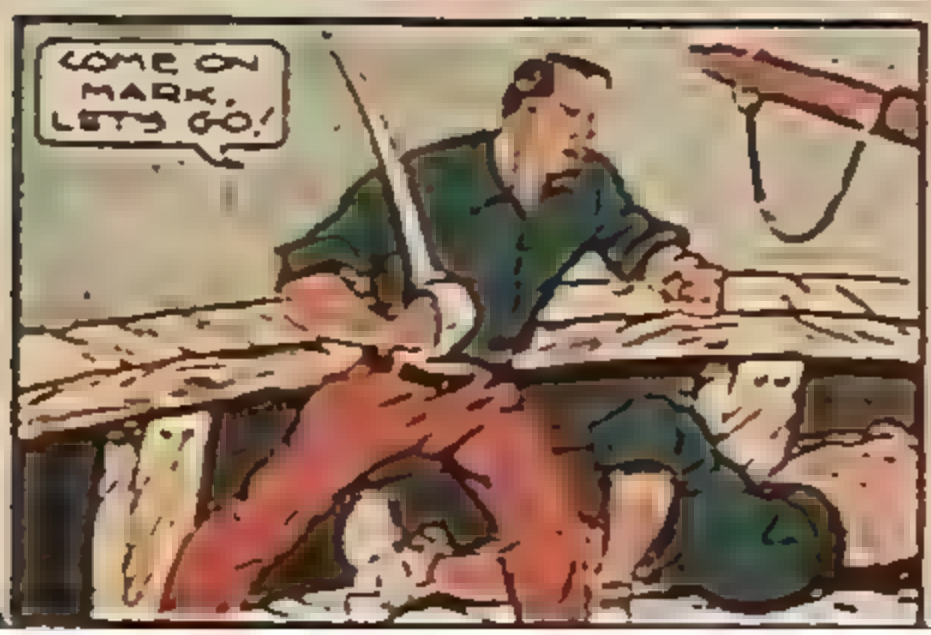

THAT'S QUITE A STORY MATCH. I THINK BLACKBEARD HAS SAILED TOO LONG
YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE—IF YOU ATTACK HIM, I'M WITH YOU!

AS DUSK DESCENDS THE ADVENTURERS STRIKE OUT FOR THE SHIP.

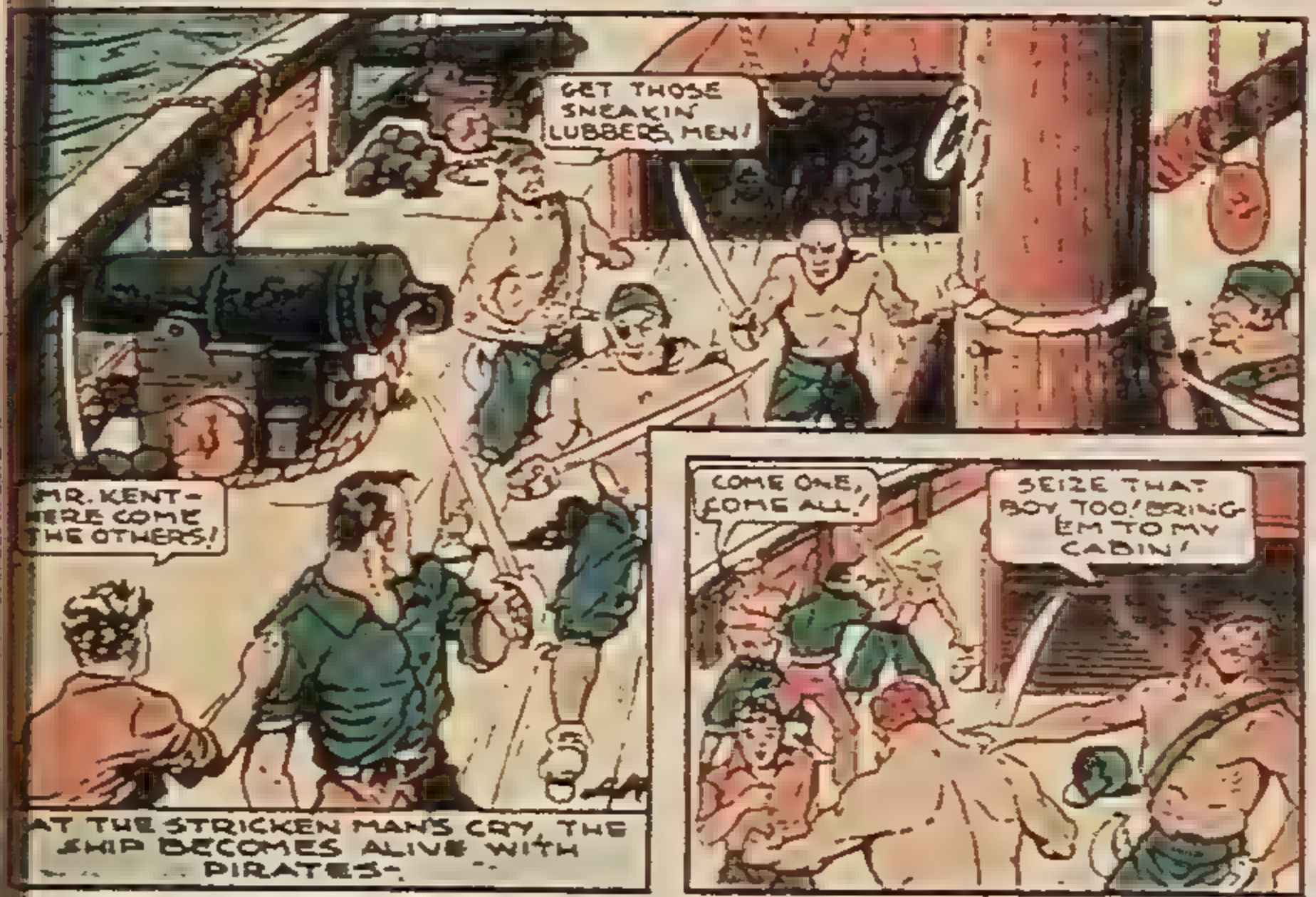

WHO'S LAYING ABOARD, HERE? SPEAK UP OR—!
CAREFUL MR. KENT—HE'S GOT A SWORD!
AS THEY CLIMB ABOARD, A SENTRY SPIES THEM.

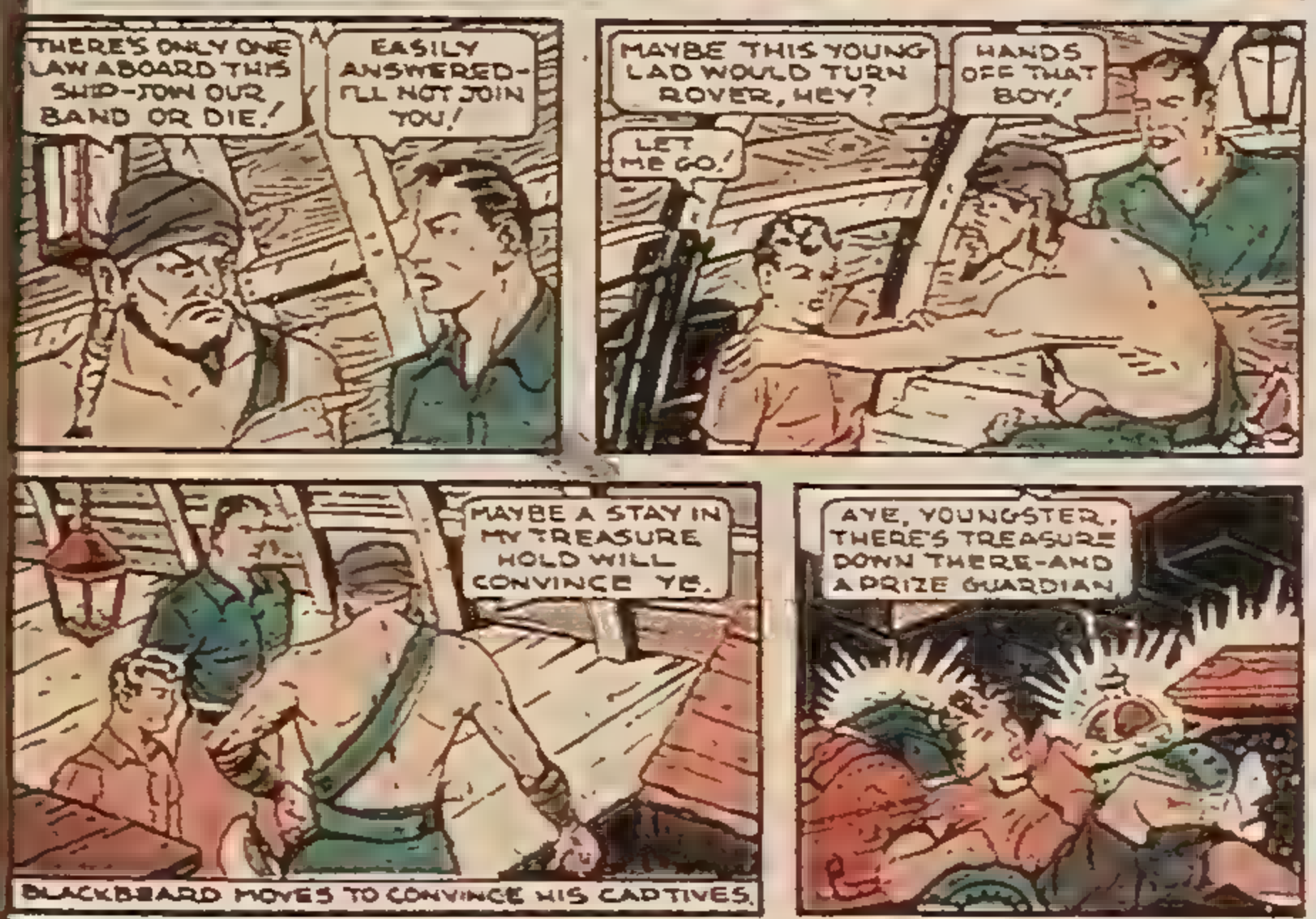

IF IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT, I'LL ACCOMODATE YOU!

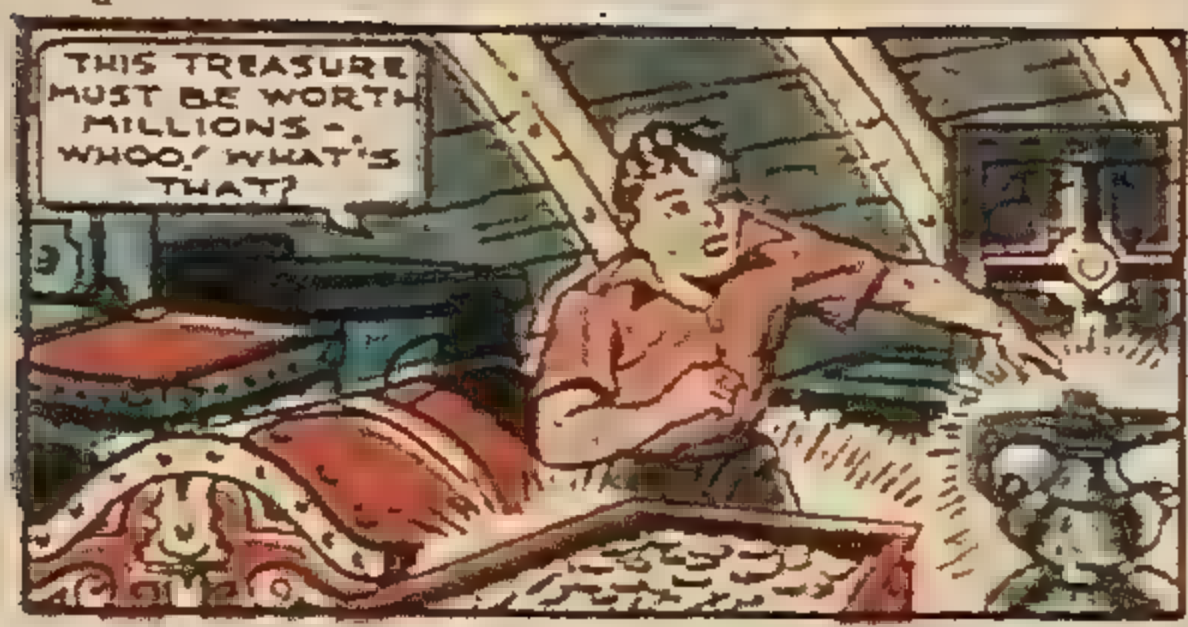

THERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU, PIRATE.
ALL HANDS ON DECK— WE'RE RAIDED!


COME ON MARK, LETS GO!

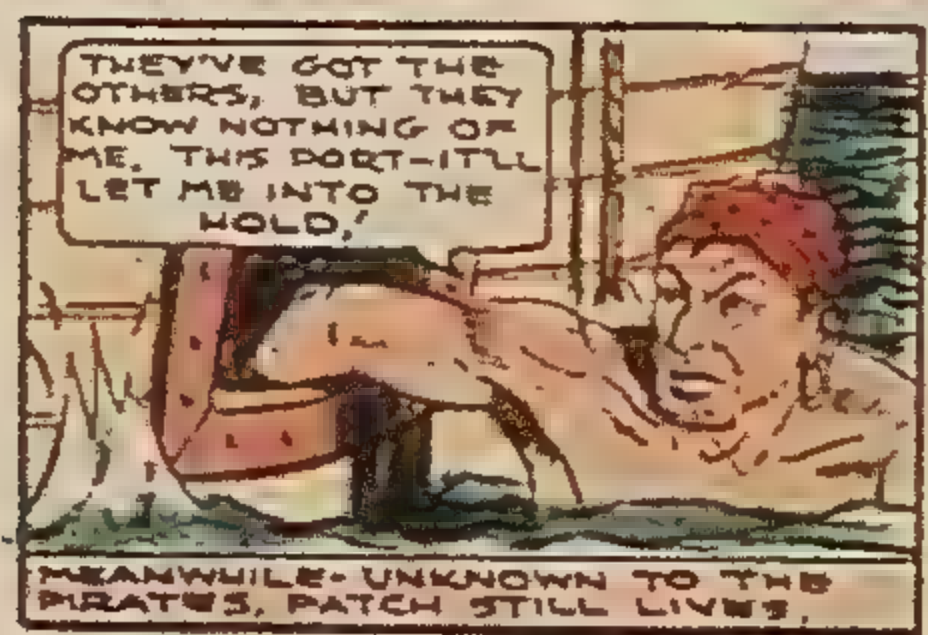
HERE I COME, MR. KENT.
MARK CLAMBERS HASTILY ABOARD.

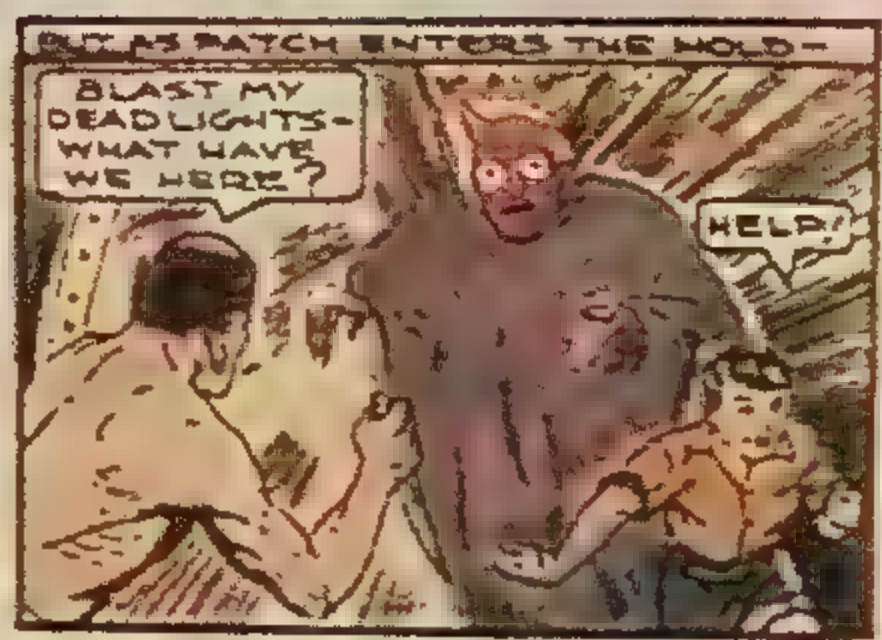

GET THOSE SNEAKIN' LUBBERS, MEN!
MR. KENT - HERE COME THE OTHERS!
AT THE STRICKEN MAN'S CRY, THE SHIP BECOMES ALIVE WITH PIRATES-
COME ONE, COME ALL!
SEIZE THAT BOY TOO! BRING 'EM TO MY CABIN!

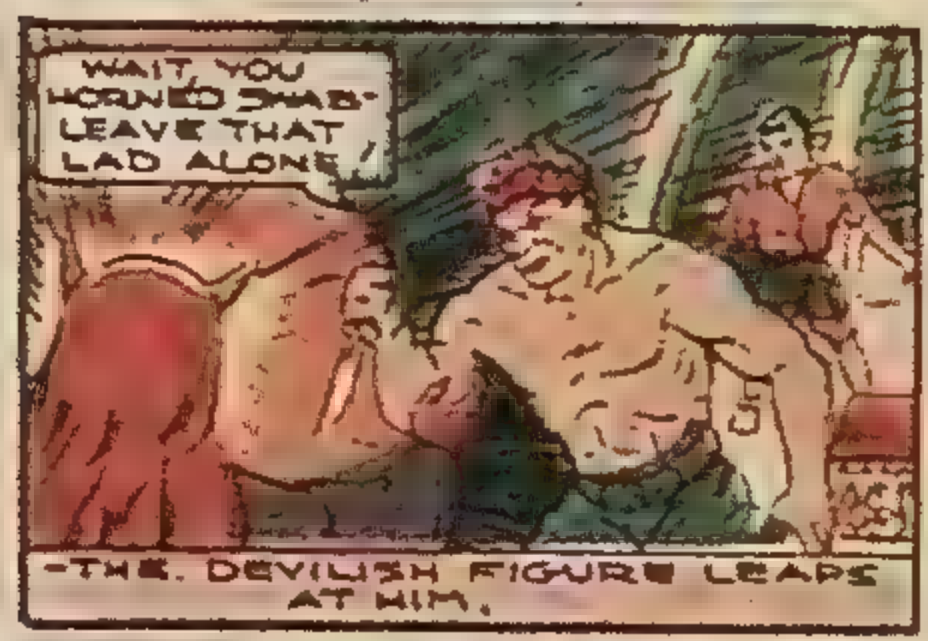

THERE'S ONLY ONE LAW ABOARD THIS SHIP-JOIN OUR BAND OR DIE!
EASILY ANSWERED- I'LL NOT JOIN YOU!
MAYBE THIS YOUNG LAD WOULD TURN ROVER, HEY?
HANDS OFF THAT BOY!
LET ME GO!
MAYBE A STAY IN MY TREASURE HOLD WILL CONVINCE YE.
BLACKBEARD MOVES TO CONVINCE HIS CAPTIVES.
AYE, YOUNGSTER, THERE'S TREASURE DOWN THERE-AND A PRIZE GUARDIAN

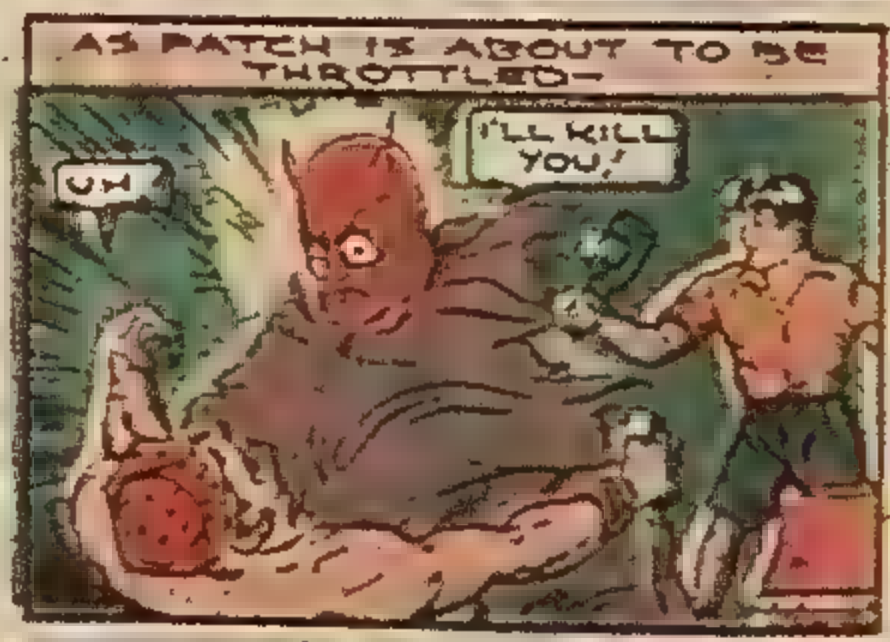

THIS TREASURE MUST BE WORTH MILLIONS - WHOO! WHAT'S THAT?

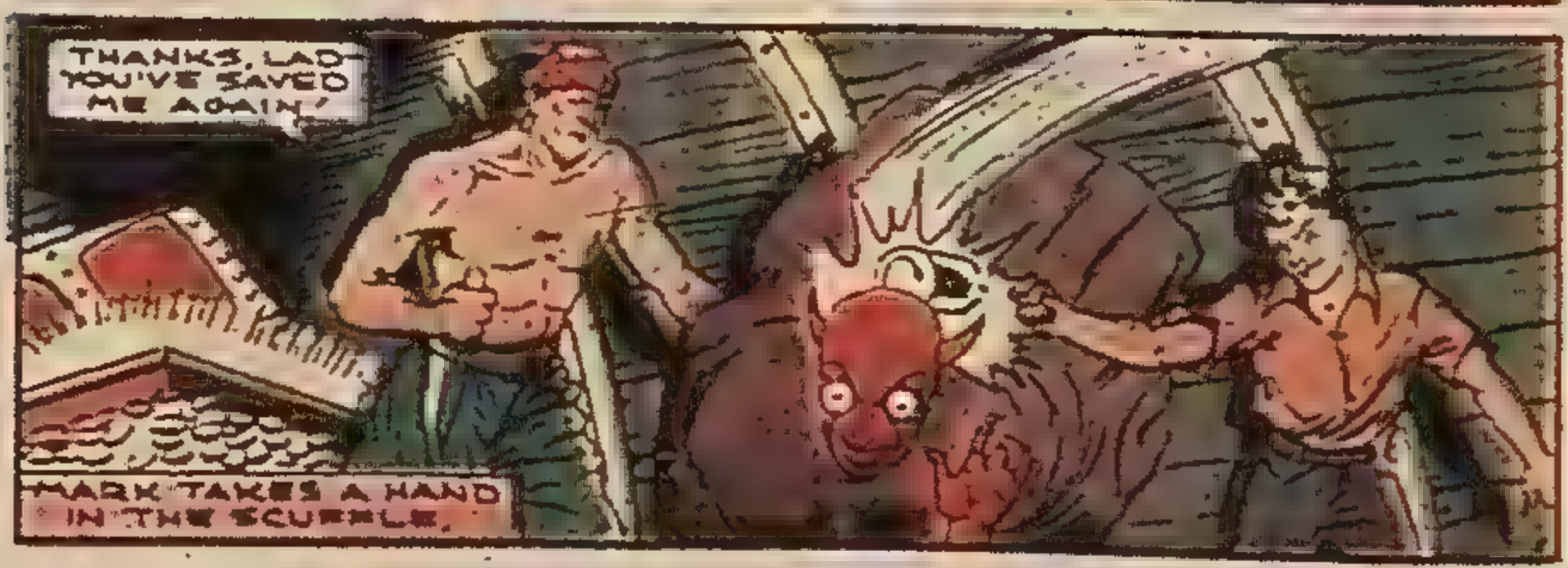
COME TO ME, MY BOY!
A FIGURE OF TERROR CREEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

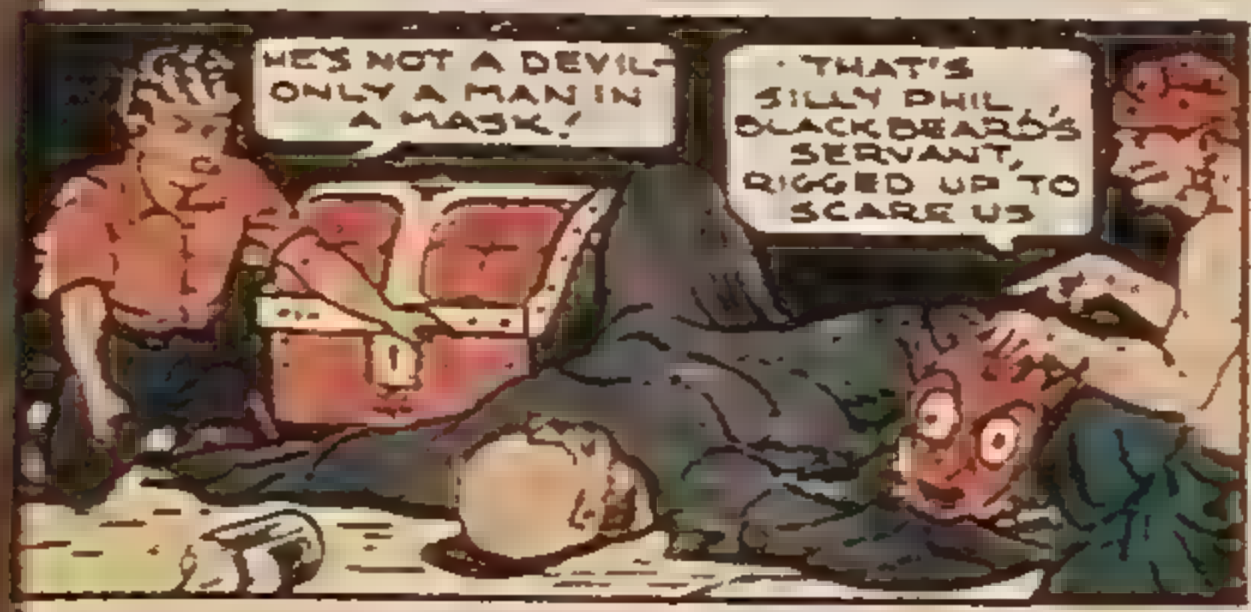

THEY'VE GOT THE OTHERS, BUT THEY KNOW NOTHING OF ME. THIS PORT-IT'LL LET ME INTO THE HOLD!
MEANWHILE- UNKNOWN TO THE PIRATES, PATCH STILL LIVES.


BUT AS PATCH ENTERS THE HOLD-
BLAST MY DEADLIGHTS- WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
HELP!

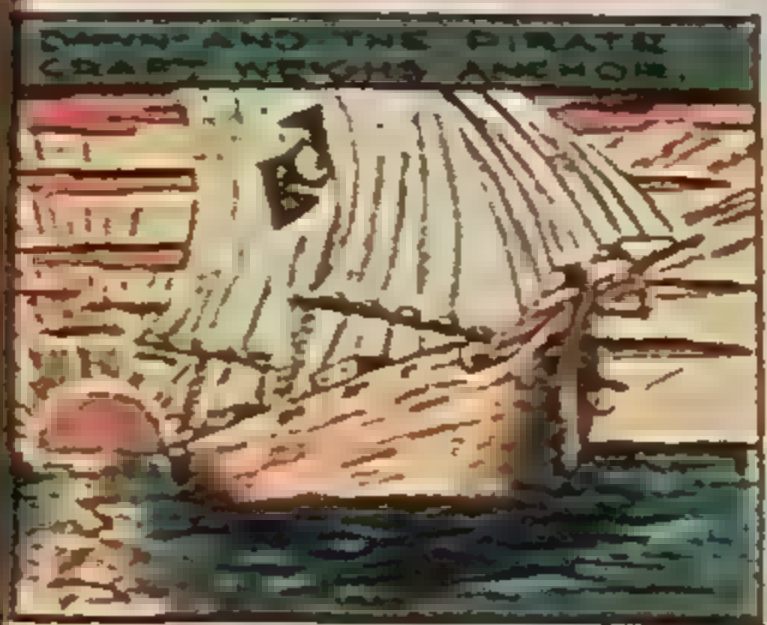

WAIT, YOU HORNED SHAB- LEAVE THAT LAD ALONE!
-THE DEVILISH FIGURE LEAPS AT HIM.

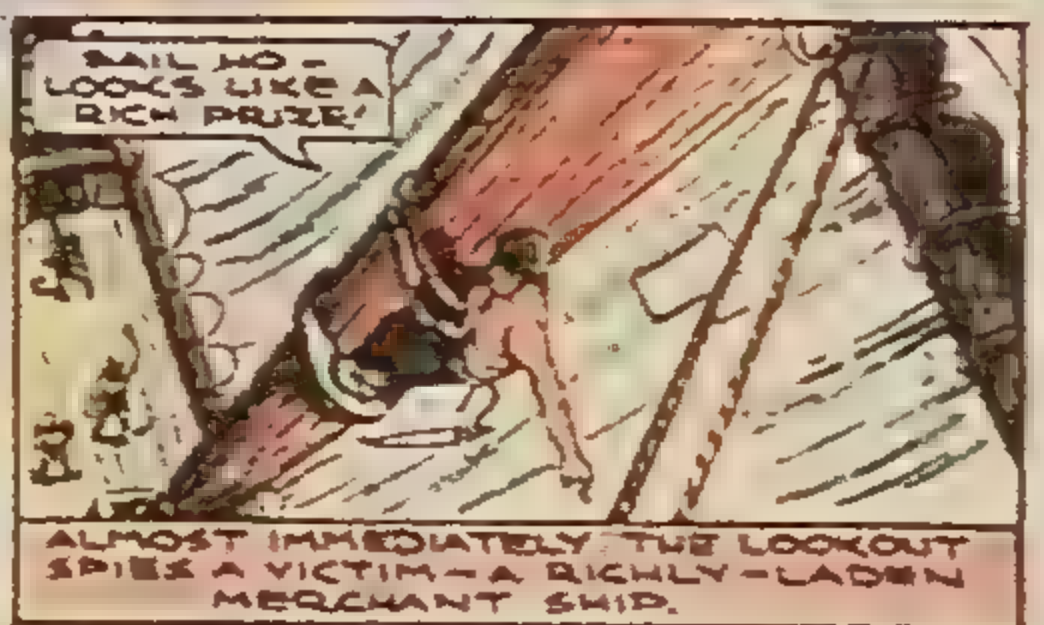

AS PATCH IS ABOUT TO BE THROTTLED-
I'LL KILL YOU!
UH

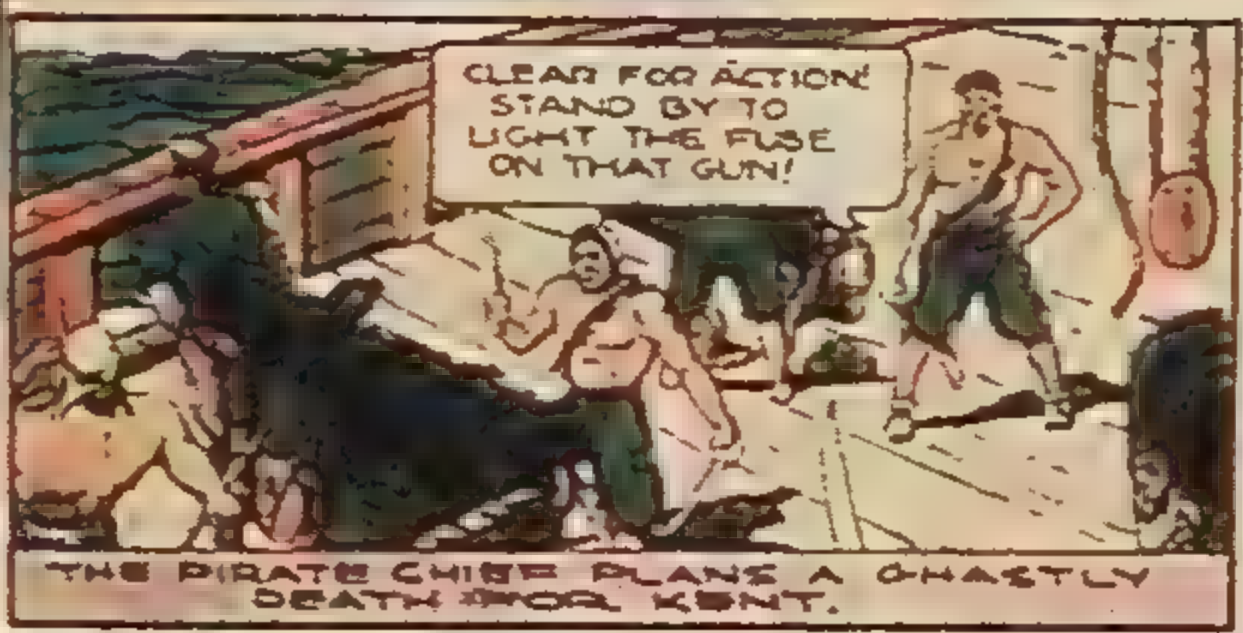

THANKS, LAD- YOU'VE SAVED ME AGAIN!
MARK TAKES A HAND IN THE SCUFFLE.


HE'S NOT A DEVIL ONLY A MAN IN A MASK!
THAT'S SILLY PHIL, BLACKBEARD'S SERVANT, RIGGED UP TO SCARE US

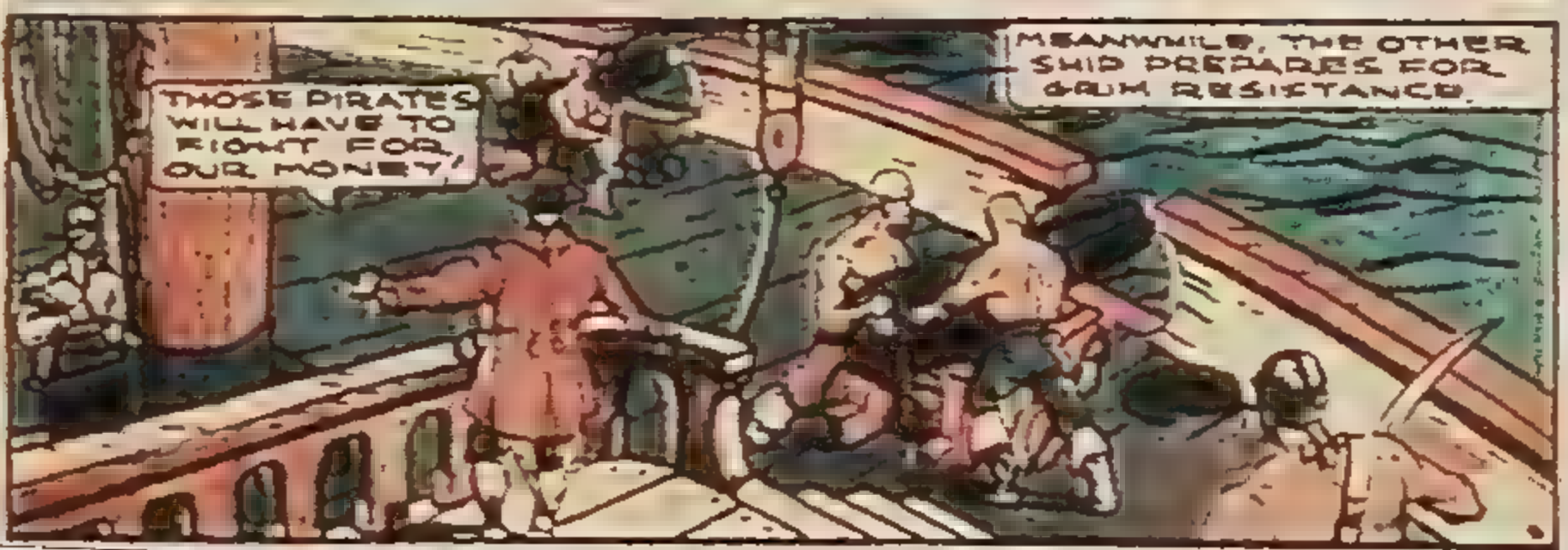
DRESSED LIKE A DEVIL? THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. LISTEN-

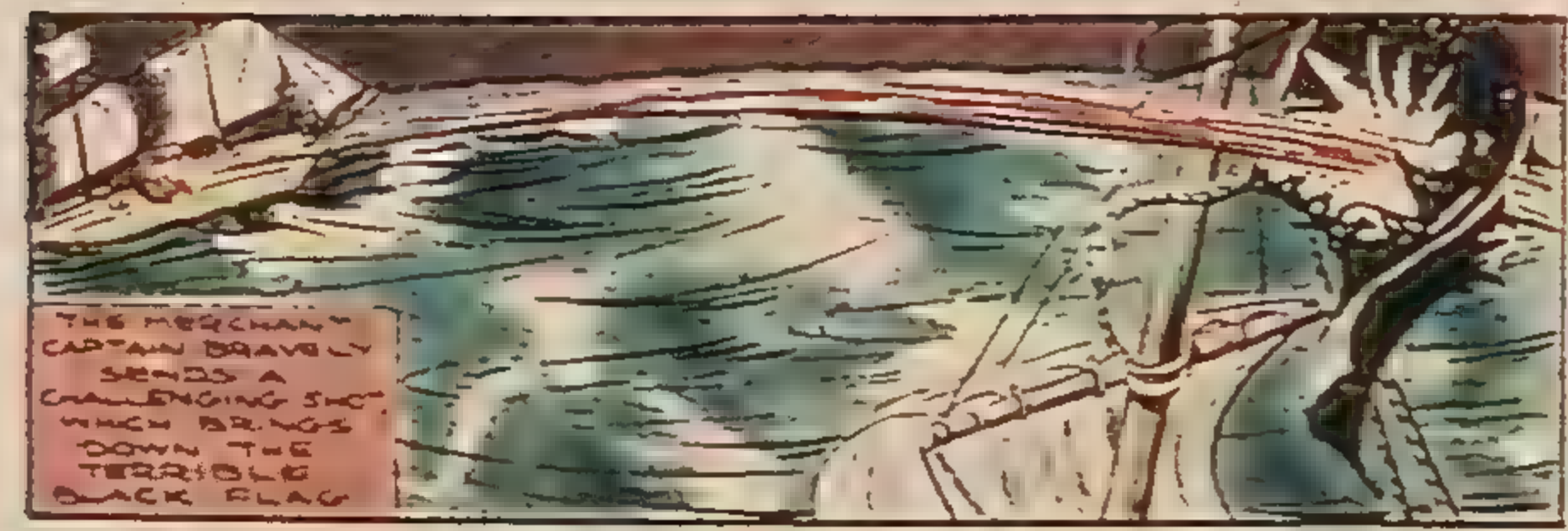

DAWN-AND THE PIRATE CRAFT WEIGHS ANCHOR.


SAIL HO - LOOKS LIKE A RICH PRIZE!
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THE LOOKOUT SPIES A VICTIM - A RICHLY-LADEN MERCHANT SHIP.

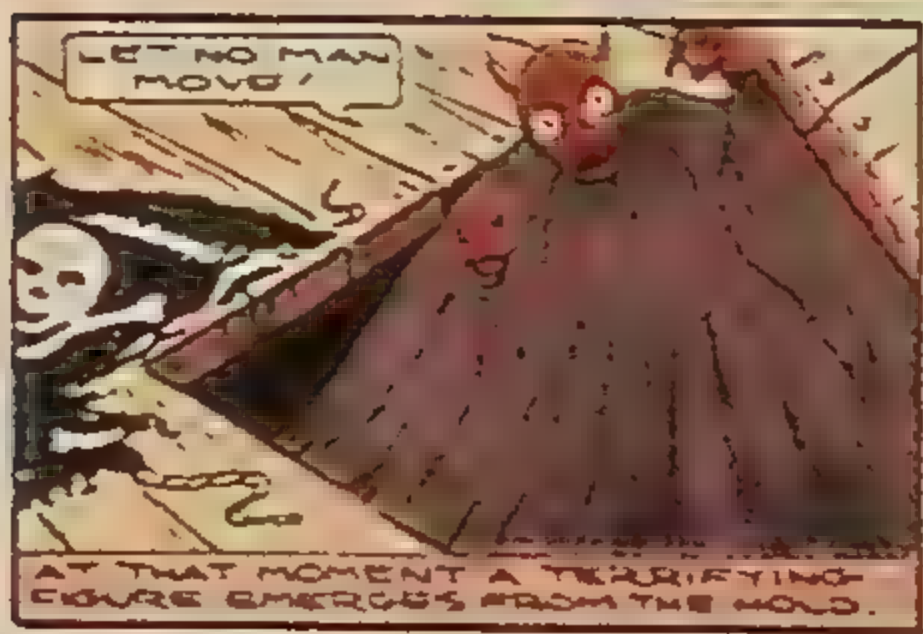

CLEAR FOR ACTION! STAND BY TO LIGHT THE FUSE ON THAT GUN!
THE PIRATE CHIEF PLANS A GHASTLY DEATH FOR KENT.

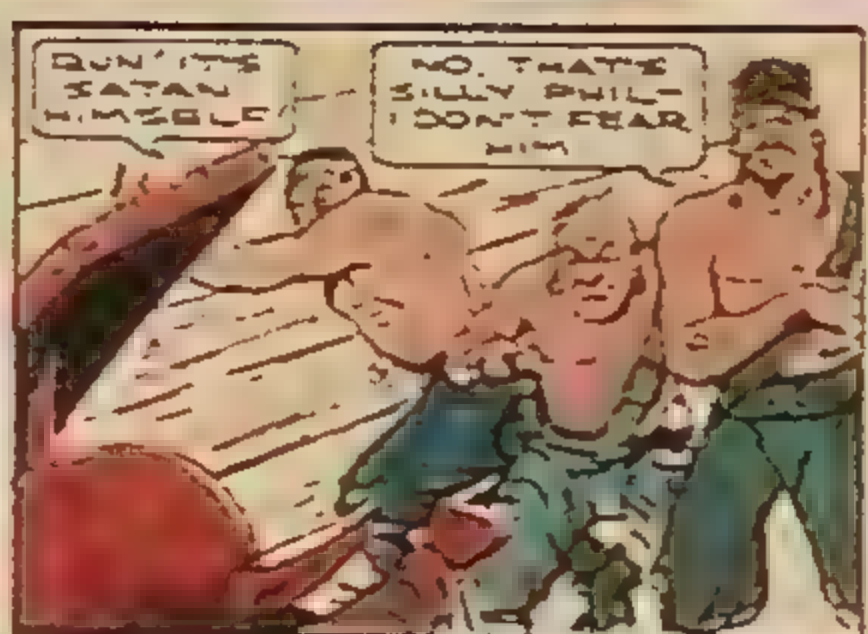
THAT WILL BE THE FIRST GUN WE FIRE!


THOSE PIRATES WILL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR OUR MONEY!
MEANWHILE, THE OTHER SHIP PREPARES FOR GRIM RESISTANCE.

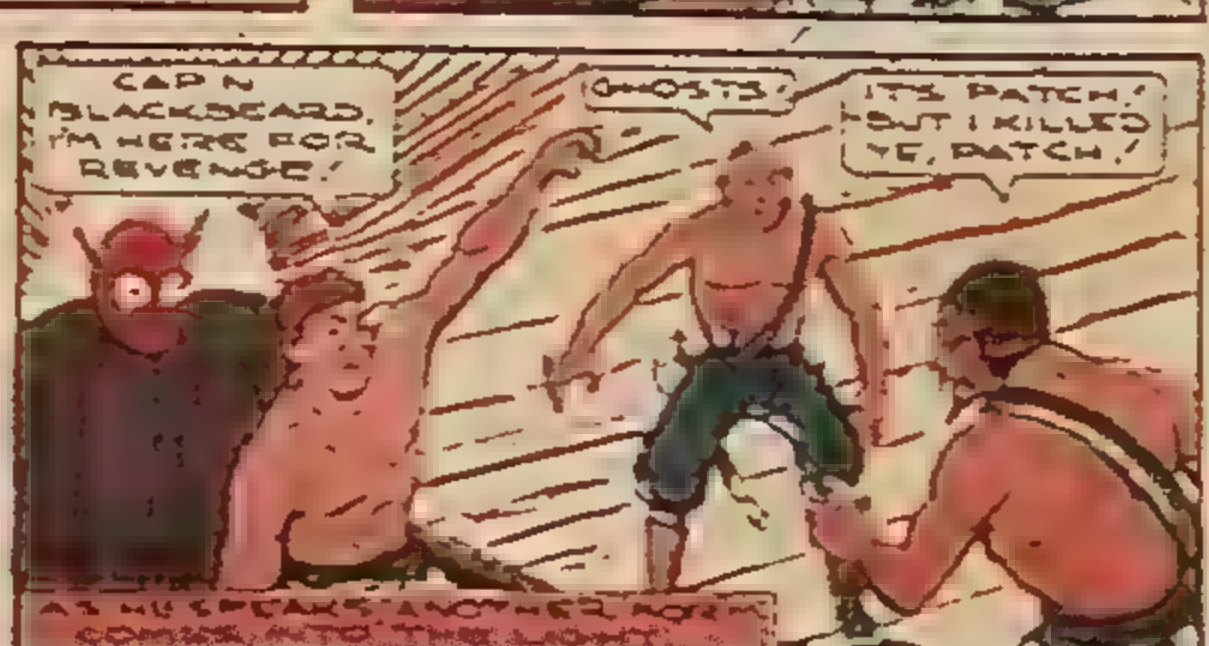

THE MERCHANT CAPTAIN BRAVELY SENDS A CHALLENGING SHOT WHICH BRINGS DOWN THE TERRIBLE BLACK FLAG

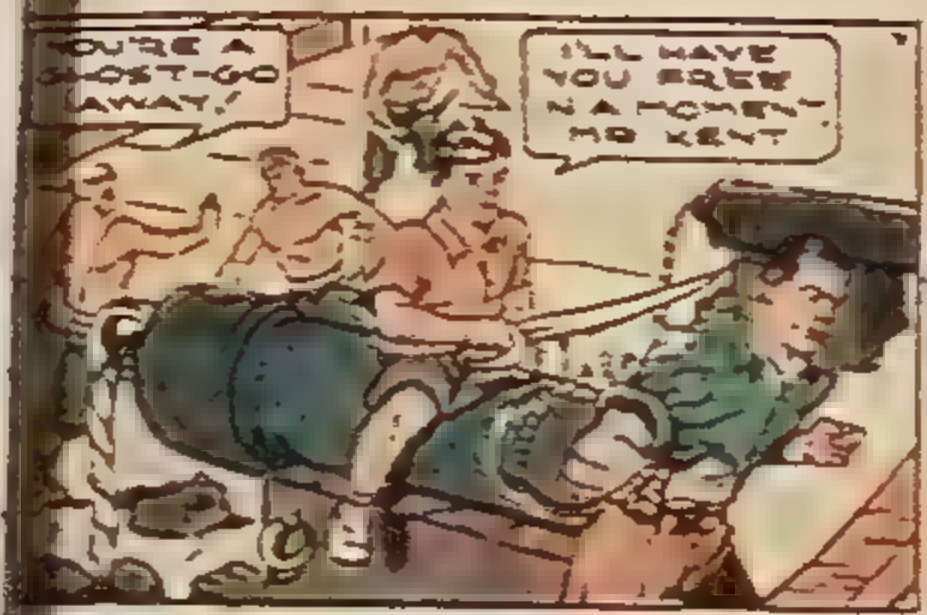
BLAST OUR DEADLIGHTS! THAT'S A BAD SIGN!
FLAG DOWN! LUCK DOWN!
THEY GOT THE JOLLY ROGER—FIRST SHOT.
THE DRAMATIC INCIDENT FRIGHTENS THE SUPERSTITIOUS PIRATES.

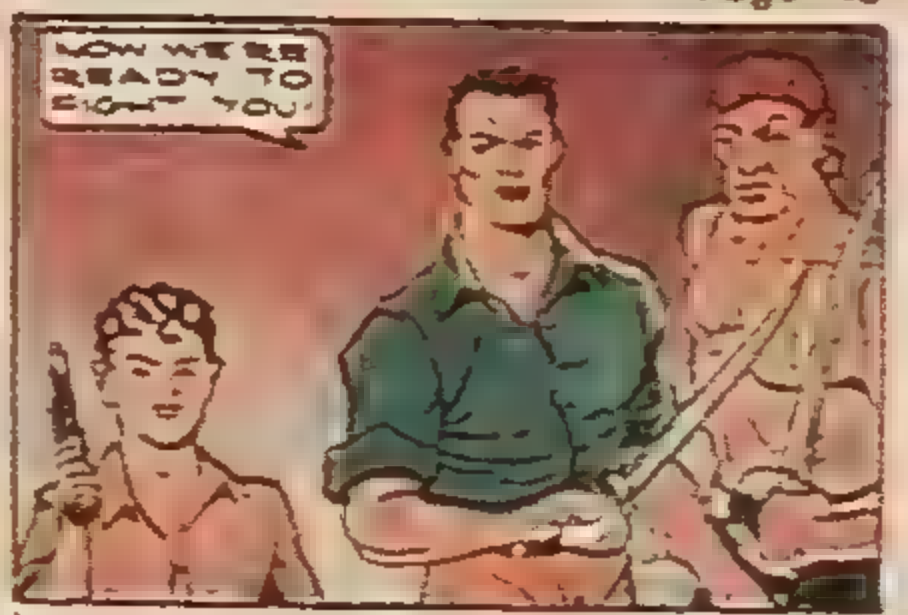

LET NO MAN MOVE!
AT THAT MOMENT A TERRIFYING FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE HOLD.

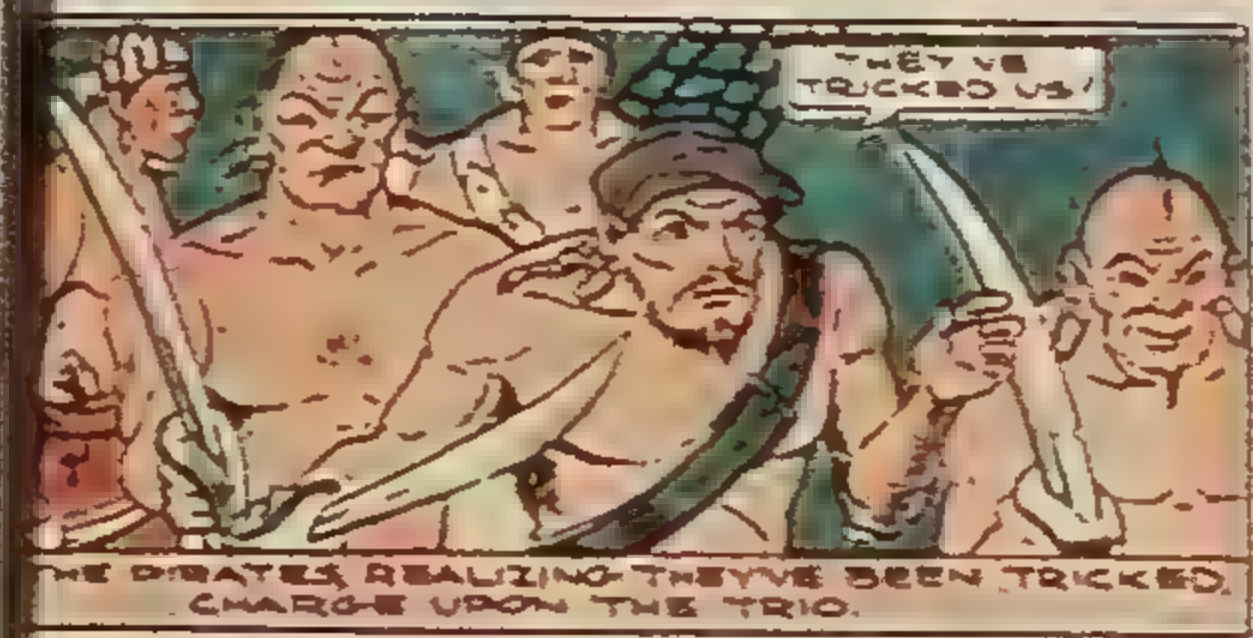

RUN! IT'S SATAN HIMSELF!
NO. THAT'S SILLY PHIL—I DON'T FEAR HIM.

WHAT'S THIS FOOLISHNESS—I'LL SLIT YE OPEN LIKE A HERRING!

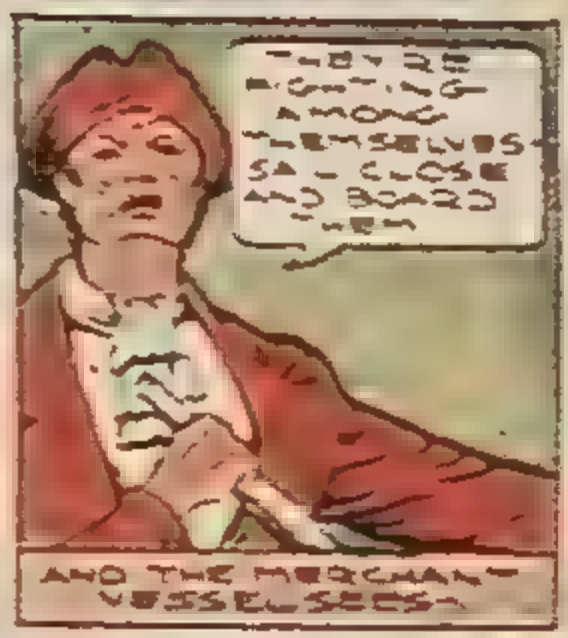

CAP'N BLACKBEARD, I'M HERE FOR REVENGE!
GHOSTS!
IT'S PATCH! BUT I KILLED YE, PATCH!
AS HE SPEAKS ANOTHER FORM COMES INTO THE LIGHT.



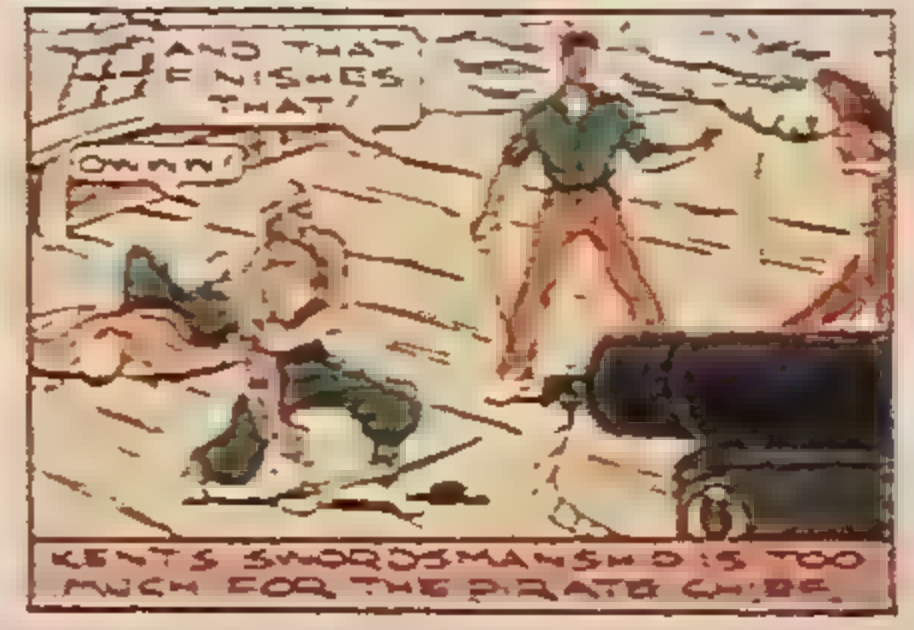




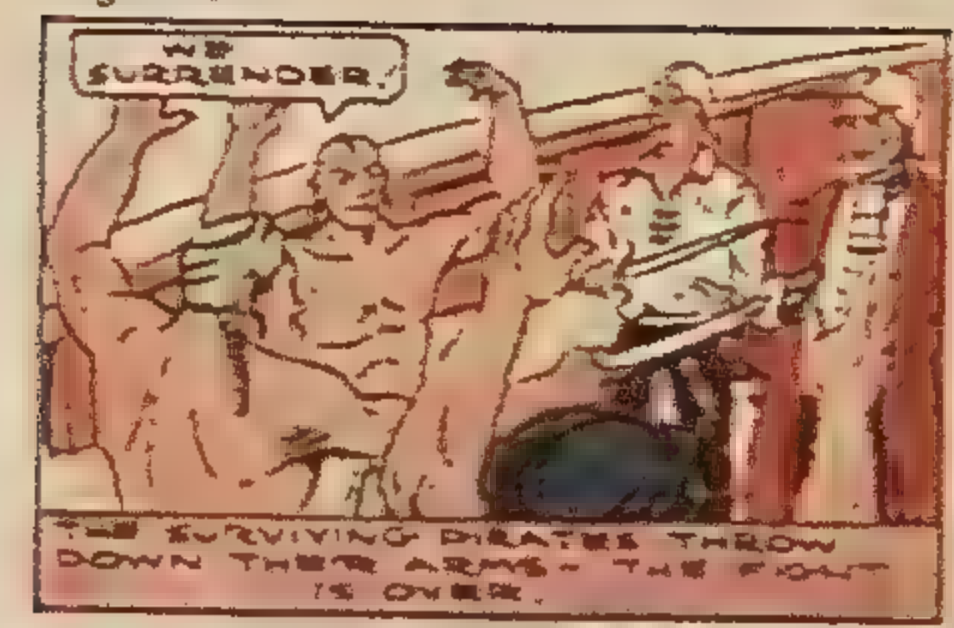
THE PIRATES, REALIZING THEY'VE BEEN TRICKED, CHARGE UPON THE TRIO.

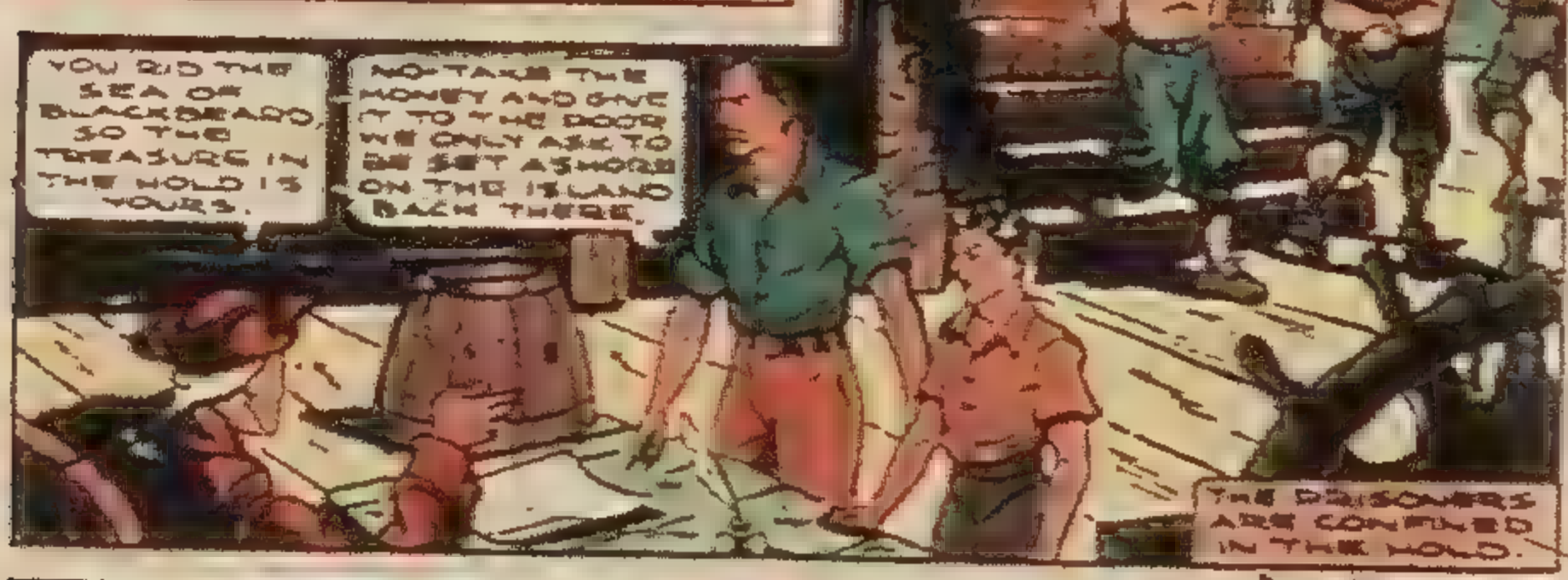


AND THE MERCHANT VESSEL SEES—



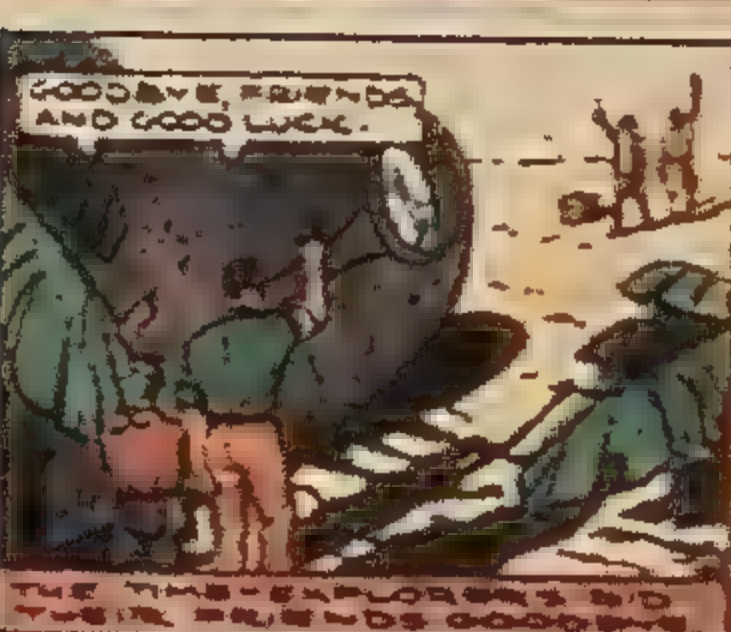
KENT'S SWORDSMANSHIP IS TOO MUCH FOR THE PIRATE CHIEF.

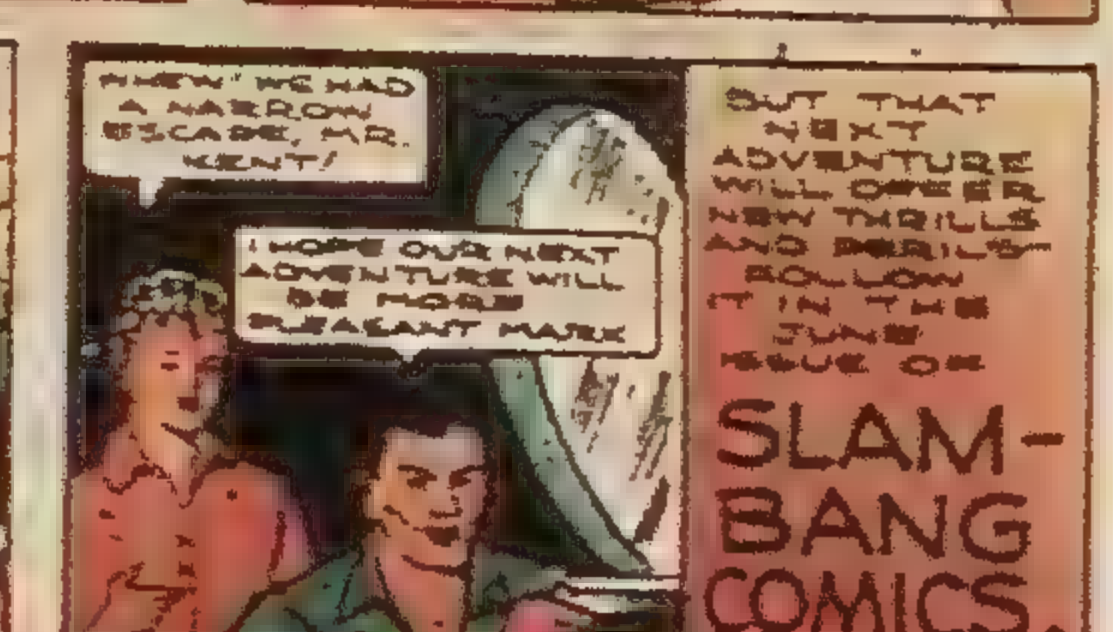

WE SURRENDER!
THE SURVIVING PIRATES THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS - THE FIGHT IS OVER.


YOU RID THE SEA OF BLACKBEARD, SO THE TREASURE IN THE HOLD IS YOURS.
NO! TAKE THE MONEY AND GIVE IT TO THE POOR. WE ONLY ASK TO BE SET ASHORE ON THE ISLAND BACK THERE.
THE PRISONERS ARE CONFINED IN THE HOLD.

THERE IS MORE TREASURE HERE!
MORE WEALTH - WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THIS?
AND SO THE TIME-TRAVELLERS RETURN TO THE ISLAND.

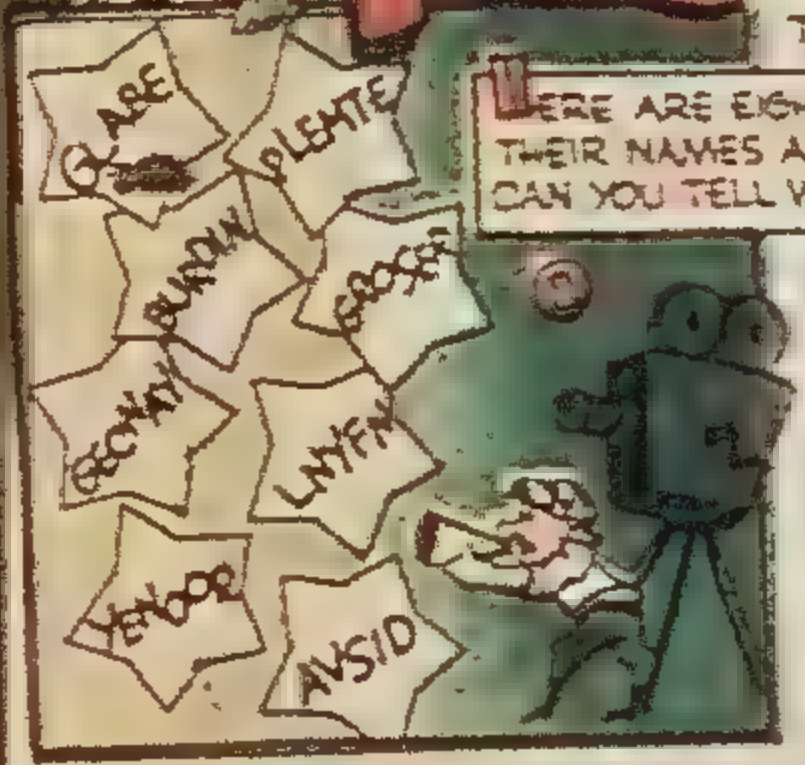
GIVE IT TO PATCH HERE - HE WANTS TO TURN HONEST.
IT SHALL BE DONE.
THANK YE, ME LAD!


GOODBYE, FRIENDS, AND GOOD LUCK.
THE TIME-EXPLORERS BID THEIR FRIENDS GOODBYE.

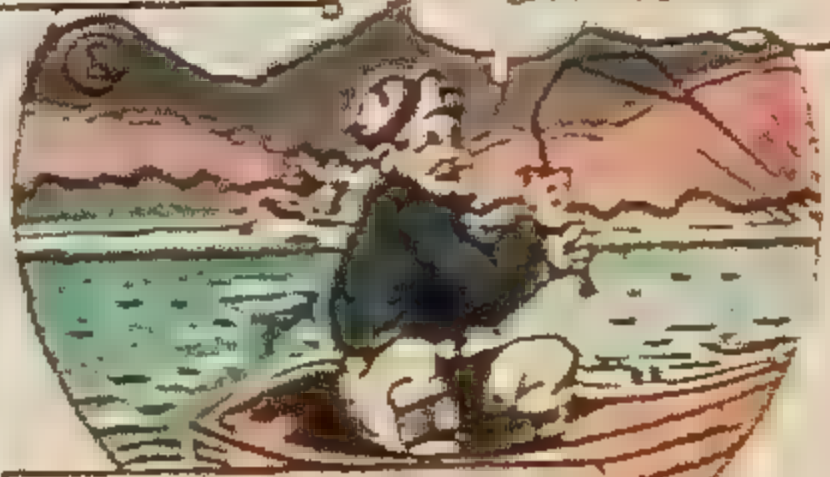

PHEW! WE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE, MR. KENT!
I HOPE OUR NEXT ADVENTURE WILL BE MORE PLEASANT MARK.
BUT THAT NEXT ADVENTURE WILL OFFER NEW THRILLS AND PERILS - FOLLOW IT IN THE JUNE ISSUE OF
SLAM-BANG COMICS.

PUZZLETTES

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWERS—



HERE ARE EIGHT MOVIE STARS. THEIR NAMES ALL SCRAMBLED— CAN YOU TELL WHO THEY ARE?



WHAT FAMOUS BASE BALL PLAYER DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

TRUE OR FALSE

DO YOU KNOW WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING STATEMENTS ARE TRUE AND WHICH ARE FALSE?

1. A PYGMY IS A SMALL PIG
2. THE EARTH CASTS A SHADOW
3. A TOURNIQUET IS A CONTEST
4. A MILKSOP IS A CANDY BAR

A MAN ABOUT TO EAT DINNER IN A RESTAURANT, COMPLAINED TO THE WAITER HE COULD NOT READ THE MENU— CAN YOU?

—Menu—
CUPSHOEY
GHATSTEPI
TOOSOH
SOATTOPE
BOATSFEER
SHAH
SENAB

JUMPS—

BILLY SAYS HE CAN JUMP 16 FEET
BOBBY CLAIMS HE CAN JUMP 5½ YARDS
GRACIE SAYS SHE CAN CLEAR 200 INCHES
OLIVER SAYS HE CAN LEAP 1/300 OF A MILE

WHO DO YOU THINK CAN JUMP THE FARTHEST?

ANSWERS

GABLE, TEMPLE, BOONEY, DAVIS, ROGERS, FLYNN, CAGNEY, DURBIN

BIG FELLER

FALSE, TRUE, FALSE, FALSE

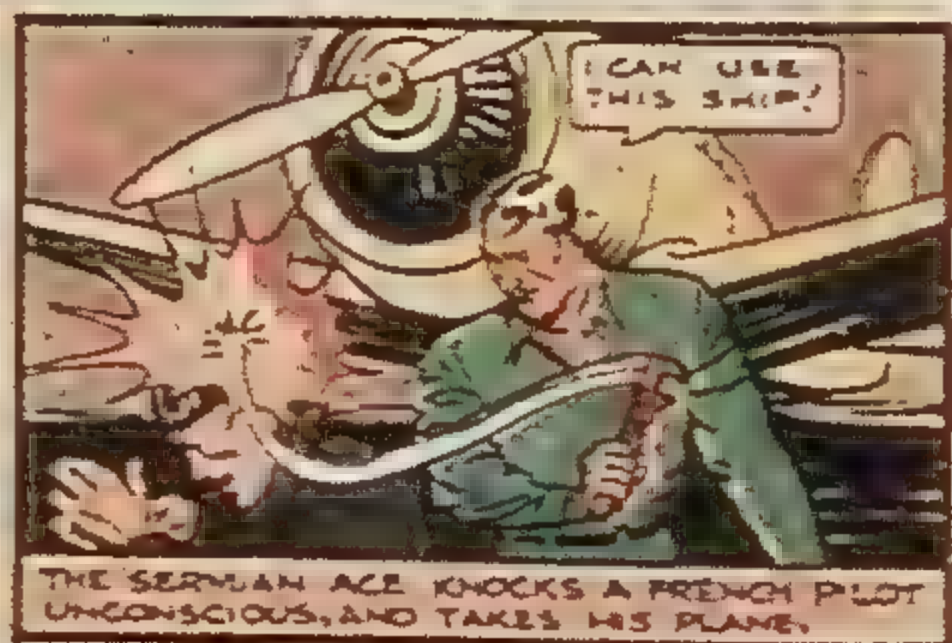
OLIVER – 17.6 FEET

CHOP SUEY, SPAGHETTI, HOT DOG, POTATOES, ROAST BEEF, HASH, BEANS

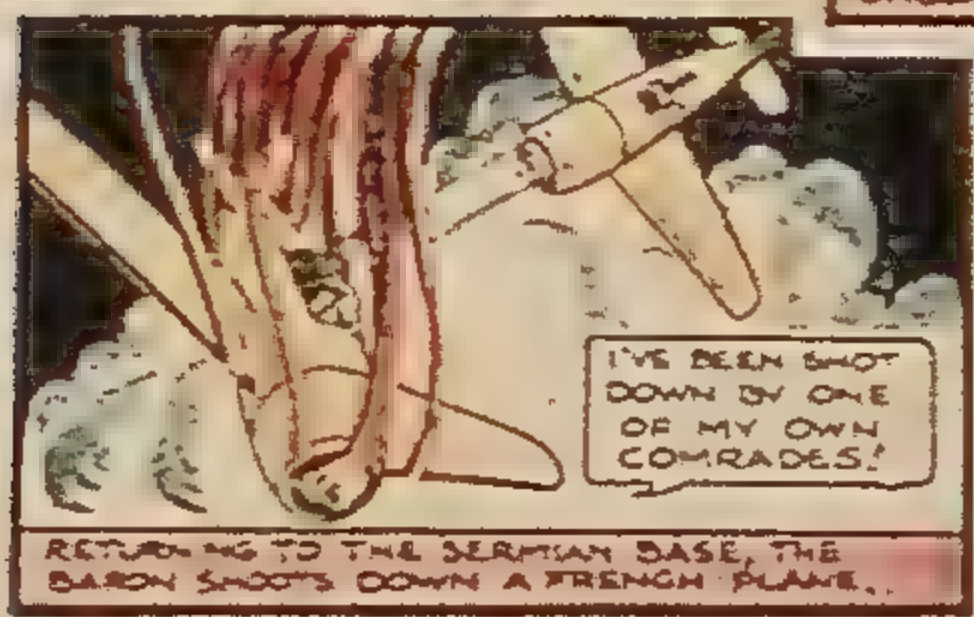
The WAR BIRD

ESCAPING FROM A PRISON CAMP, THE GERMAN ACE, BARON BRUNT, RESUMES HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE ALLIES - UNTIL THE WAR BIRD - - AMERICAN FLIER TOM SHARP, SERVING AS CAPTAIN IN THE FRENCH AIR FORCE - SETS OUT TO CLIP THE BARON'S WINGS.

THE CRAFTY BARON BRUNT ESCAPES FROM HIS CELL.

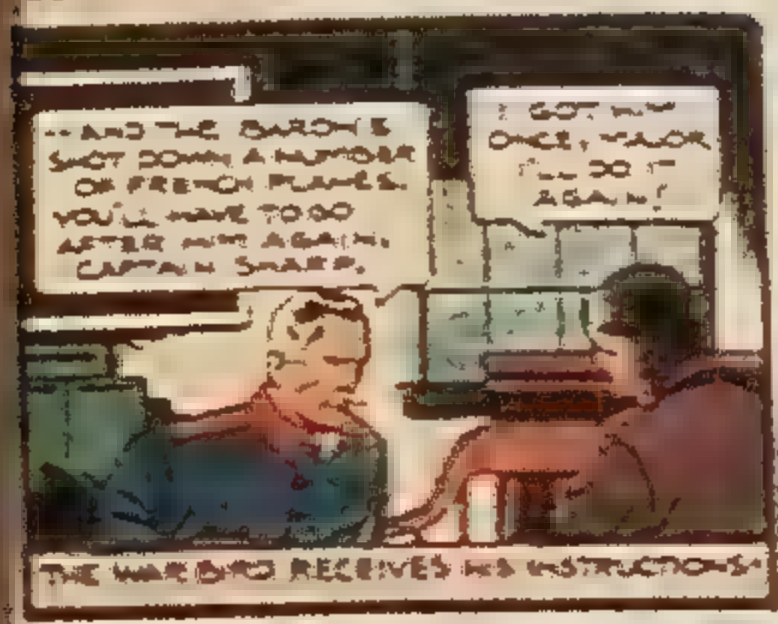


THE GERMAN ACE KNOCKS A FRENCH PILOT UNCONSCIOUS, AND TAKES HIS PLANE.

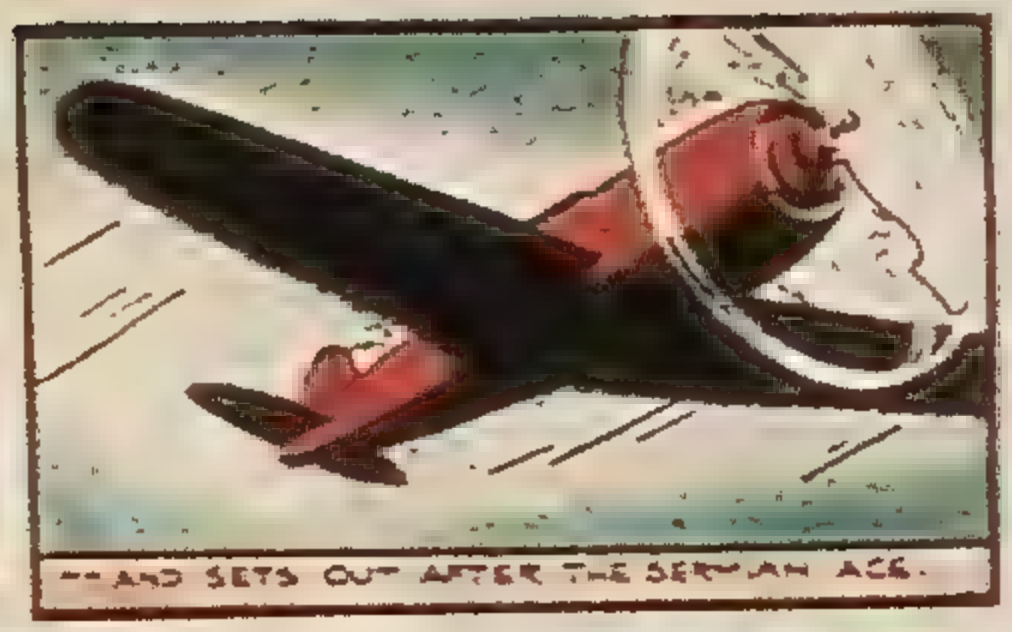


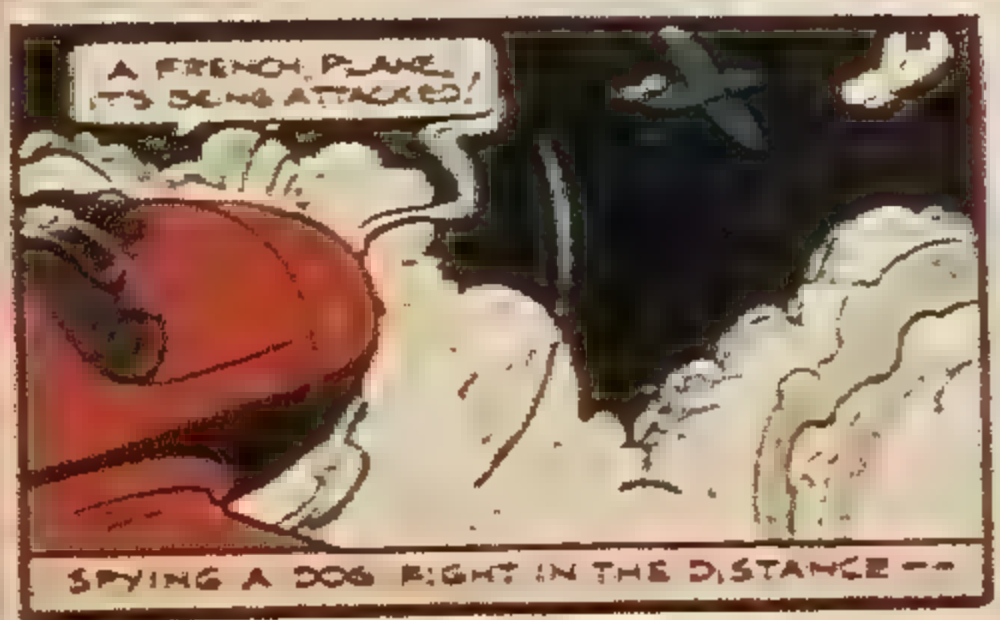
RETURNING TO THE GERMAN BASE, THE BARON SHOOTS DOWN A FRENCH PLANE.

AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE EAGLE SQUADRON.

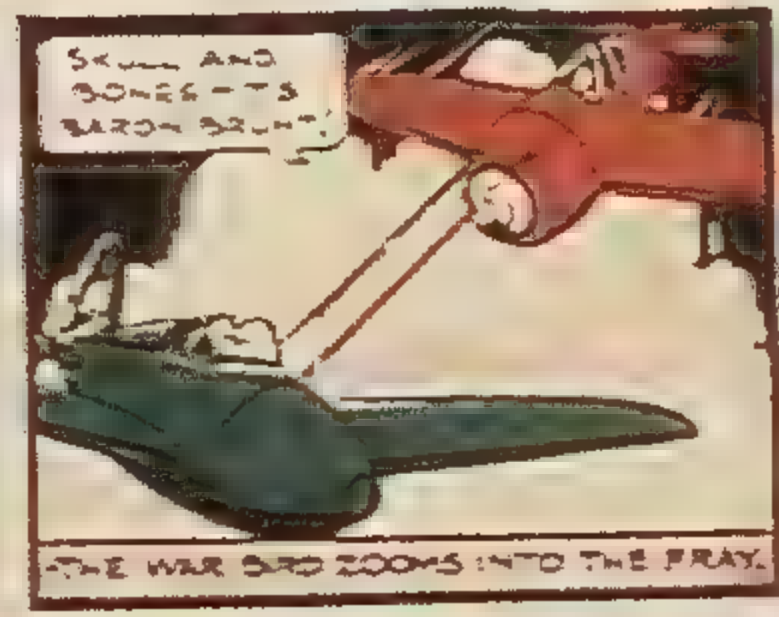


THE WAR BIRD RECEIVES HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

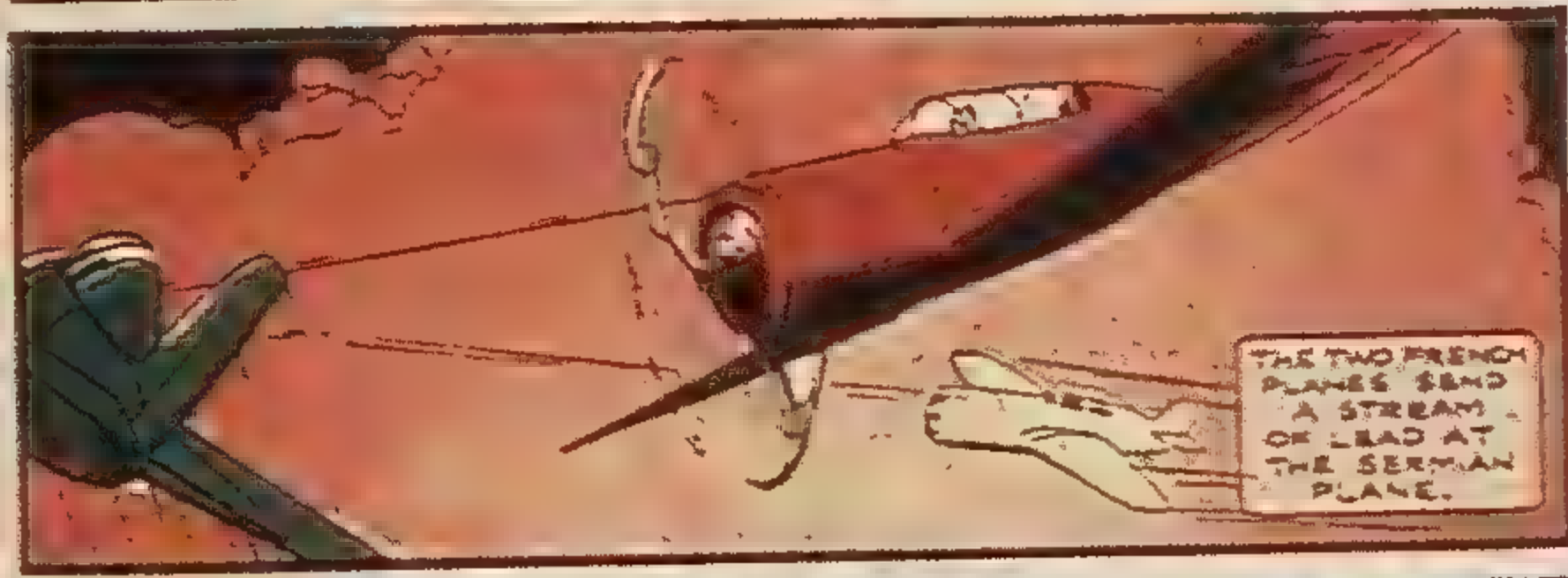

--AND SETS OUT AFTER THE GERMAN ACE.



SPYING A DOG FIGHT IN THE DISTANCE --

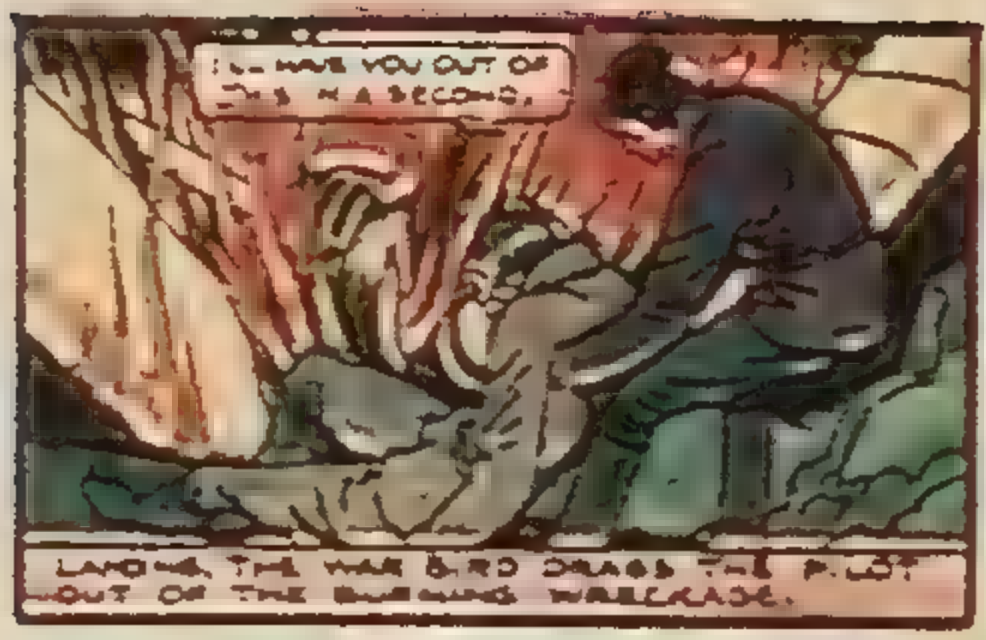


THE WAR BIRD ZOOMS INTO THE FRAY.

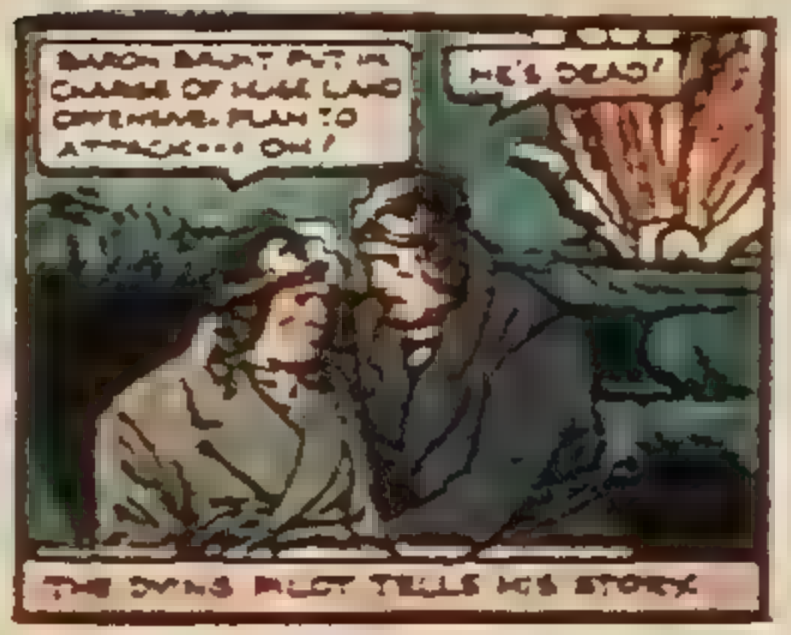


BUT, SIDE-SLIPPING, THE ENEMY SCORES A HIT.

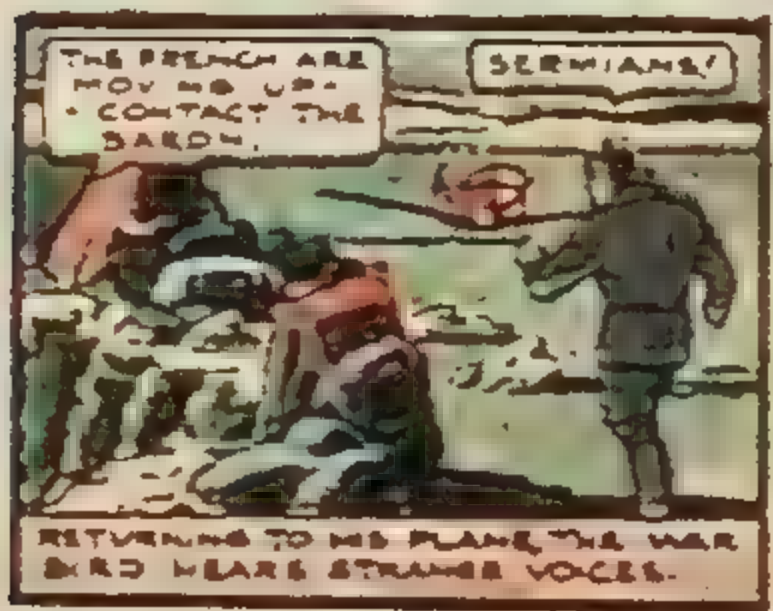
BARON BRUNT DISAPPEARS INTO THE CLOUDS AFTER SHOOTING DOWN ONE OF THE FRENCH PLANES.



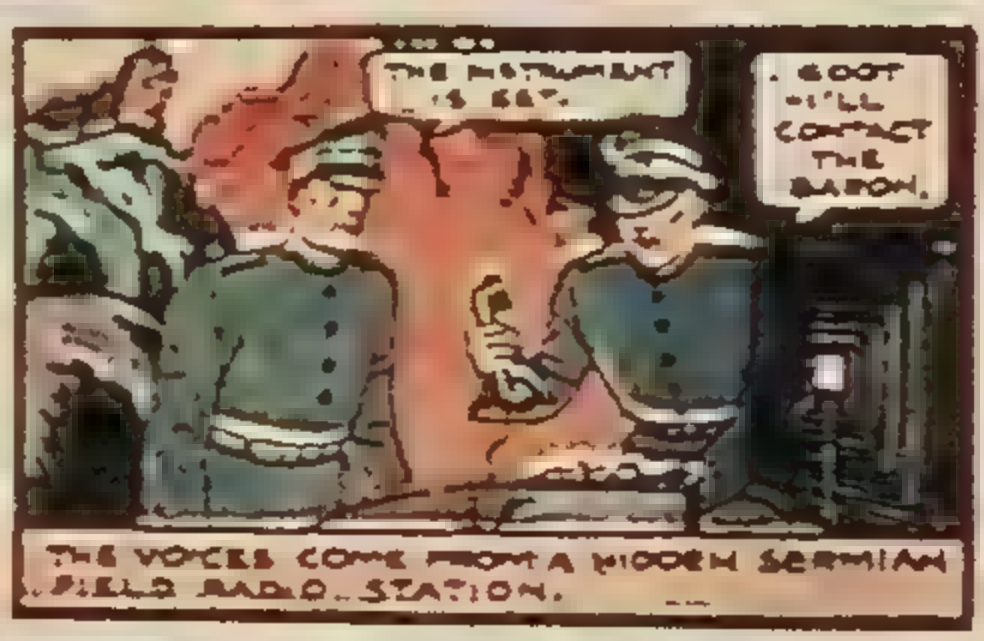
LANDING, THE WAR BIRD DRAGS THE PILOT OUT OF THE BURNING WRECKAGE.



THE DYING PILOT TELLS HIS STORY.



RETURNING TO HIS PLANE, THE WAR BIRD HEARS STRANGE VOICES.

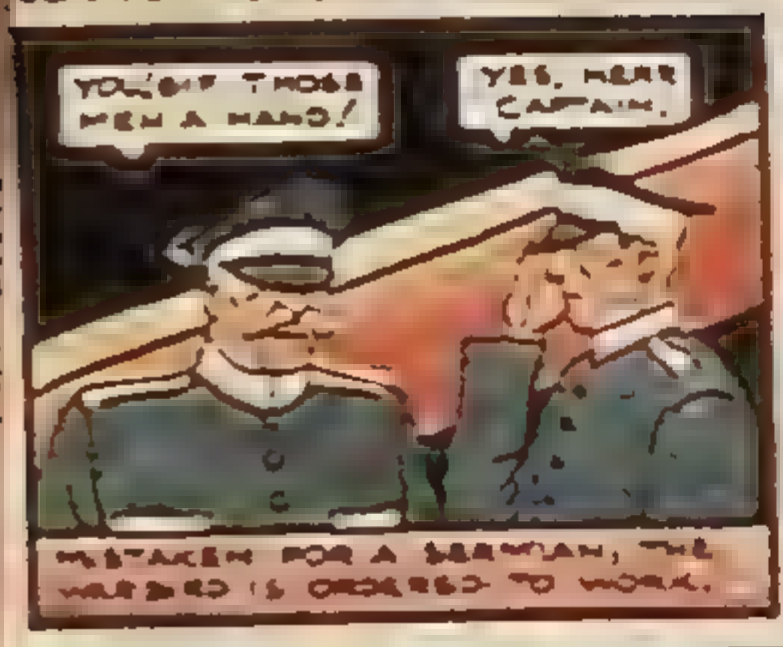


THE VOICES COME FROM A MODERN SERMIAN FIELD RADIO STATION.

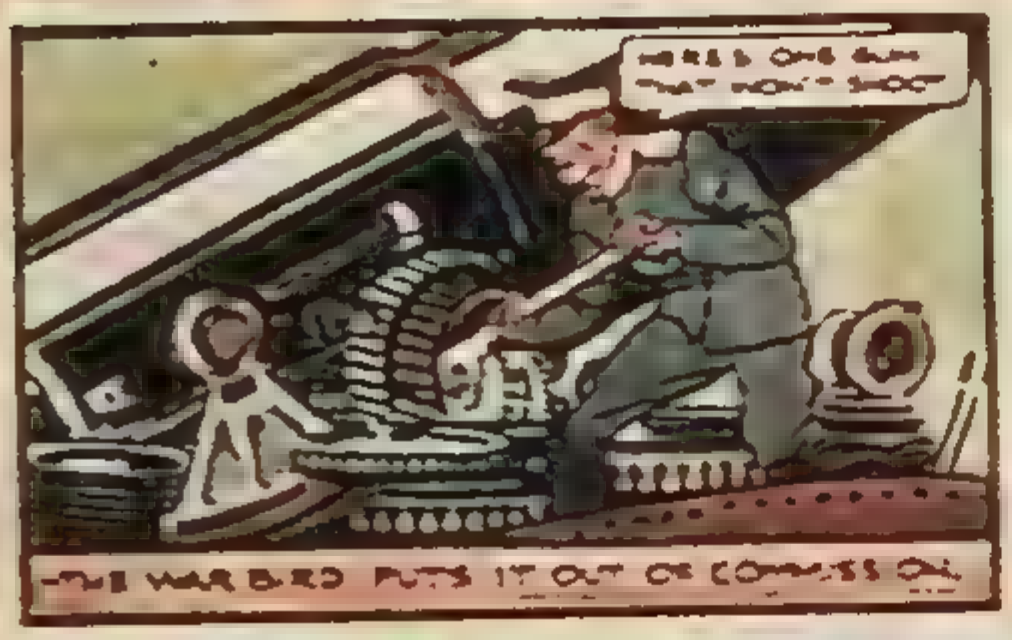
STRIKING LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, THE WAR BIRD SHOOTS DOWN THE SERMIANS...

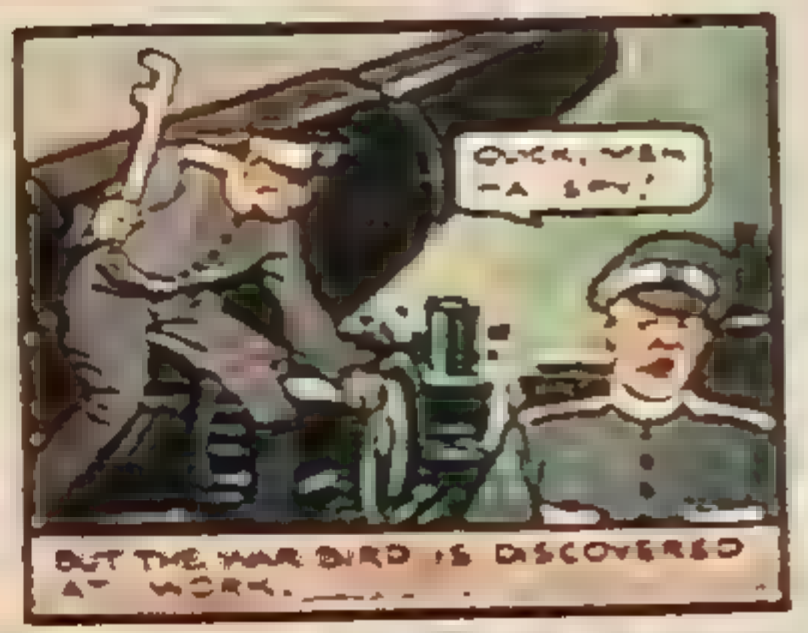
AND QUICKLY PUTS ON ONE OF THE UNIFORMS AS DISGUISE.

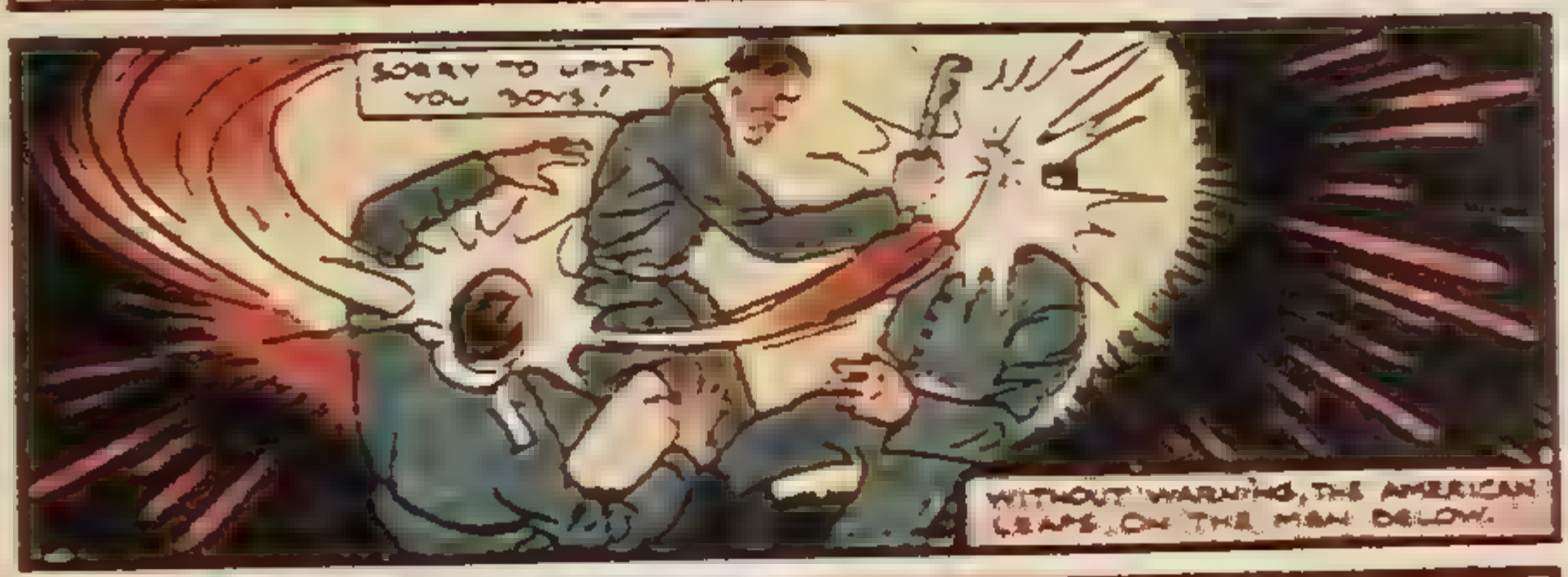
THE FRENCH ACE GOES TO THE ENEMY ENCAMPMENT.


YOU'LL GET THOSE MEN A HAND!
YES, HERR CAPTAIN.
MISTAKEN FOR A GERMAN, THE WAR BIRD IS ORDERED TO WORK.

I HAVE A NEW IDEA OF MY OWN.
CLIMBING UP THE SIDE OF A HUGE NAVAL GUNNER


HERE'S ONE GUN THAT WON'T SHOOT
THE WAR BIRD PUTS IT OUT OF COMMISSION.


QUICK, MEN—A SPY!
BUT THE WAR BIRD IS DISCOVERED AT WORK.

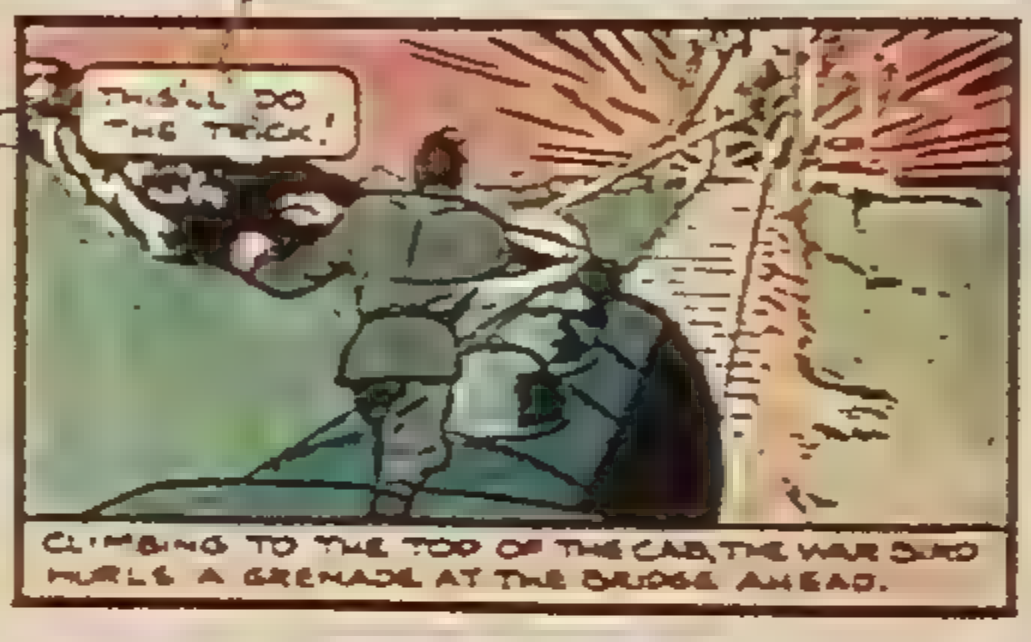

SORRY TO LEAVE YOU BOYS!
WITHOUT WARNING, THE AMERICAN LEAPS ON THE MAN BELOW.

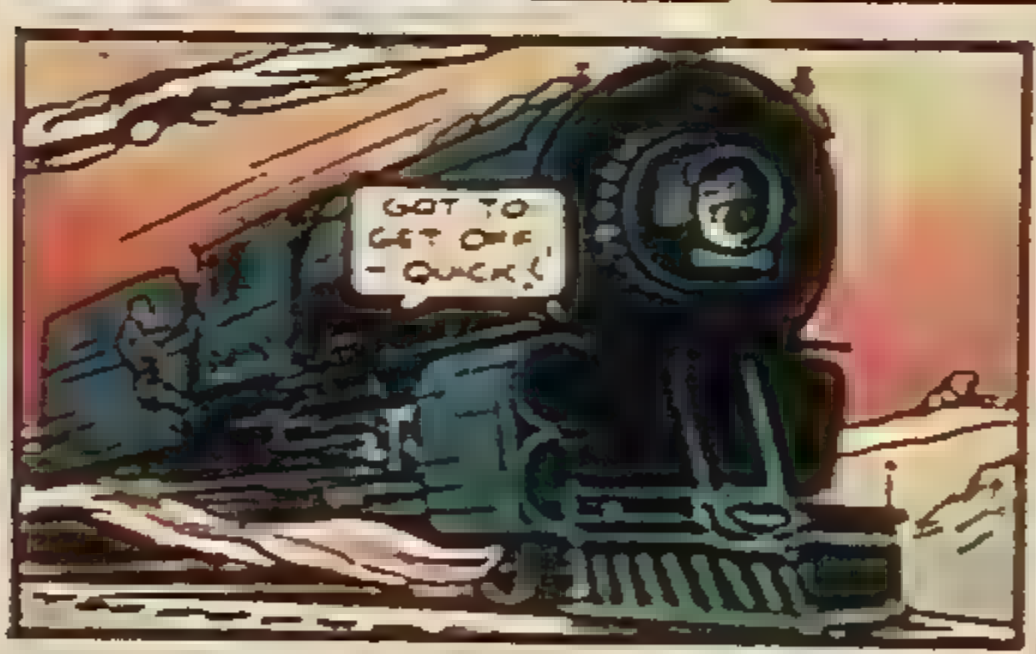
SHOOT HIM DOWN, MEN!

I'LL BE SAFE IN HERE.
AND A HAIL OF BULLETS THE WAR BIRD CLIMBS INTO THE CAB OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

QUICK! TELL THE BARON!
AND THE TRAIN, WITH IT'S CARLOADS OF BIG BERTHAS, RUMBLES OUT OF THE CAMP.

NOW TO GET RID OF THESE GUNS.


THIS'LL DO THE TRICK!
CLIMBING TO THE TOP OF THE CAR, THE WAR BIRD HURLS A GRENADE AT THE BRIDGE AHEAD.


GOT TO GET OFF - QUICK!

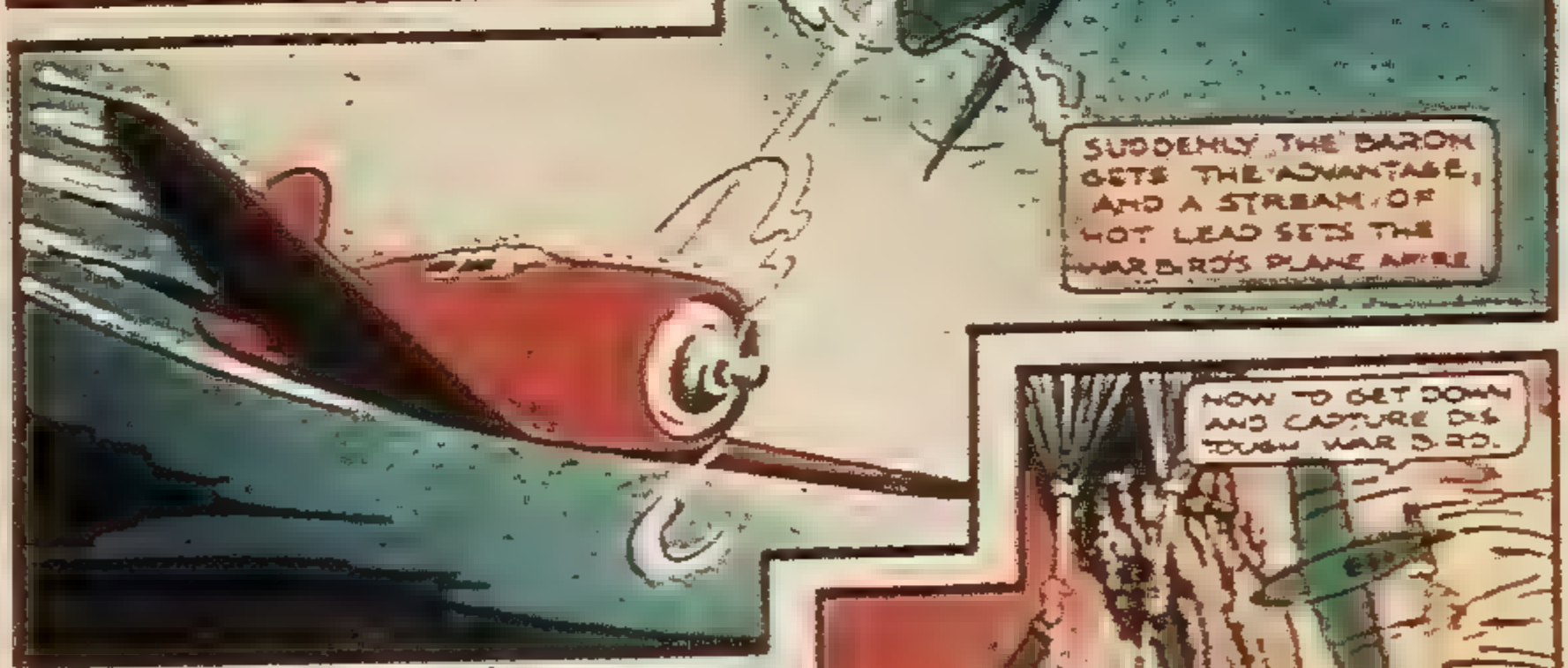
HERE GOES!

THE WARBIRD LANDS SAFELY AS THE TRAIN HURTLES INTO THE RIVER.

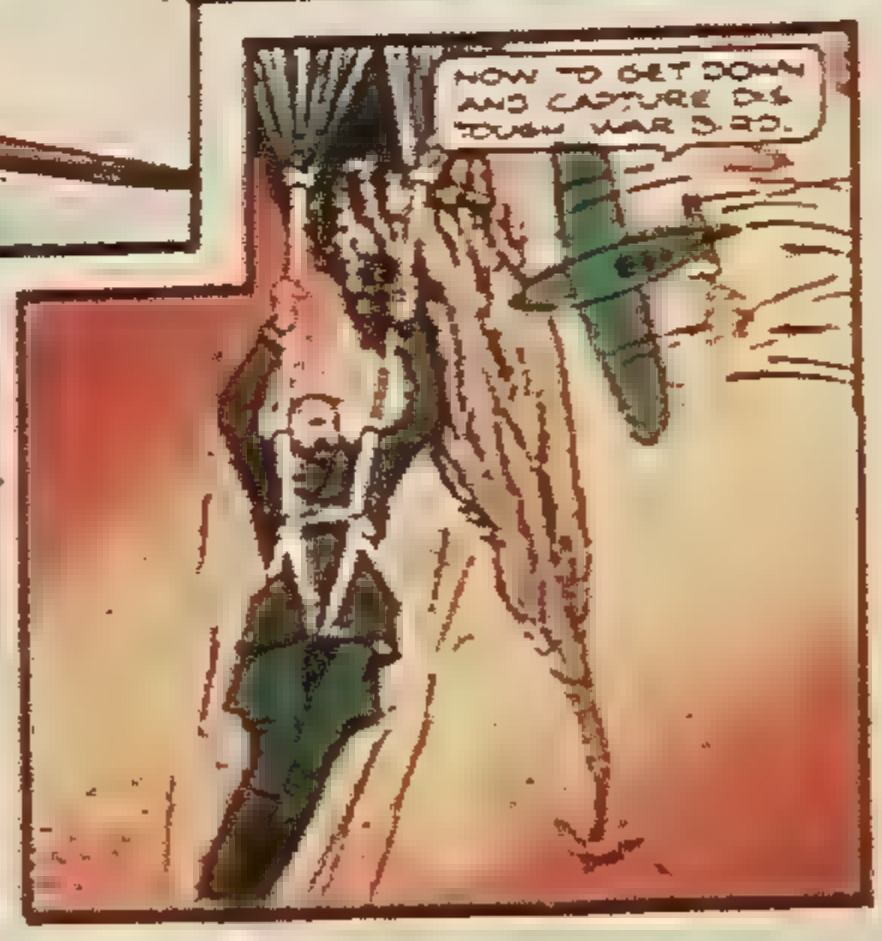
RETURNING TO THE GERMAN FIELD RADIO OUTFIT, THE WAR BIRD SENDS THE NEWS TO THE FRENCH.
ADVANCE STOPPED TEMPORARILY —RUSH PLANES!

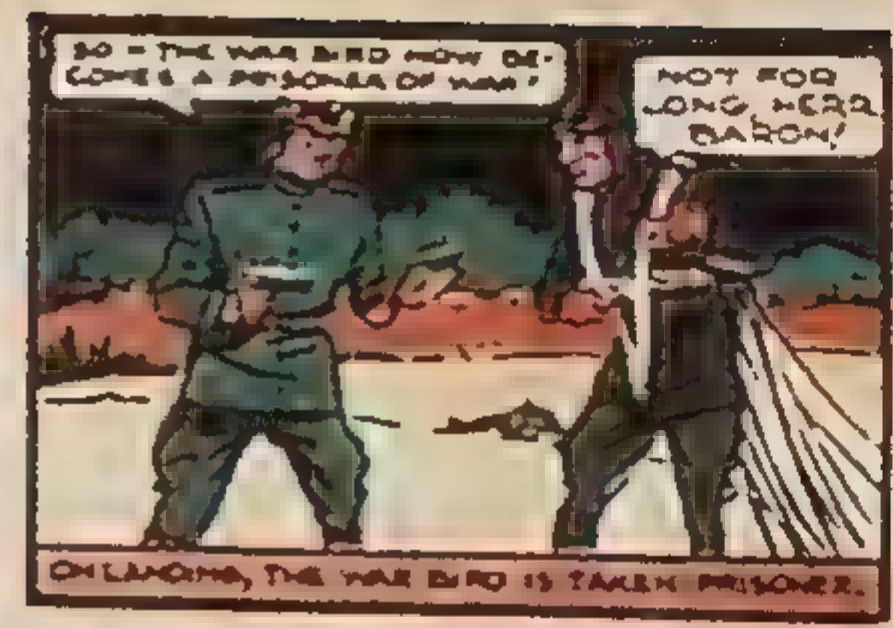
THE BARON —AT LAST WE MEET!
BACK AT HIS PLANE, THE WAR BIRD PREPARES TO MEET THE BARON, WHO IS CIRCLING OVERHEAD.

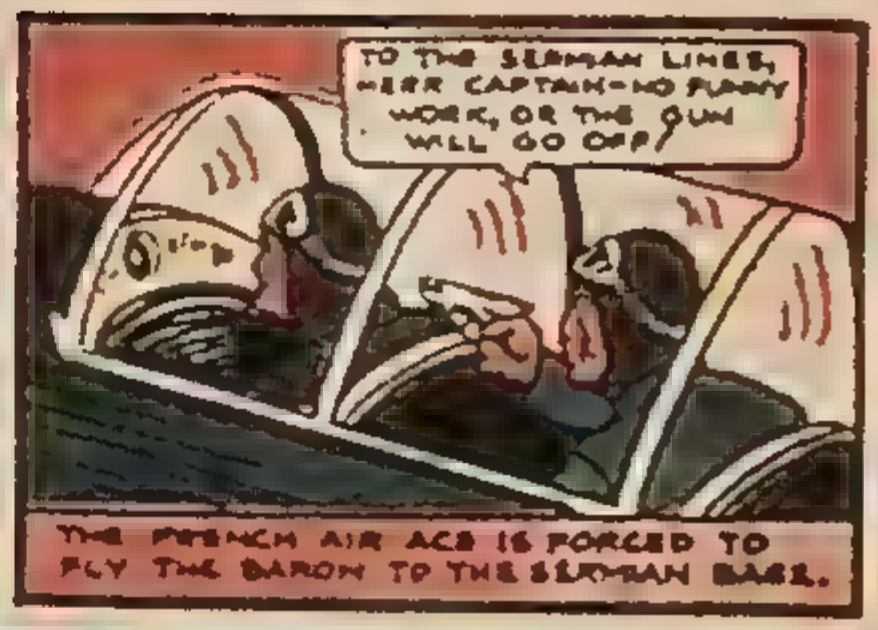
LIKE TWO MAD HAWKS, THE RIVAL ACES CHARGE AT EACH OTHER.

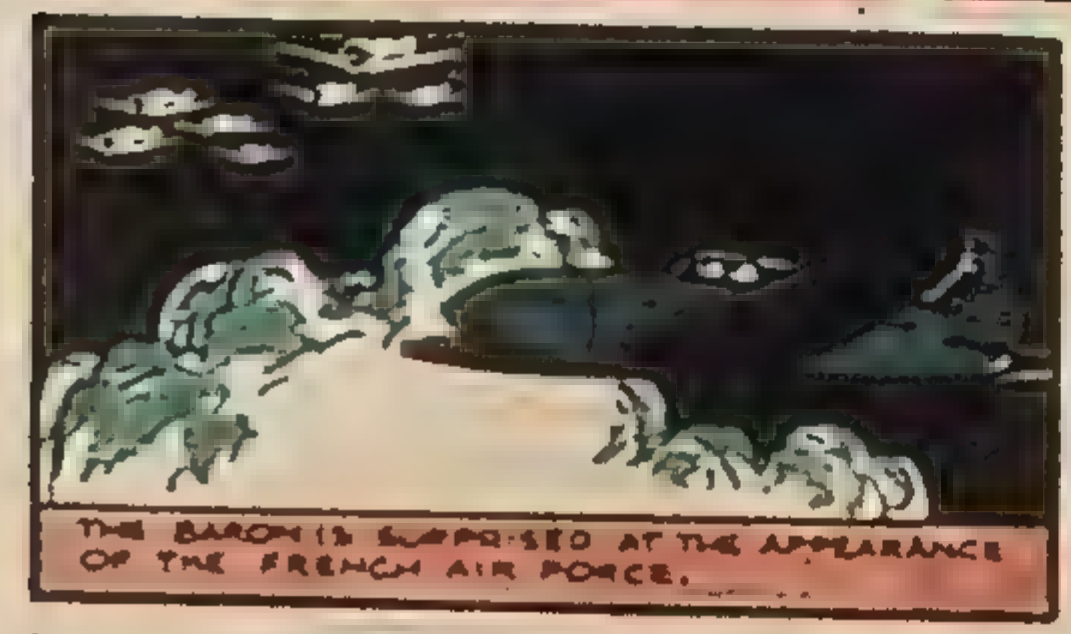

DIS VIL BE HIS END! NOBODY CAN BEST BARON BRUNT!
SUDDENLY THE BARON GETS THE ADVANTAGE, AND A STREAM OF HOT LEAD SETS THE WAR BIRD'S PLANE AFIRE.

THE PLANE'S AFIRE —I'VE GOT TO BAIL OUT!


NOW TO GET DOWN AND CAPTURE DIS TOUGH WAR BIRD.

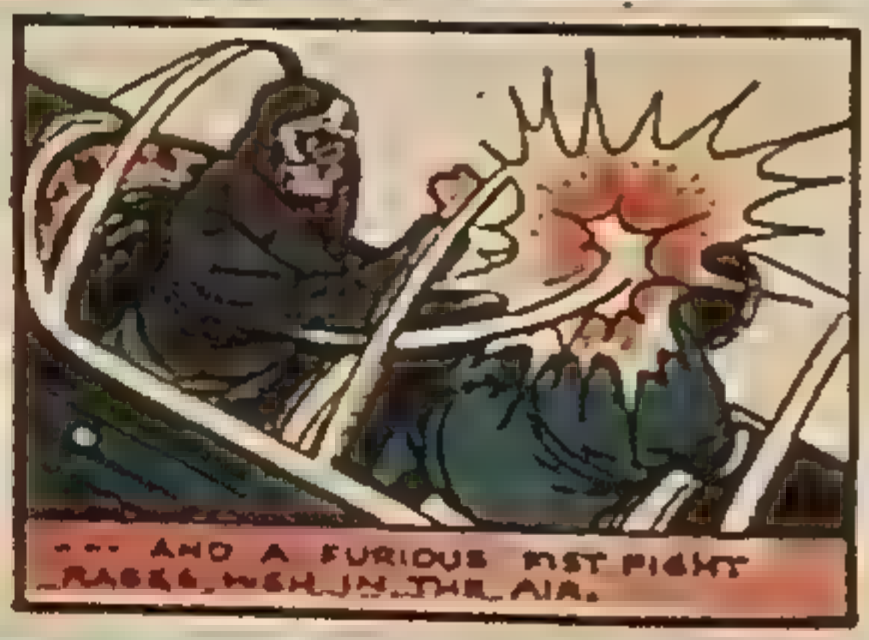

SO - THE WAR BIRD NOW BECOMES A PRISONER OF WAR!
NOT FOR LONG, HERR BARON!
ON LANDING, THE WAR BIRD IS TAKEN PRISONER.

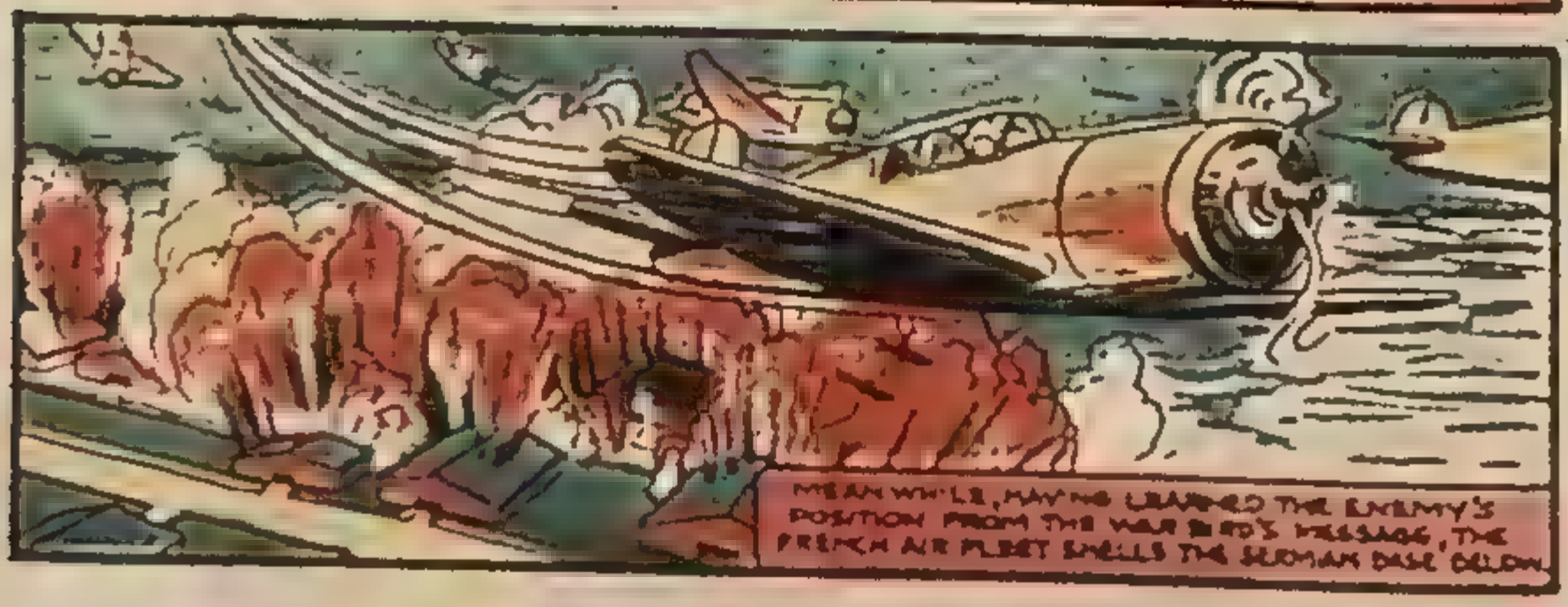

TO THE GERMAN LINES, HERR CAPTAIN-NO FUNNY WORK, OR THE GUN WILL GO OFF!
THE FRENCH AIR ACE IS FORCED TO FLY THE BARON TO THE GERMAN BASE.

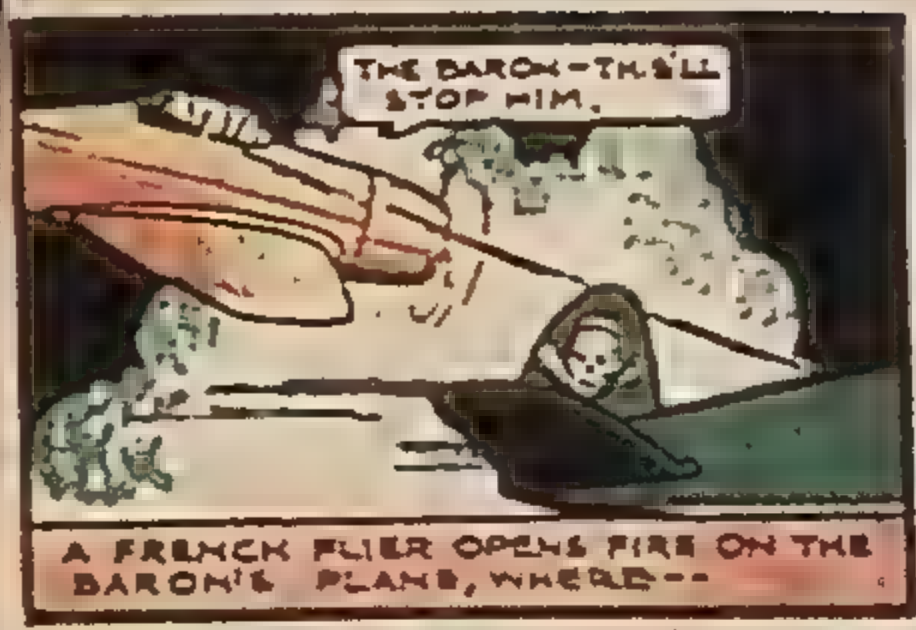

THE BARON IS SURPRISED AT THE APPEARANCE OF THE FRENCH AIR FORCE.

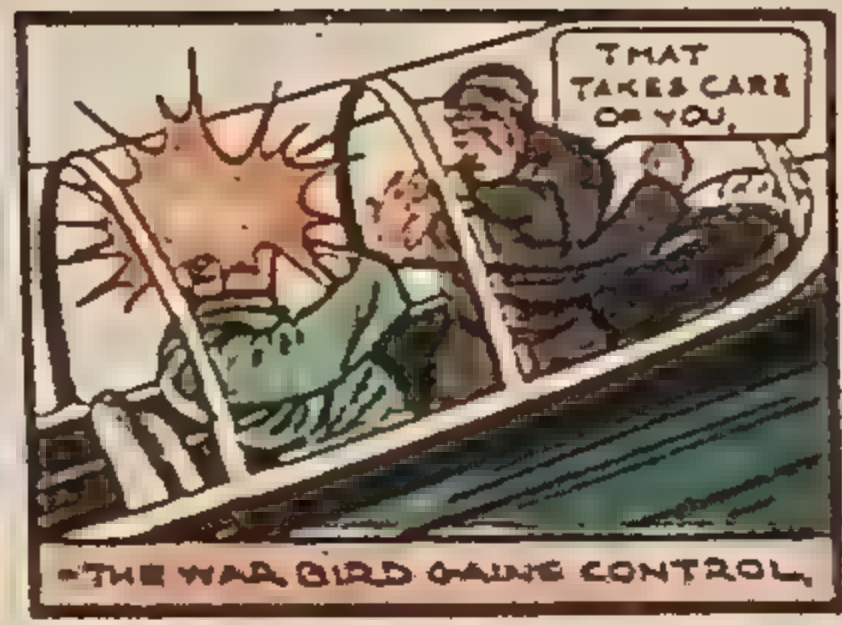
IT'S YOUR WORK! AND YOUR REWARD WILL BE A BULLET IN THE BRAIN!

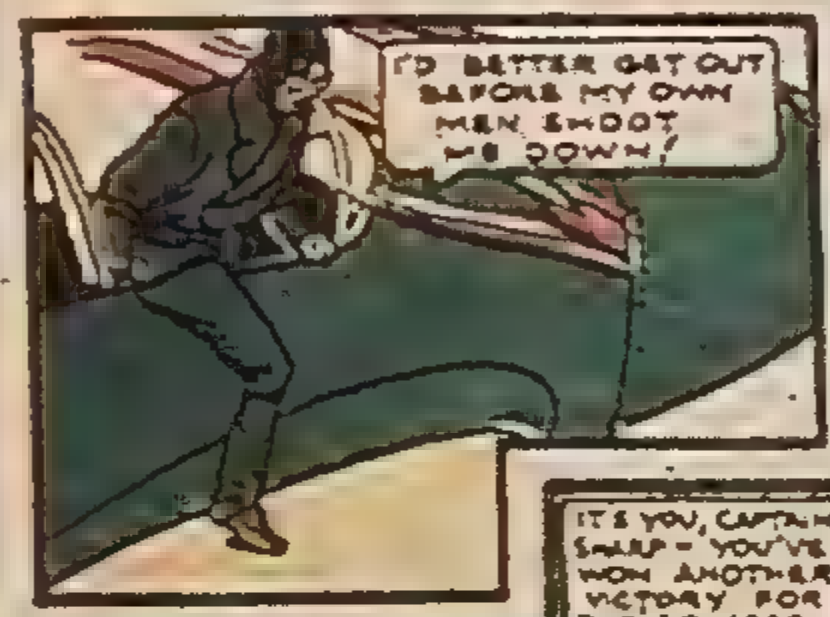
NOT SO FAST, BARON!
IN A FLASH, THE WAR BIRD'S HAND SHOOTS OUT AND BRAINS THE GUN AIDE ....

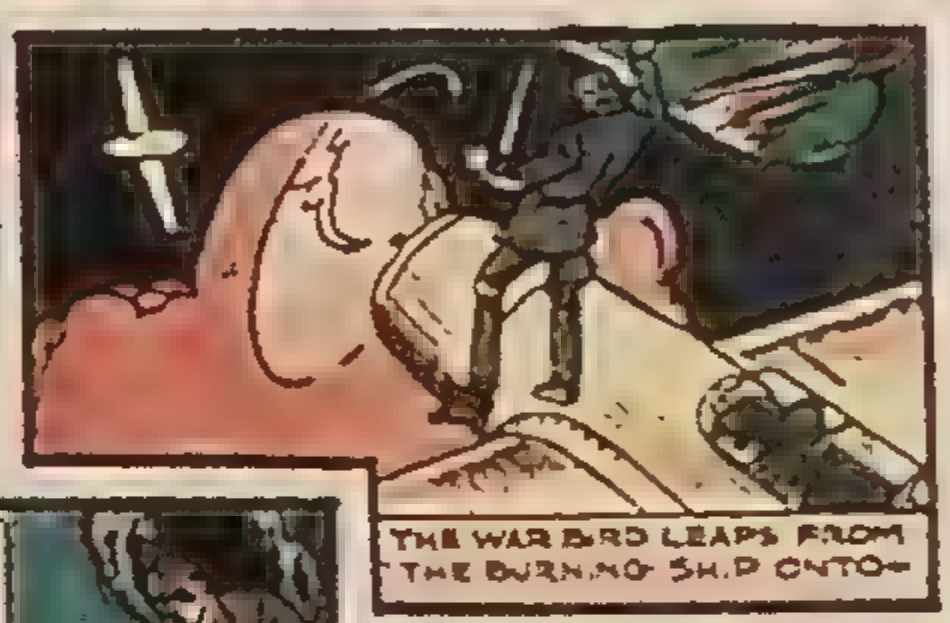

... AND A FURIOUS FIST FIGHT RAGES, WHILE IN THE AIR.

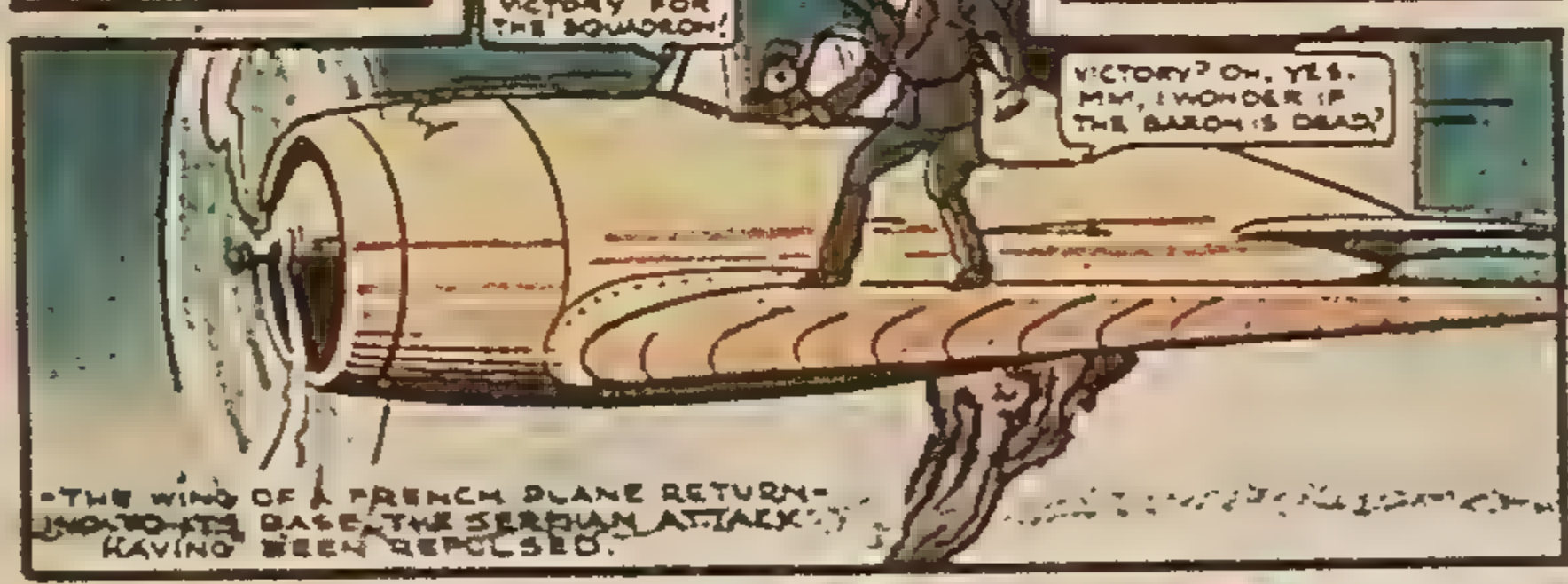

MEANWHILE, HAVING LEARNED THE ENEMY'S POSITION FROM THE WAR BIRD'S MESSAGE, THE FRENCH AIR FLEET SHELLS THE GERMAN BASE BELOW.

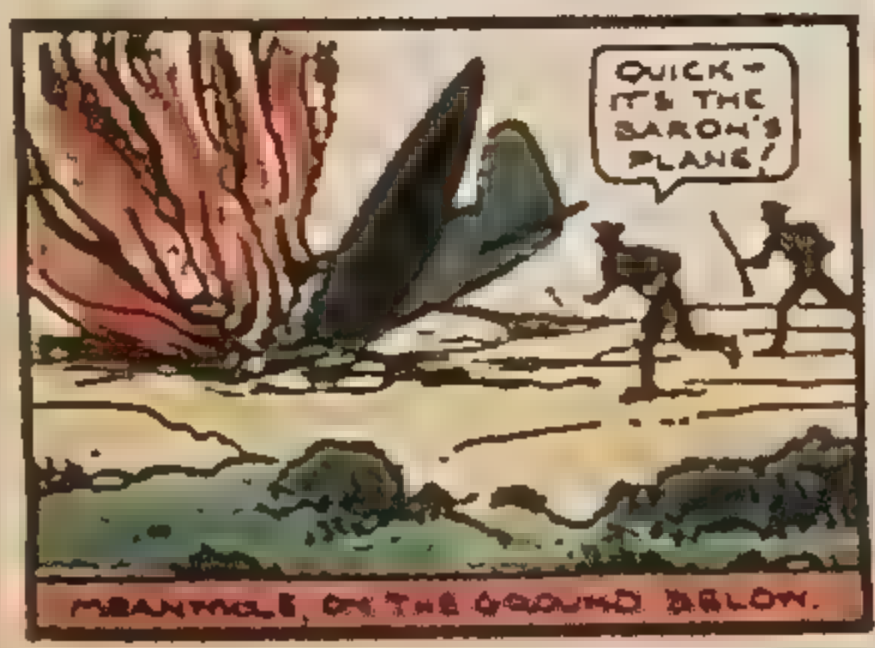

THE BARON—THIS'LL STOP HIM.
A FRENCH FLIER OPENS FIRE ON THE BARON'S PLANE, WHERE--

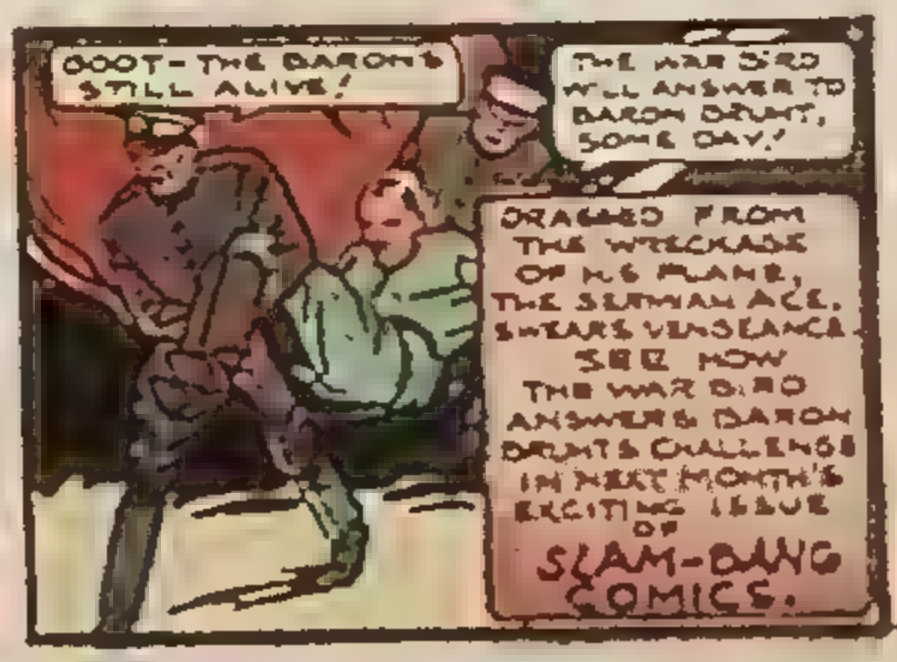

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU.
—THE WAR BIRD GAINS CONTROL.


I'D BETTER GET OUT BEFORE MY OWN MEN SHOOT ME DOWN!


THE WAR BIRD LEAPS FROM THE BURNING SHIP ONTO—

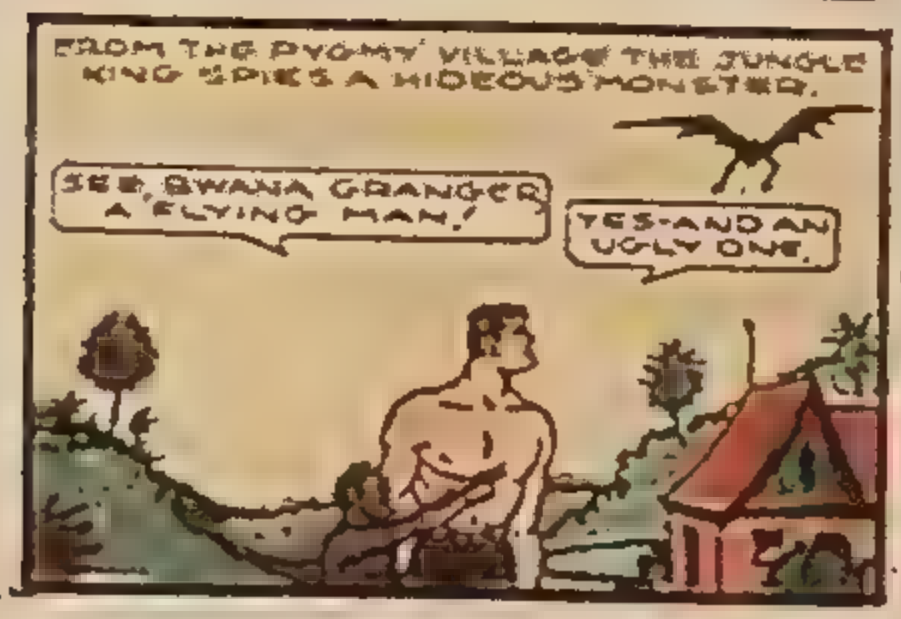

IT'S YOU, CAPTAIN SHARP—YOU'VE WON ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE SQUADRON!
VICTORY? OH, YES. MM, I WONDER IF THE BARON IS DEAD?
—THE WING OF A FRENCH PLANE RETURNING TO ITS BASE AFTER THE GERMAN ATTACK HAVING BEEN REPULSED.


QUICK—IT'S THE BARON'S PLANE!
MEANWHILE, ON THE GROUND BELOW.


GOOT—THE BARON'S STILL ALIVE!
THE WAR BIRD WILL ANSWER TO BARON DRUNT, SOME DAY!
DRAGGED FROM THE WRECKAGE OF HIS PLANE, THE GERMAN ACE, SWEARS VENGEANCE. SEE HOW THE WAR BIRD ANSWERS BARON DRUNT'S CHALLENGE IN NEXT MONTH'S EXCITING ISSUE OF SLAM-BANG COMICS.

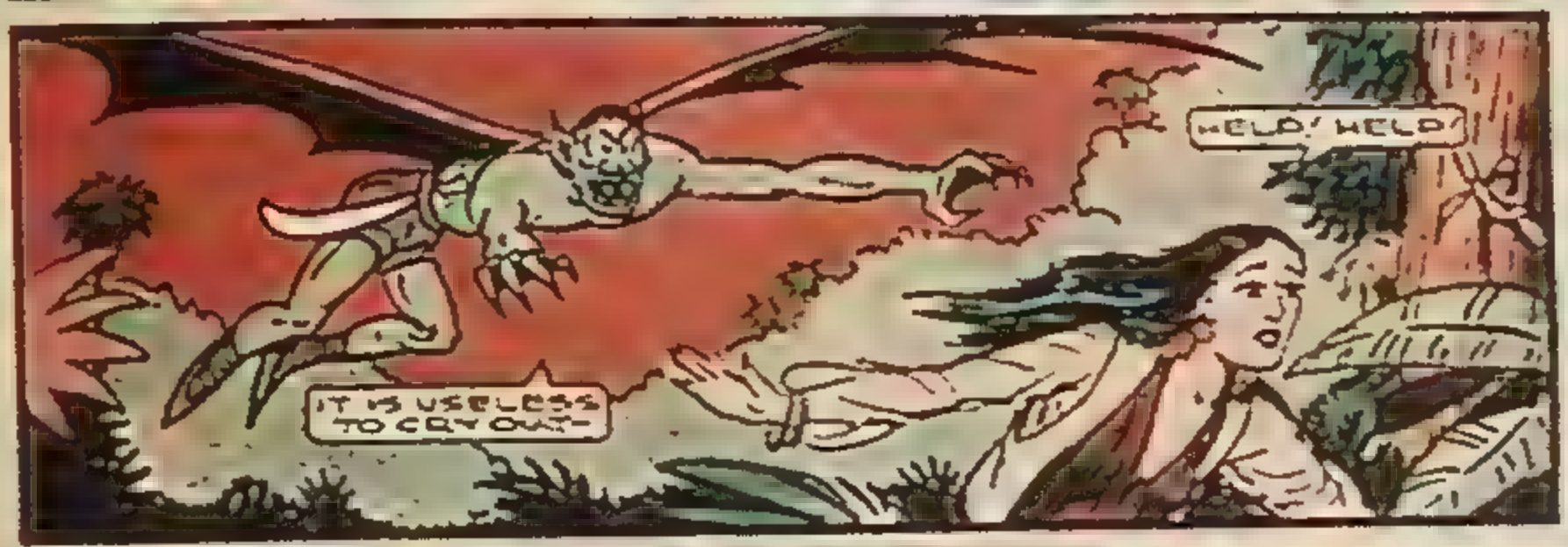
LEE GRANGER JUNGLE KING

LEE GRANGER, MASTER SCIENTIST, HAS FORSAKEN CIVILIZATION TO BECOME JUNGLE KING OF A TRIBE OF AFRICAN PYGMIES. AIDED BY ERIC, A LION WHOM HE TEACHES TO TALK, HE PROTECTS THE LITTLE PEOPLE AGAINST DEADLY PERIL ON LAND AND IN AIR!

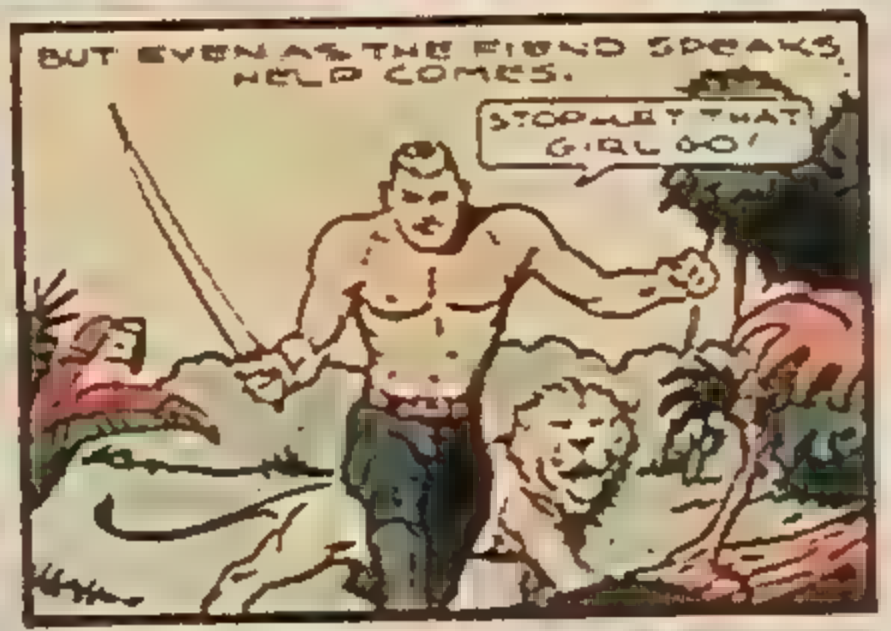


SUMMONING ERIC, GRANGER HURRIES TO FOLLOW THE STRANGE BEING.
ERIC! COME - WE WILL SEE WHAT THAT DEMON IS UP TO
HERE I AM, MASTER!

DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, SOMEONE ELSE HAS SEEN THE SWOOPING HORROR.
OH! HEAVEN DEFEND ME!


HELP! HELP!
IT IS USELESS TO CRY OUT-

NOTHING CAN HELP YOU.

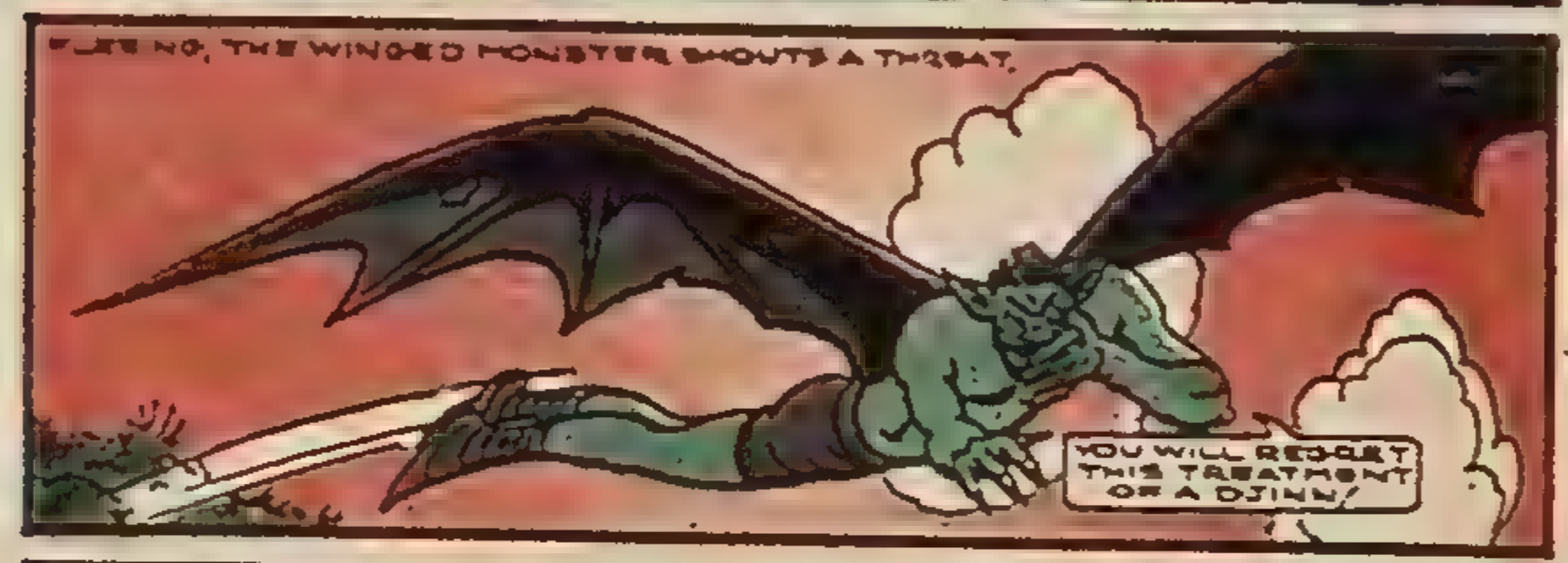

BUT EVEN AS THE FIEND SPEAKS, HELP COMES.
STOP! LET THAT GIRL GO!

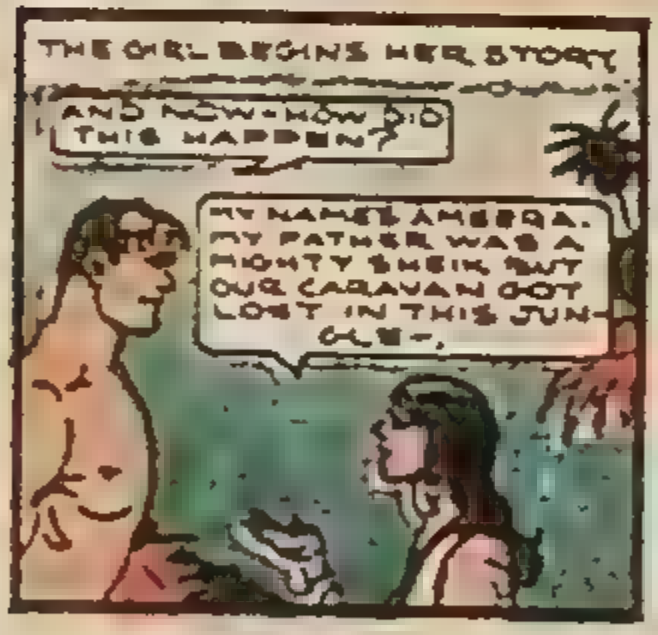
FOOLISH MORTAL - DO YOU DARE TO OPPOSE A WARRIOR OF THE DJINNS?

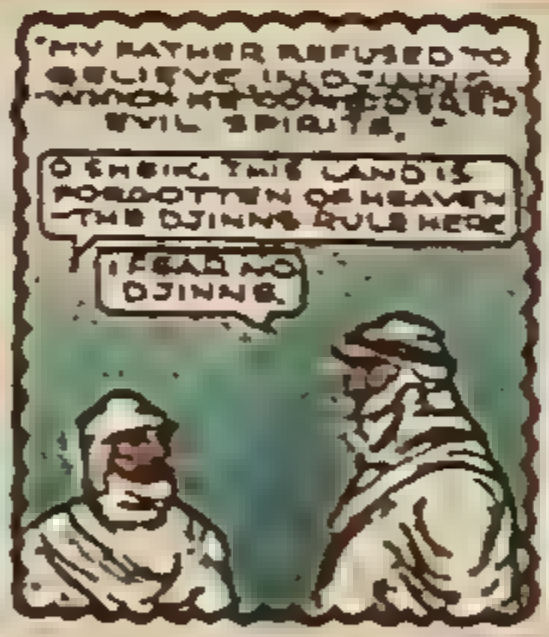
I DARE PLENTY! TACKLE HIM, GUY!

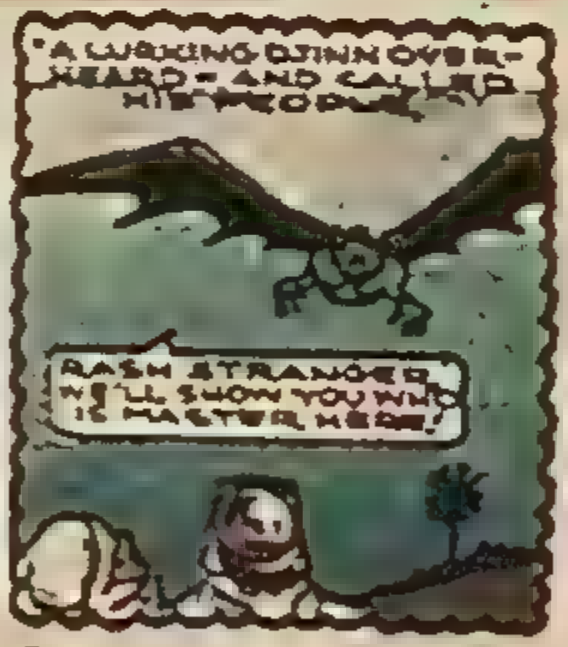
I'LL WAGER YOU TO BEAT A LION.

HAVE NO FEAR - YOU ARE SAFE.
YOU MUST BE BWANA GRANDER - KING OF THE JUNGLE!


"YES NO, THE WINGED MONSTER SHOUTS A THREAT.
YOU WILL REGRET THIS TREATMENT OF A DJINN!

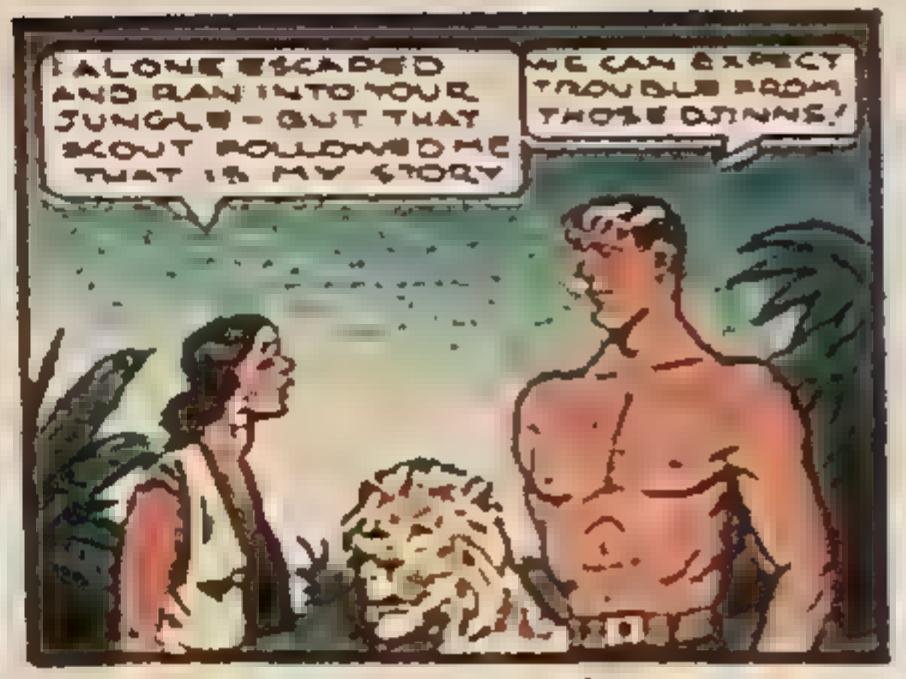

THE GIRL BEGINS HER STORY.
AND NOW - HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?
MY NAME'S AMERA. MY FATHER WAS A MIGHTY SHEIK BUT OUR CARAVAN GOT LOST IN THIS JUNGLE -.

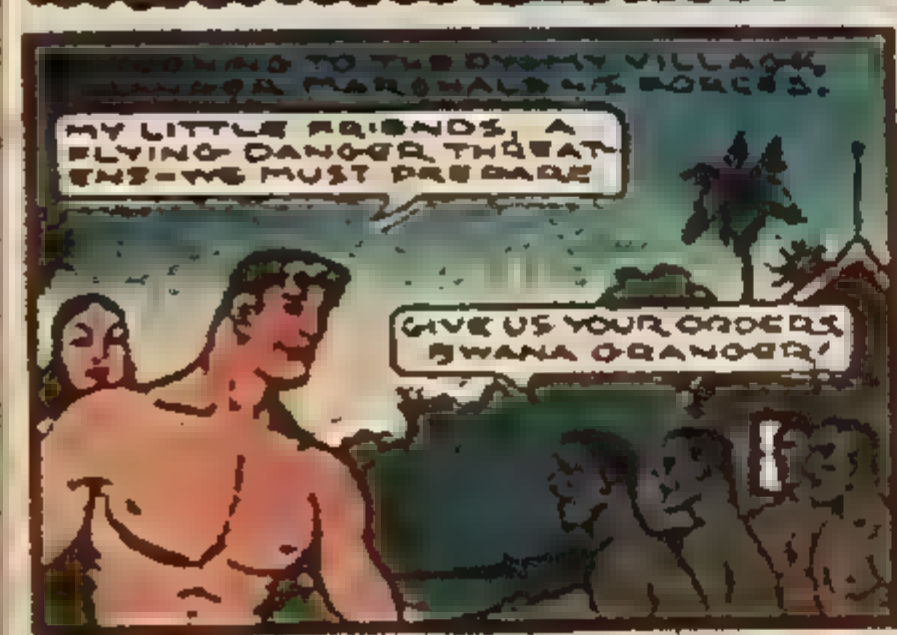

"MY FATHER REFUSED TO BELIEVE IN DJINNS - WHOM HE CONSIDERED EVIL SPIRITS.
O SHEIK, THIS LAND IS FORGOTTEN OF HEAVEN - THE DJINNS RULE HERE.
I FEAR NO DJINNS.

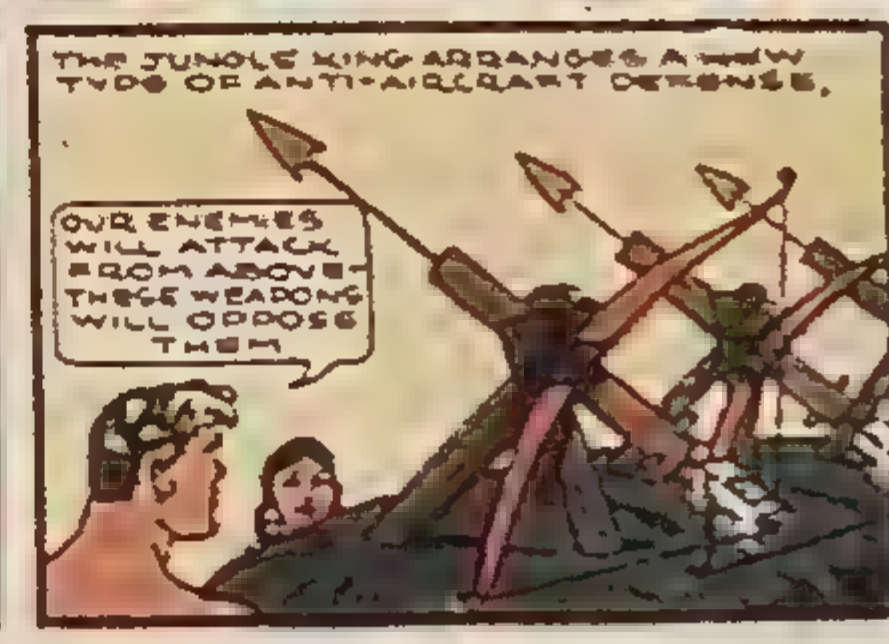

"A LURKING DJINN OVERHEARD - AND CALLED HIS PEOPLE.
RASH STRANGER, WE'LL SHOW YOU WHO IS MASTER HERE!

"IMMEDIATELY THE SKY WAS BLACK WITH THE TERRIBLE BEINGS.
PREPARE TO FIGHT THOSE EVIL MONSTERS.
RESISTANCE IS USELESS - WE WILL WIPE YOU OUT.

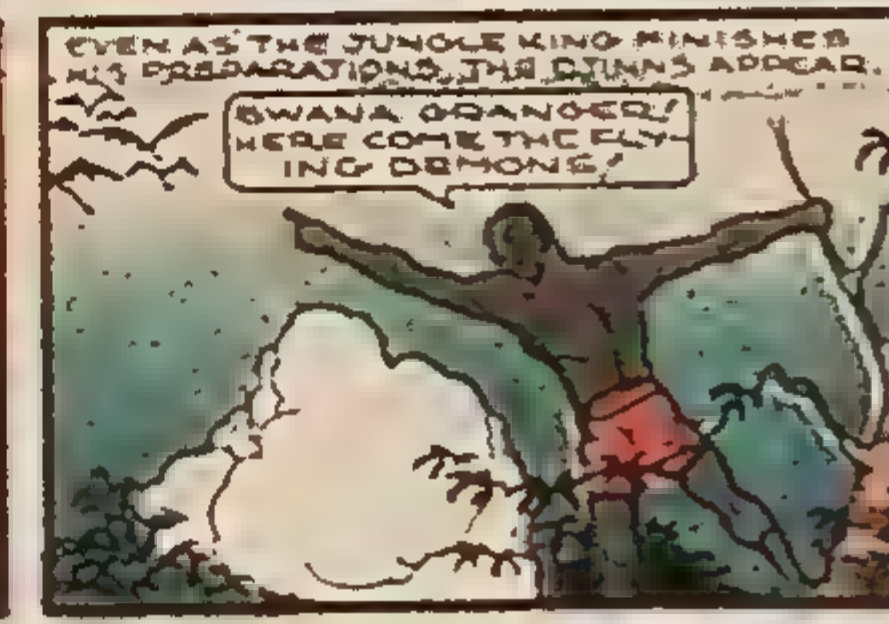
"MY FATHER AND HIS MEN FOUGHT BRAVELY BUT WERE QUICKLY SLAIN.-

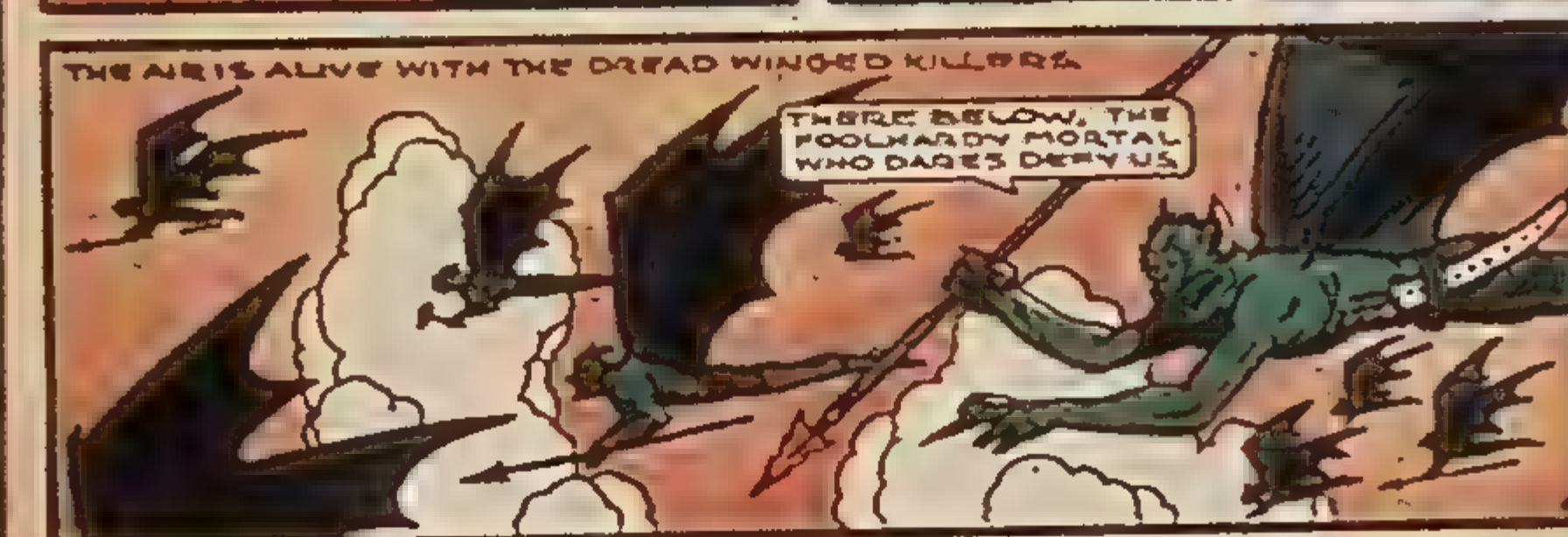

I ALONE ESCAPED AND RAN INTO YOUR JUNGLE - BUT THAT SCOUT FOLLOWED ME THAT IS MY STORY
WE CAN EXPECT TROUBLE FROM THOSE DJINNS!


MY LITTLE FRIENDS, A FLYING DANGER THREATENS - WE MUST PREPARE
GIVE US YOUR ORDERS BWANA GRANGER!

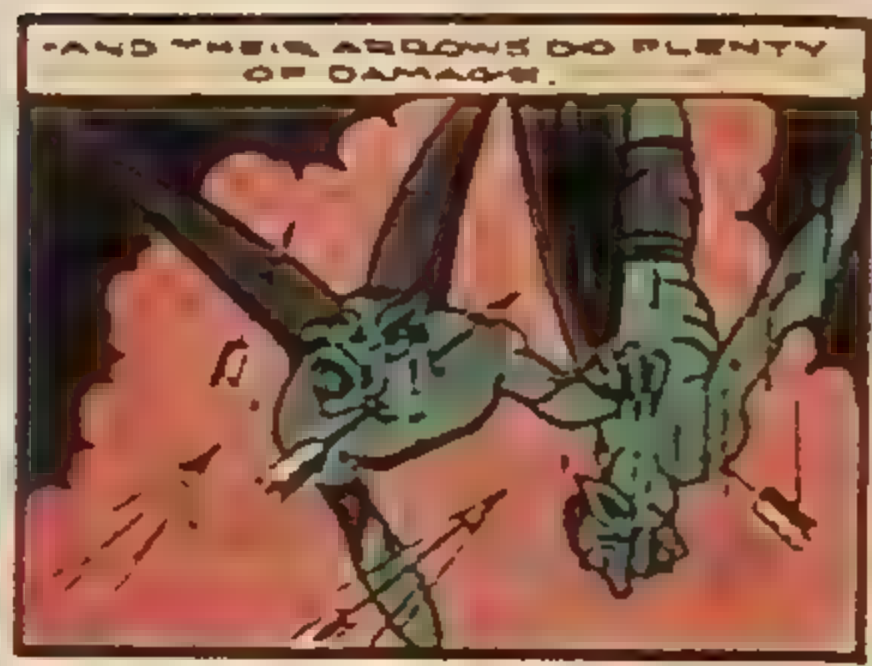

THE JUNGLE KING ARRANGES A NEW TYPE OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENSE.
OUR ENEMIES WILL ATTACK FROM ABOVE! THESE WEAPONS WILL OPPOSE THEM.

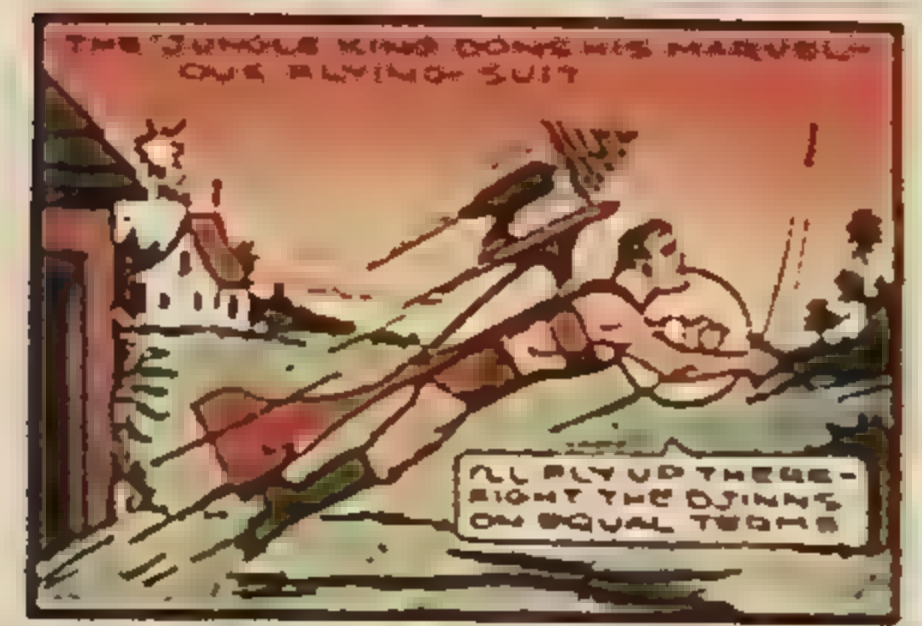
AND THIS LITTLE MACHINE WILL PUT ME ON AN EVEN FOOTING WITH THE DJINNS

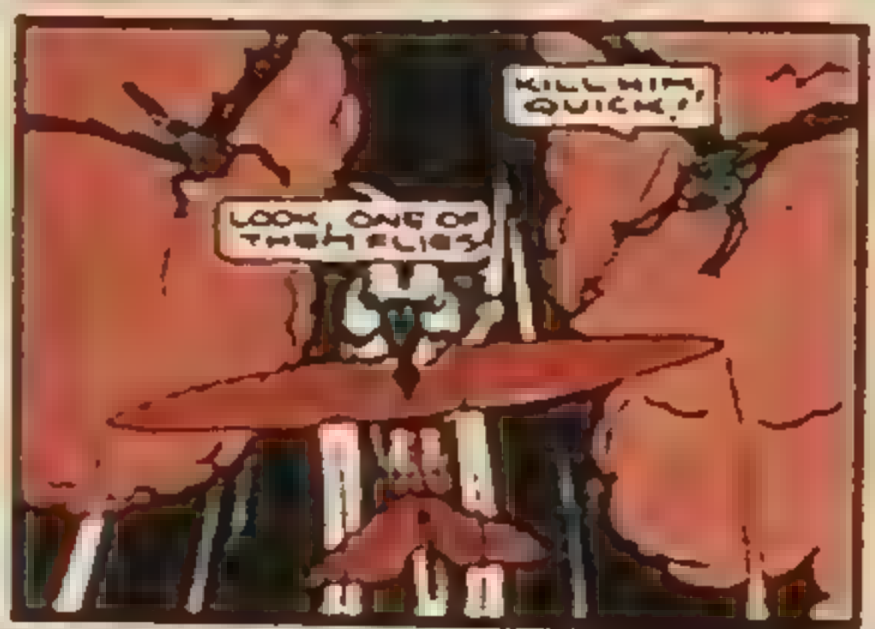

EVEN AS THE JUNGLE KING FINISHES HIS PREPARATIONS, THE DJINNS APPEAR.
BWANA GRANGER! HERE COME THE FLYING DEMONS!


THE AIR IS ALIVE WITH THE DREAD WINGED KILLERS.
THERE BELOW, THE FOOLHARDY MORTAL WHO DARES DEFY US.

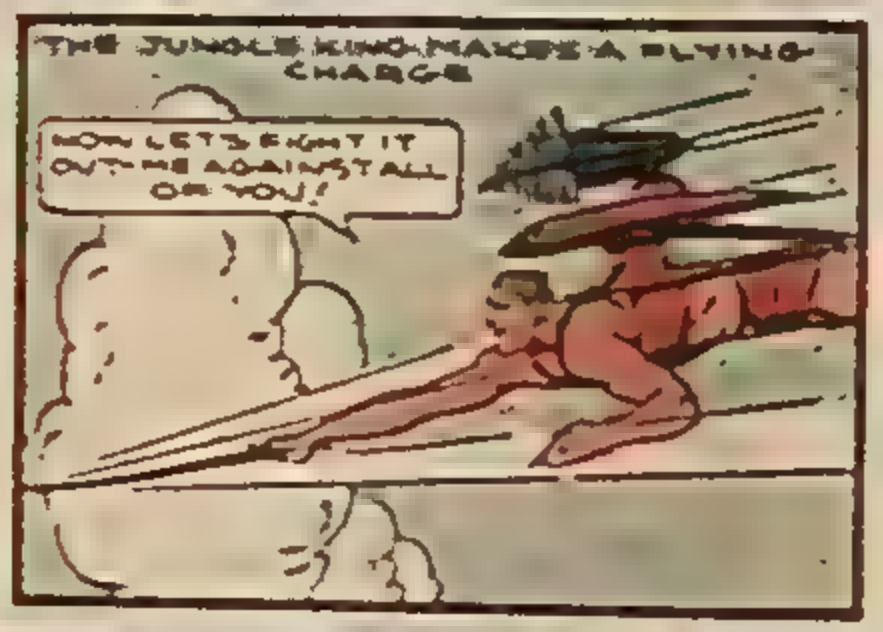
BRAVELY THE PYGMIES MOUNT THE CHARGE ROOM THE SKY—
SHOOT STRAIGHT TO THE MARK, MEN! DO NOT FEAR THEM!


—AND THEIR ARROWS DO PLENTY OF DAMAGE.

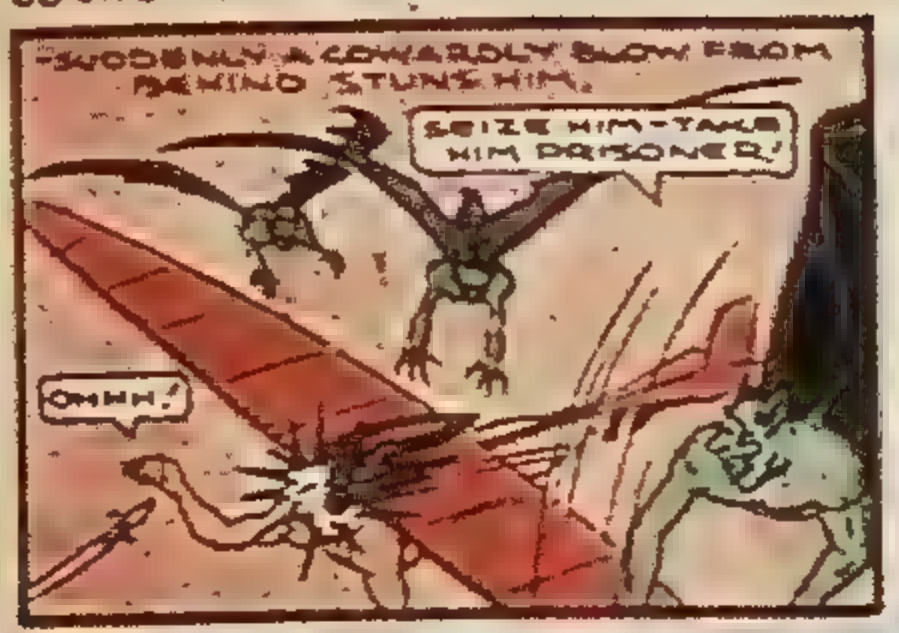

THE JUNGLE KING DONS HIS MARVELOUS FLYING SUIT
I'LL FLY UP THERE—FIGHT THE DJINNS ON EQUAL TERMS

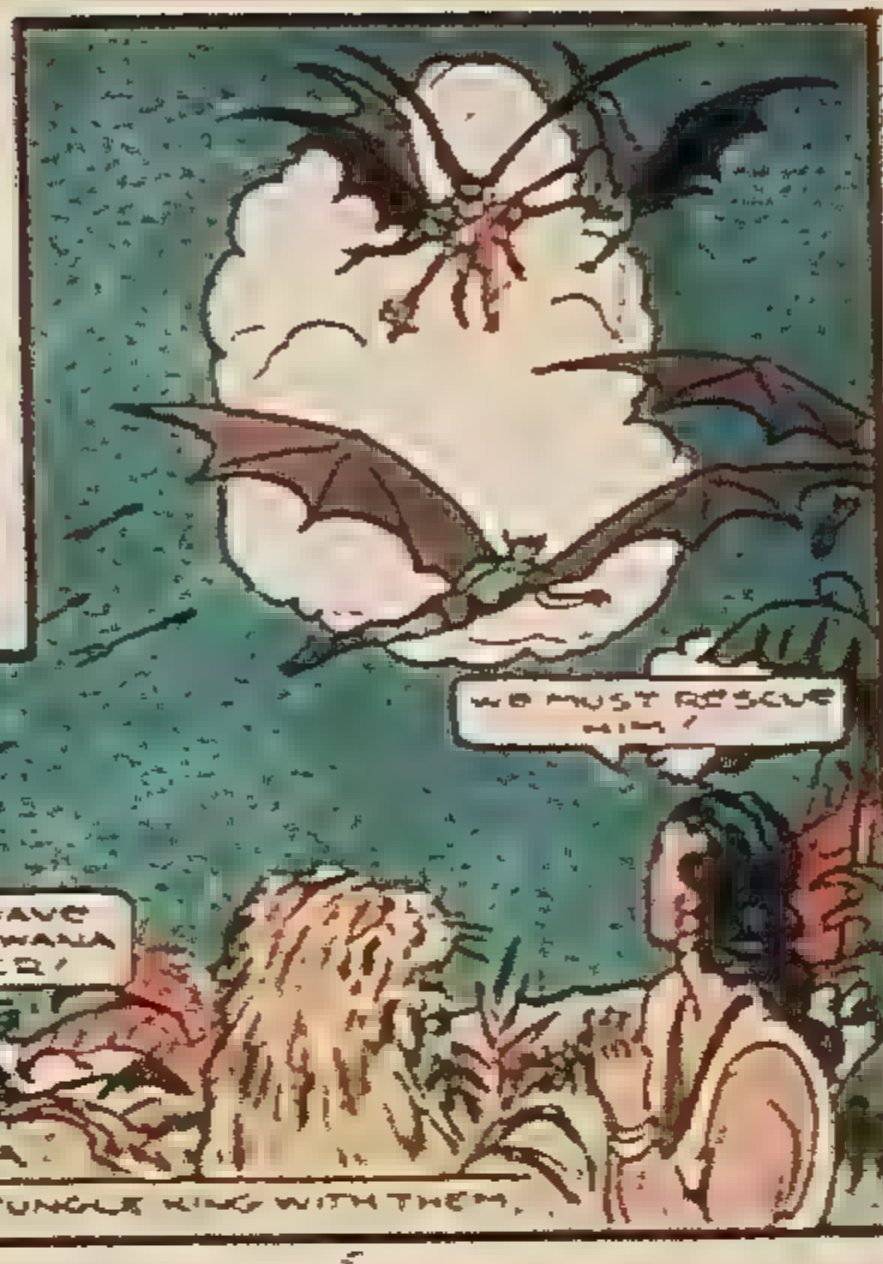

KILL HIM, QUICK!
LOOK, ONE OF THEM FLIES!

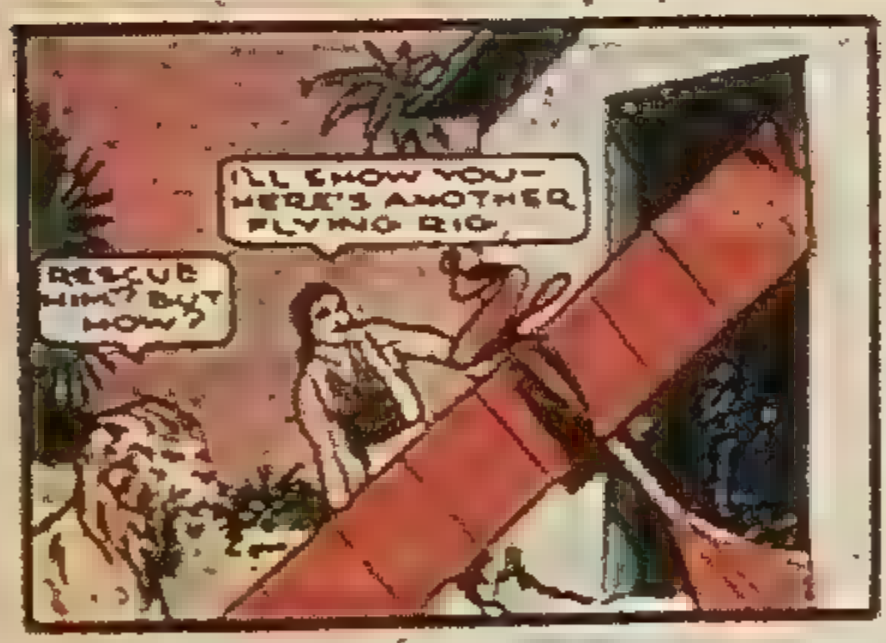
MIGHTY POOR THROWING MY FRIENDS.

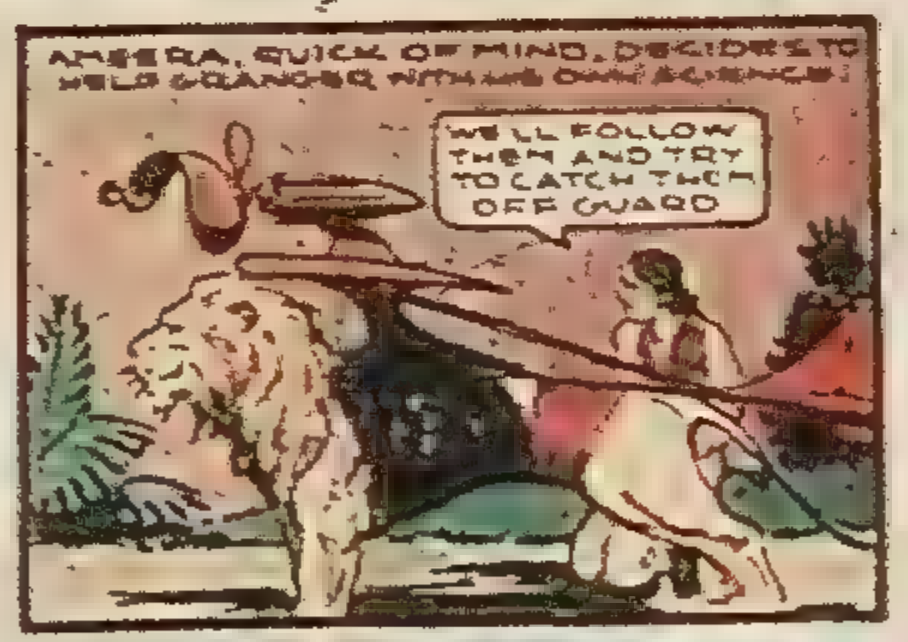

THE JUNGLE KING MAKES A FLYING CHARGE
NOW LET'S FIGHT IT OUT—ME AGAINST ALL OF YOU!

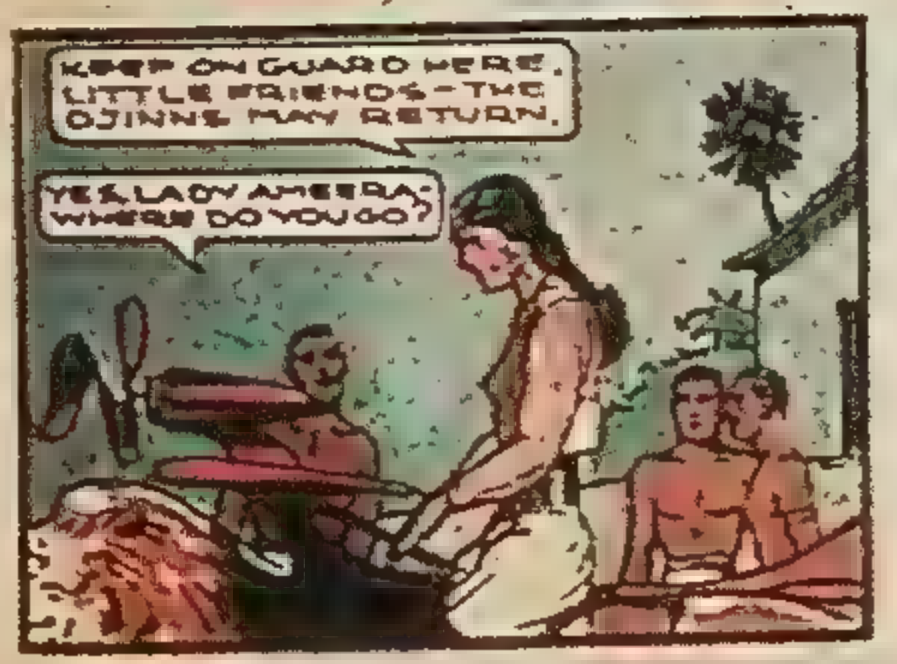
FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMS THAT HIS SINGLE-HANDED ASSAULT WILL OVERWHELM THE INVADERS, BUT—
TAKE THAT, YOU DJINNS AREN'T SO TOUGH


SUDDENLY A COWARDLY BLOW FROM BEHIND STUNS HIM.
SEIZE HIM—TAKE HIM PRISONER!
OMMH!


WE MUST RESCUE HIM!
SEE—THEY HAVE CAPTURED BWANA GRANGER!
RETREATING, THE OJINNS BEAR THE JUNGLE KING WITH THEM.

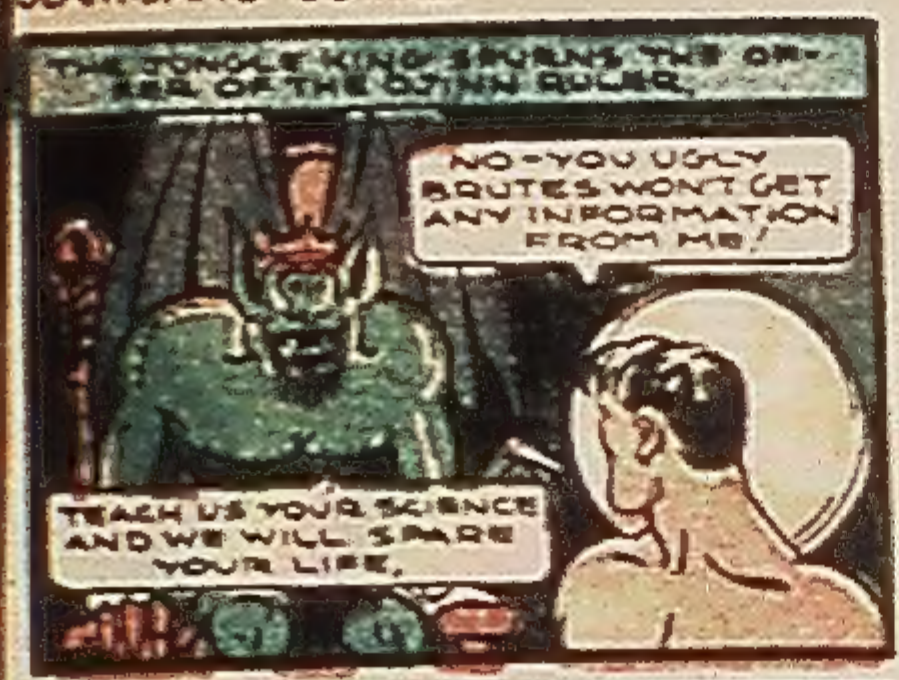

I'LL SHOW YOU—HERE'S ANOTHER FLYING RIG.
RESCUE HIM? BUT HOW?


AMERA, QUICK OF MIND, DECIDES TO HELP GRANGER WITH HIS OWN SCIENCE!
WE'LL FOLLOW THEM AND TRY TO CATCH THEM OFF GUARD


KEEP ON GUARD HERE, LITTLE FRIENDS—THE OJINNS MAY RETURN.
YES, LADY AMERA—WHERE DO YOU GO?

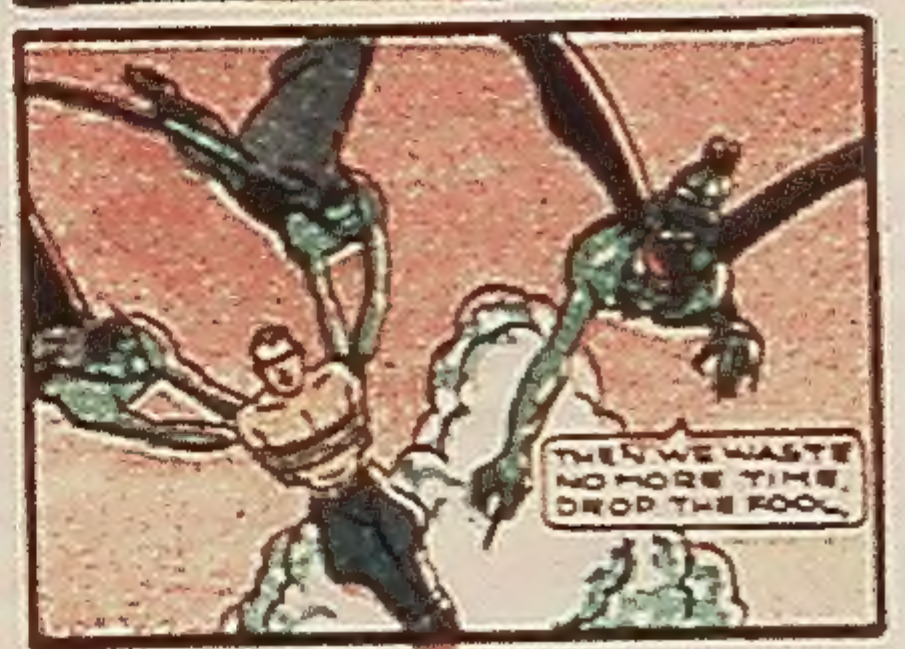
I GO TO SAVE BWANA GRANGER!

HOME TO THEIR FORTRESS AMID THE CLOUD-WREATHED PEAKS OF THE FORBIDDEN MOUNTAINS, FLY THE OJINNS WITH THEIR CAPTIVE!

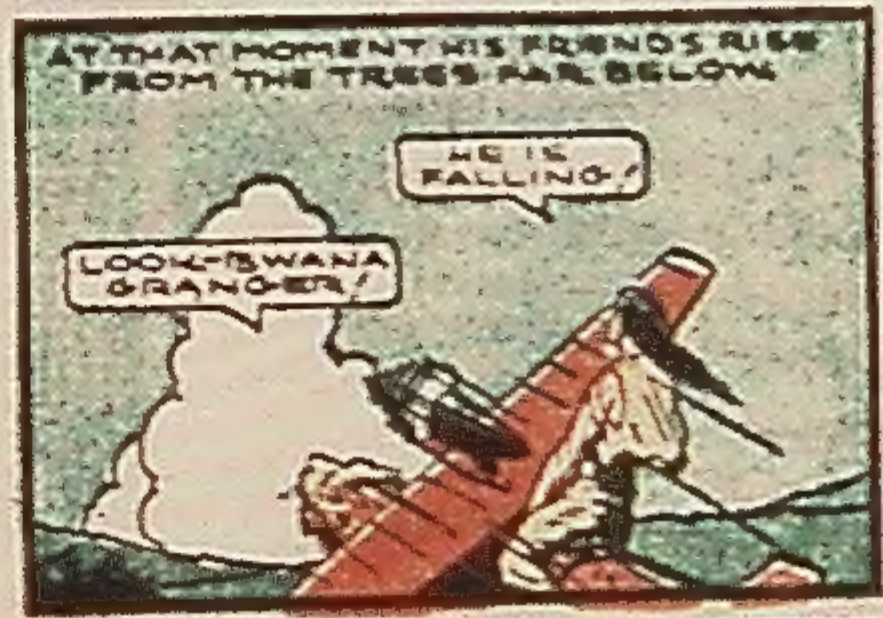

THE JUNGLE KING SIGNS THE ORDER OF THE DJINN RULER.
NO—YOU UGLY BRUTES WON'T GET ANY INFORMATION FROM ME!
TEACH US YOUR SCIENCE AND WE WILL SPARE YOUR LIFE.

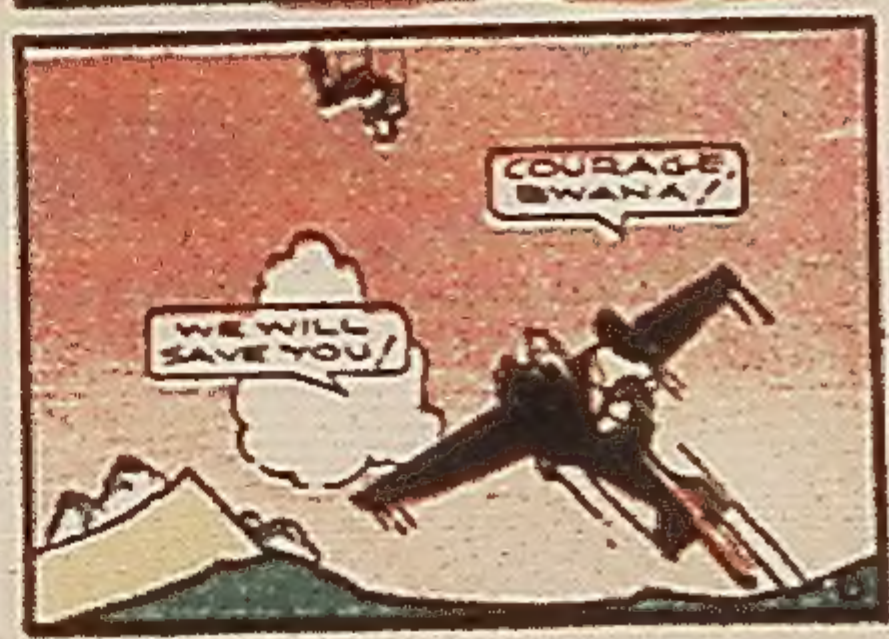
CHANGE YOUR MIND—OR YOU WILL DIE A TERRIBLE DEATH.
YOU CAN'T PERSUADE ME.

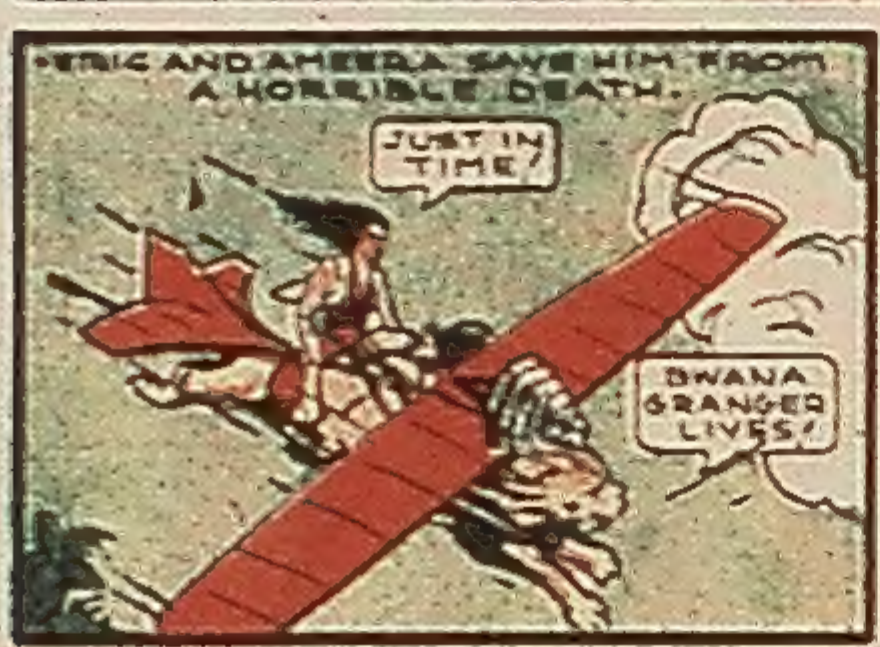
THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE. PROMISE TO HELP OR—
NEVER!


THEN WE WASTE NO MORE TIME. DROP THE FOOL.

BOUND, HELPLESS, THE JUNGLE KING PLUNGES INTO THE ABYSS WITH DEATH WAITING AT THE BOTTOM.
PERISH, BWANA GRANGER!


AT THAT MOMENT HIS FRIENDS RISE FROM THE TREES FAR BELOW.
HE IS FALLING!
LOOK—BWANA GRANGER!


COURAGE, BWANA!
WE WILL SAVE YOU!



CAPTAIN MARVEL POWER SIREN

Certificate No. **3**

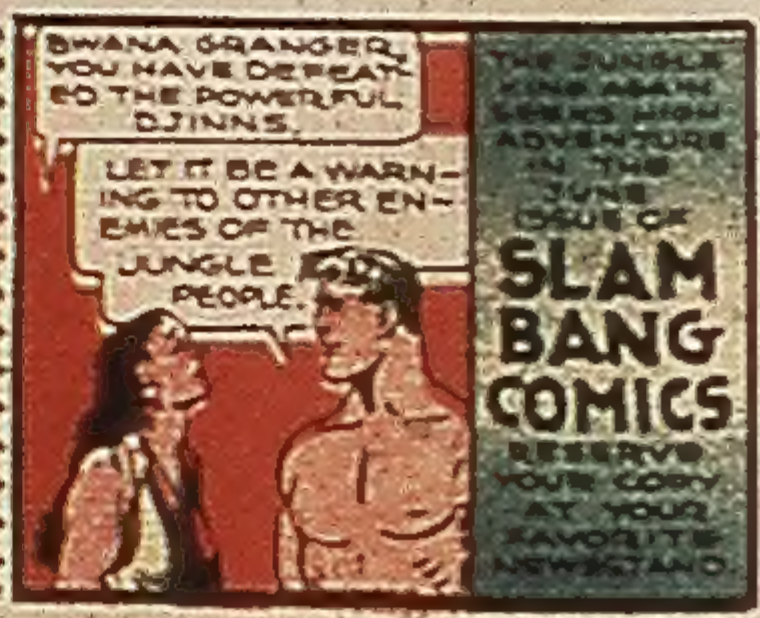
THIS CERTIFICATE, PLUS Certificate No. 1 (from either April or May MASTER COMICS) and Certificate No. 2 (from May WHIZ COMICS), entitles the holder to

1 CAPTAIN MARVEL POWER SIREN

Mail all three Certificates (No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3) WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, to

CAPTAIN MARVEL
22 West Putnam Avenue • Greenwich, Conn.

This Offer Good Only Until May 31, 1940



HEY, PALS!

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THIS NIFTY

CAPTAIN MARVEL POWER SIREN

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Captain Marvel, sensational star of WHIZ COMICS, offers all his pals a CAPTAIN MARVEL POWER SIREN—the world's mightiest whistle—as a FREE GIFT! Boy, oh, boy! What a whistle it is! You can make it SHRIEK a danger alarm, that'll bring your buddies running from blocks around—or make it WHISPER a secret signal that ONLY YOUR GANG understands. There's no limit to the fun you can have with this swell whistle. Built to last a lifetime, the CAPTAIN MARVEL POWER SIREN is really TOUGH. It won't rust, won't corrode. You can even take it apart and wash its tricky, sturdy mechanism with soap and water!

You'd like to have a CAPTAIN MARVEL POWER SIREN, wouldn't you? You're darn tootin'. Well, here's how you can get one ABSOLUTELY FREE.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is send in three CAPTAIN MARVEL POWER SIREN CERTIFICATES. Certificate No. 3 appears on Page 64 of this issue of SLAM-BANG COMICS. Certificate No. 1 appears in both the April and May issues of MASTER COMICS (Send either one, not both). Certificate No. 2 will appear in the May issue of WHIZ COMICS. As you know, WHIZ, MASTER and SLAM-BANG COMICS are on sale at all newsstands. (And so is the CAPTAIN MARVEL POWER SIREN, in case you want to see for yourself what a really swell whistle you're getting.)

This Offer Good Only Until May 16, 1940

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REMEMBER!

Do not send the Certificates one at a time. Mail all three together. And be sure to enclose your name and address on a separate sheet of paper accompanying the Certificates.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

1. Clip out the CAPTAIN MARVEL POWER SIREN CERTIFICATE No. 3 on Page 64 of this issue of SLAM-BANG COMICS. Don't lose it—it's valuable! Put it away in some safe place until you have Certificates No. 1 and No. 2.
2. Clip out CERTIFICATE No. 1 from Page 42 of either the April or the May issue of MASTER COMICS (Send either one, not both).
3. Clip out CERTIFICATE No. 2 which you will find on Page 64 of the May issue of WHIZ COMICS, NOW ON SALE at all newsstands.
4. Write your name and address on a separate piece of paper and mail it—WITH CERTIFICATES No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3—before May 16, 1940—to:

   CAPTAIN MARVEL
   22 West Putnam Avenue • Greenwich, Conn.
5. By return mail you will receive—ABSOLUTELY FREE—a CAPTAIN MARVEL POWER SIREN, the world's mightiest whistle.

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